Messages of Love Hymn Book

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MESSAGES OF LOVE HYMN BOOK

FOR

GOSPEL, SUNDAY SCHOOL,

SPECIAL SERVICES

AND

HOME SINGING

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. (Eph. 5: 19.)

WITHDRAWN

BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT
4431 Garfield Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MO.

PREFACE.

The present edition of "Messages of Love Hymn Book" is the outcome of requests from many quarters, for a hymn book with tunes suitable for use in gospel meetings, Sunday schools and the home. To meet these needs, many hymns have been added, and it is offered in two forms, one with words and music, the other with words only. In its preparation, a few hymns of the former edition have been omitted, because of being unscriptural in expression or lacking in definiteness; in others, incorrect statements have been rectified. It has also been necessary to omit some good hymns which we have been in the habit of singing, because they are copyrighted, and permission for their use could not be obtained.

It is not without a feeling of incompetency that this work has been undertaken, and no doubt errors will be found in it, but it is offered with full confidence that the Lord, in His grace, will use it to His glory, notwithstanding the weakness exhibited in its preparation, therefore we commend it to Him, and express our deep thankfulness for the kind assistance many have given.

We would advise that the hymns in this book be thoroughly learned at home. A hymn sung each day in the family, will impress the truths of God upon the hearts and consciences of the young, which may, in after years, prove a comfort and blessing.

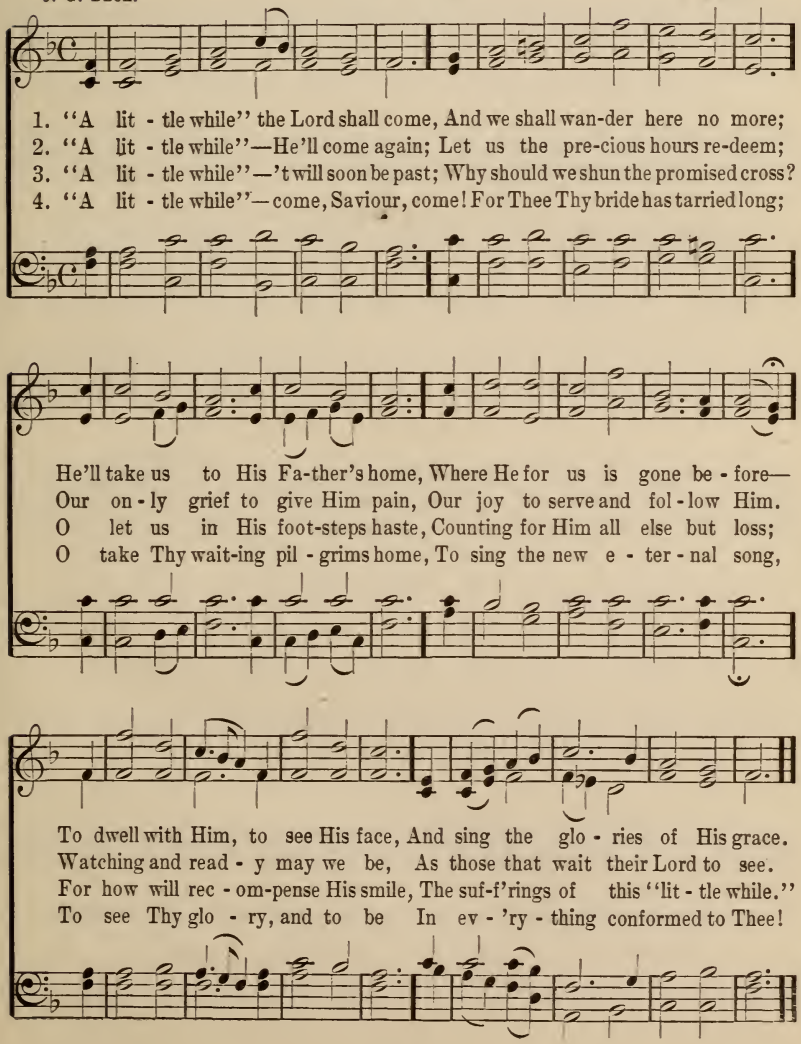
Note.—A number of hymns in this collection are copyright property and must not be reprinted in any form without permission from owners.

Messages of Love Hymn Book.

1 "A Little While" the Lord Shall Come.

(Eaton. 6—8s.)

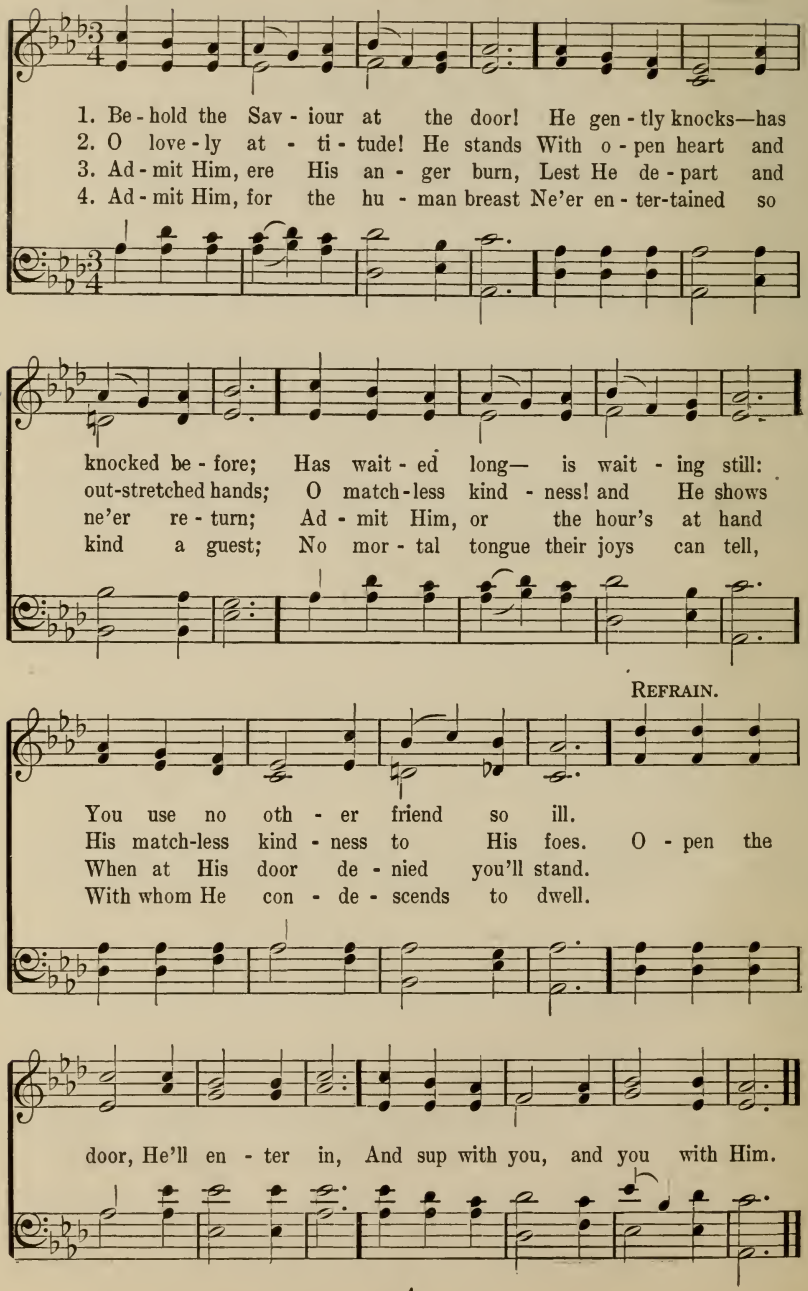
J. G. Deck. Z. Wyvill.


1. "A lit - tle while" the Lord shall come, And we shall wan-der here no more;
2. "A lit - tle while"—He'll come again; Let us the pre-cious hours re-deem;
3. "A lit - tle while"—'t will soon be past; Why should we shun the promised cross?
4. "A lit - tle while"—come, Saviour, come! For Thee Thy bride has tarried long;
He'll take us to His Fa-ther's home, Where He for us is gone be - fore—
Our on - ly grief to give Him pain, Our joy to serve and fol - low Him.
O let us in His foot-steps haste, Counting for Him all else but loss;
O take Thy wait-ing pil - grims home, To sing the new e - ter - nal song,
To dwell with Him, to see His face, And sing the glo - ries of His grace.
Watching and read - y may we be, As those that wait their Lord to see.
For how will rec - om-pense His smile, The suf-f'rings of this "lit - tle while."
To see Thy glo - ry, and to be In ev - 'ry - thing conformed to Thee!

Behold the Saviour at the Door.

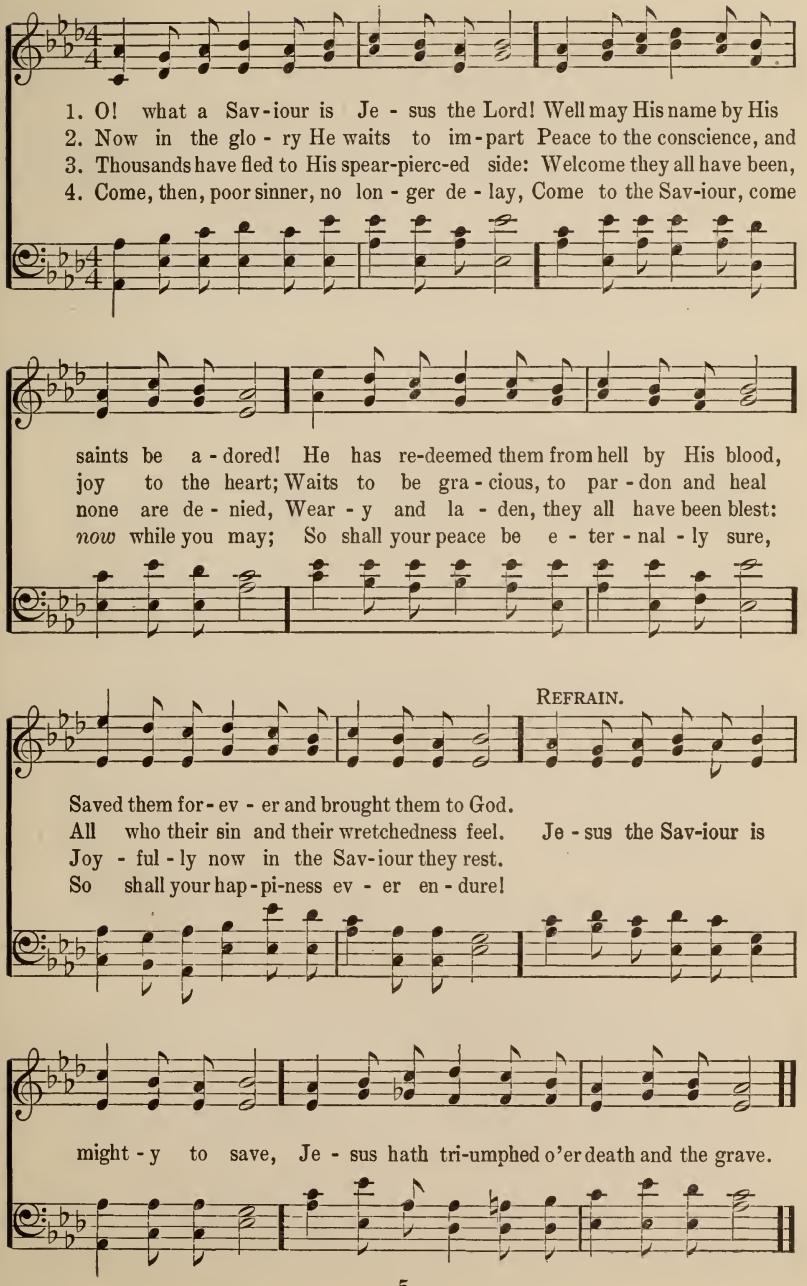
(St. Catherine. 6—8s.)

JOSEPH GRIGG. J. G. WALTON.


1. Be - hold the Sav - iour at the door! He gen - tly knocks—has
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude! He stands With o - pen heart and
3. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn, Lest He de - part and
4. Ad - mit Him, for the hu - man breast Ne'er en - ter-tained so
knocked be - fore; Has wait - ed long— is wait - ing still:
out-stretched hands; O match - less kind - ness! and He shows
ne'er re - turn; Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand
kind a guest; No mor - tal tongue their joys can tell,
REFRAIN.
You use no oth - er friend so ill.
His match-less kind - ness to His foes. O - pen the
When at His door de - nied you'll stand.
With whom He con - de - scends to dwell.
door, He'll en - ter in, And sup with you, and you with Him.

3 O! What a Saviour is Jesus the Lord!

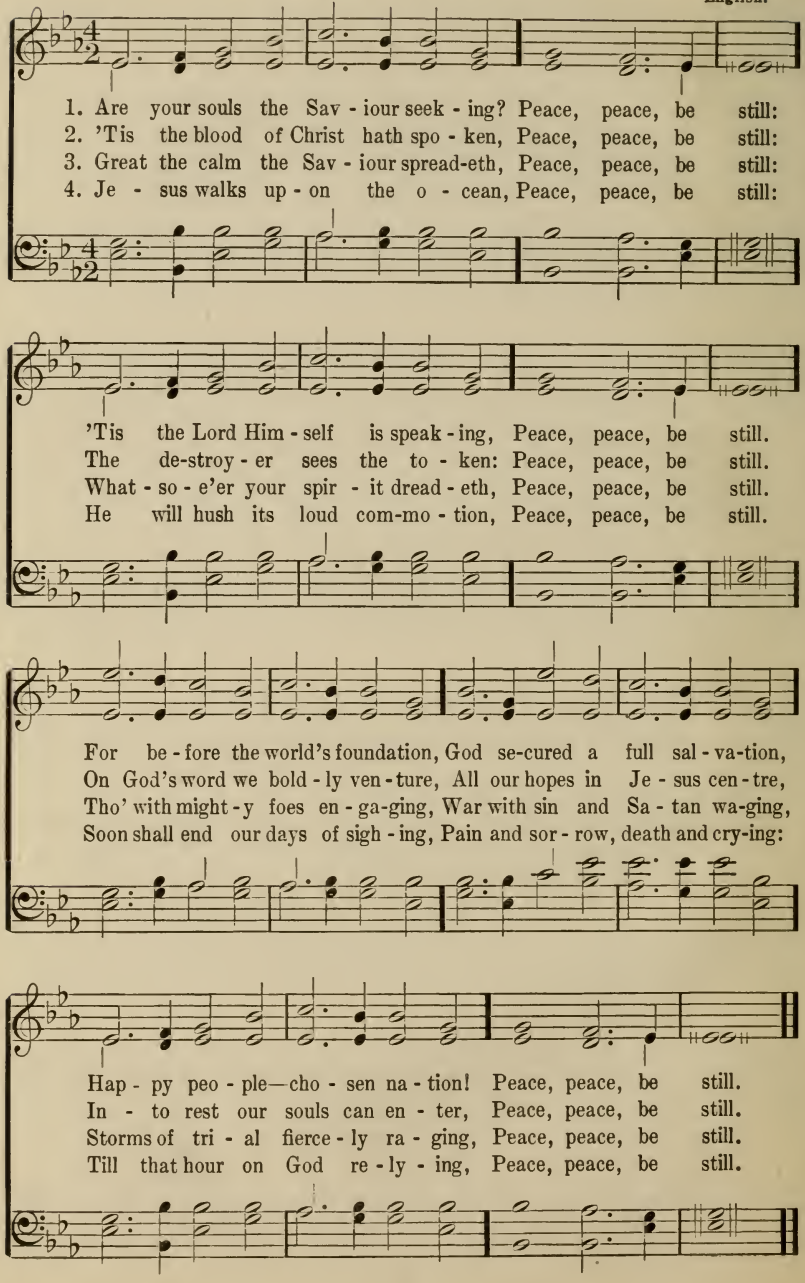
(Joyfully. 10s.)


1. O! what a Sav-iour is Je - sus the Lord! Well may His name by His
2. Now in the glo - ry He waits to im-part Peace to the conscience, and
3. Thousands have fled to His spear-pierc-ed side: Welcome they all have been,
4. Come, then, poor sinner, no lon - ger de - lay, Come to the Sav-iour, come
saints be a - dored! He has re-deemed them from hell by His blood,
joy to the heart; Waits to be gra - cious, to par - don and heal
none are de - nied, Wear - y and la - den, they all have been blest:
now while you may; So shall your peace be e - ter - nal - ly sure,
REFRAIN.
Saved them for - ev - er and brought them to God.
All who their sin and their wretchedness feel. Je - sus the Sav-iour is
Joy - ful - ly now in the Sav-iour they rest.
So shall your hap-pi-ness ev - er en - dure!
might - y to save, Je - sus hath tri-umphed o'er death and the grave.

4 Are Your Souls the Saviour Seeking?

(All is Well. 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.)

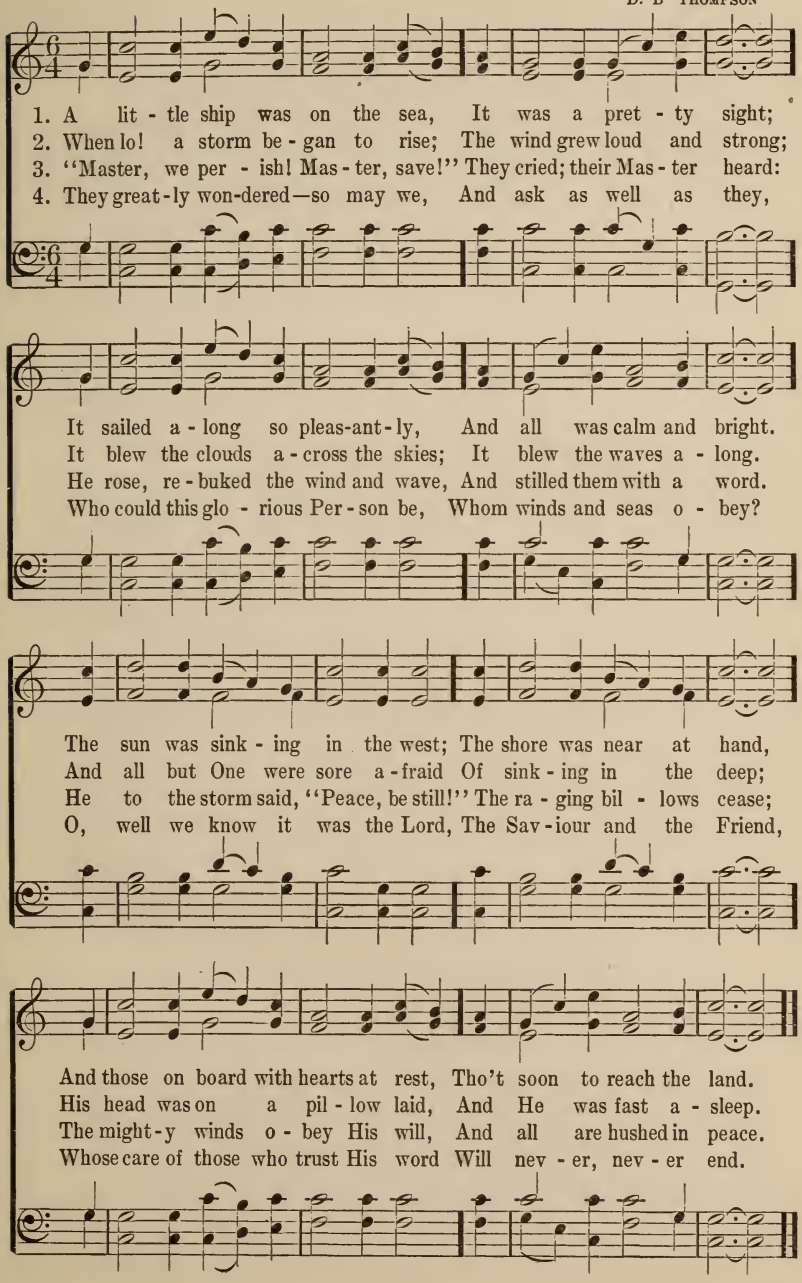
English.


1. Are your souls the Sav - iour seek - ing? Peace, peace, be still:
2. 'Tis the blood of Christ hath spo - ken, Peace, peace, be still:
3. Great the calm the Sav - iour spread-eth, Peace, peace, be still:
4. Je - sus walks up - on the o - cean, Peace, peace, be still:
'Tis the Lord Him - self is speak - ing, Peace, peace, be still.
The de-stroy - er sees the to - ken: Peace, peace, be still.
What - so - e'er your spir - it dread - eth, Peace, peace, be still.
He will hush its loud com-mo - tion, Peace, peace, be still.
For be - fore the world's foundation, God se-cured a full sal - va-tion,
On God's word we bold - ly ven - ture, All our hopes in Je - sus cen - tre,
Tho' with might - y foes en - ga-ging, War with sin and Sa - tan wa-ging,
Soon shall end our days of sigh - ing, Pain and sor - row, death and cry-ing:
Hap - py peo - ple—cho - sen na - tion! Peace, peace, be still.
In - to rest our souls can en - ter, Peace, peace, be still.
Storms of tri - al fierce - ly ra - ging, Peace, peace, be still.
Till that hour on God re - ly - ing, Peace, peace, be still.

5 A Little Ship Was On the Sea.

(Alida G M. D.)

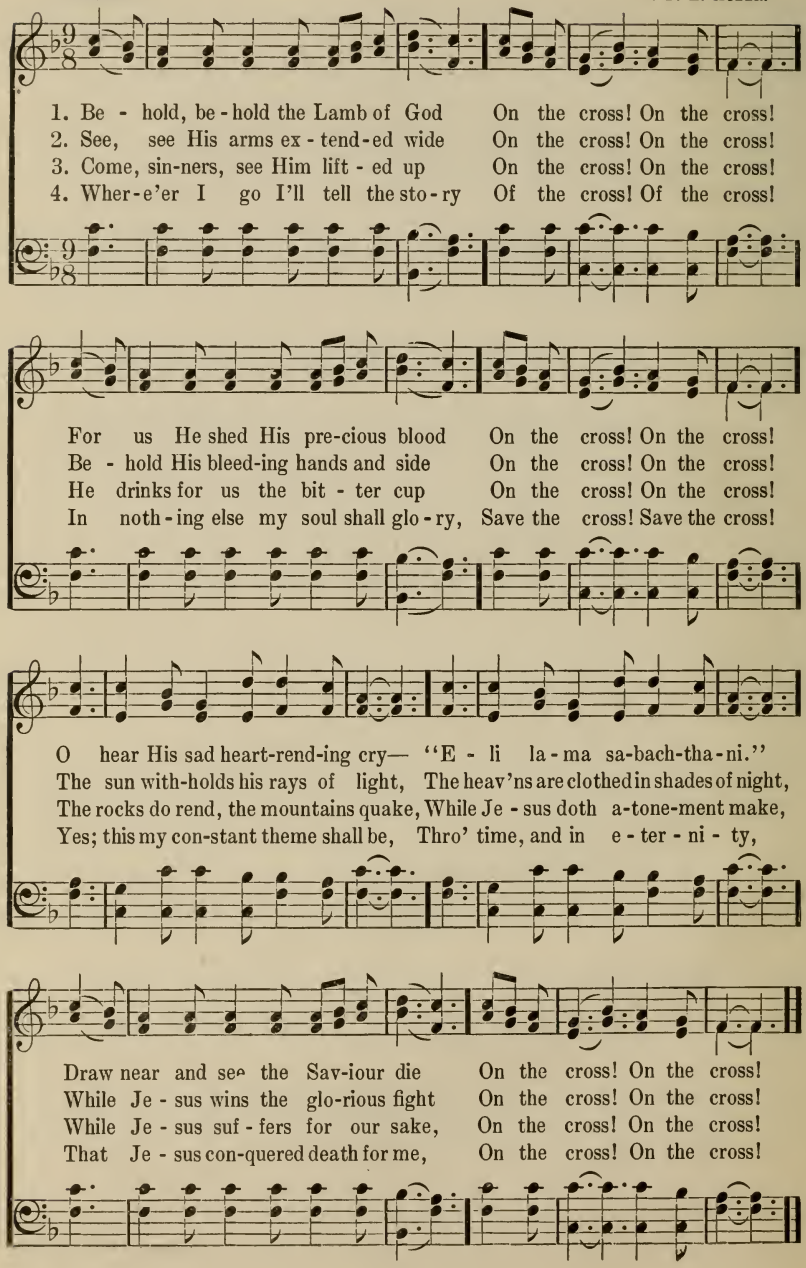
D. B Thompson


1. A lit - tle ship was on the sea, It was a pret - ty sight;
2. When lo! a storm be - gan to rise; The wind grew loud and strong;
3. "Master, we per - ish! Mas - ter, save!" They cried; their Mas - ter heard:
4. They great - ly won-dered—so may we, And ask as well as they,
It sailed a - long so pleas-ant - ly, And all was calm and bright.
It blew the clouds a - cross the skies; It blew the waves a - long.
He rose, re - buked the wind and wave, And stilled them with a word.
Who could this glo - rious Per - son be, Whom winds and seas o - bey?
The sun was sink - ing in the west; The shore was near at hand,
And all but One were sore a - fraid Of sink - ing in the deep;
He to the storm said, "Peace, be still!" The ra - ging bil - lows cease;
O, well we know it was the Lord, The Sav - iour and the Friend,
And those on board with hearts at rest, Tho't soon to reach the land.
His head was on a pil - low laid, And He was fast a - sleep.
The might - y winds o - bey His will, And all are hushed in peace.
Whose care of those who trust His word Will nev - er, nev - er end.

6 Behold, Behold the Lamb of God.

(Mercy's Free. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.)

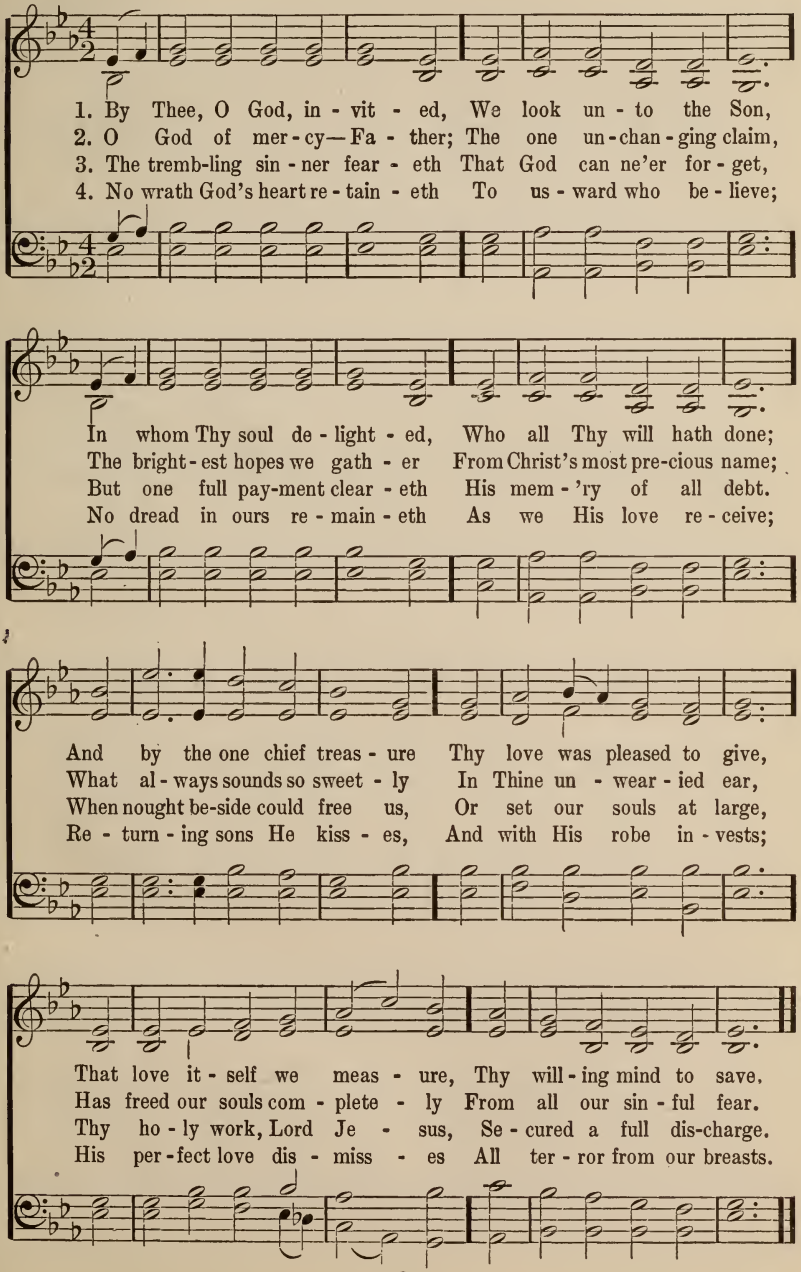
J. Hoskins. D. F. E. Auber.


1. Be - hold, be - hold the Lamb of God On the cross! On the cross!
2. See, see His arms ex - tend - ed wide On the cross! On the cross!
3. Come, sin-ners, see Him lift - ed up On the cross! On the cross!
4. Wher - e'er I go I'll tell the sto - ry Of the cross! Of the cross!
For us He shed His pre-cious blood On the cross! On the cross!
Be - hold His bleed-ing hands and side On the cross! On the cross!
He drinks for us the bit - ter cup On the cross! On the cross!
In noth - ing else my soul shall glo - ry, Save the cross! Save the cross!
O hear His sad heart-rend-ing cry— "E - li la - ma sa-bach-tha - ni."
The sun with-holds his rays of light, The heav'ns are clothed in shades of night,
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake, While Je - sus doth a-tone-ment make,
Yes; this my con-stant theme shall be, Thro' time, and in e - ter - ni - ty,
Draw near and see the Sav-iour die On the cross! On the cross!
While Je - sus wins the glo-rious fight On the cross! On the cross!
While Je - sus suf - fers for our sake, On the cross! On the cross!
That Je - sus con-quered death for me, On the cross! On the cross!

7 By Thee, O God, Invited.

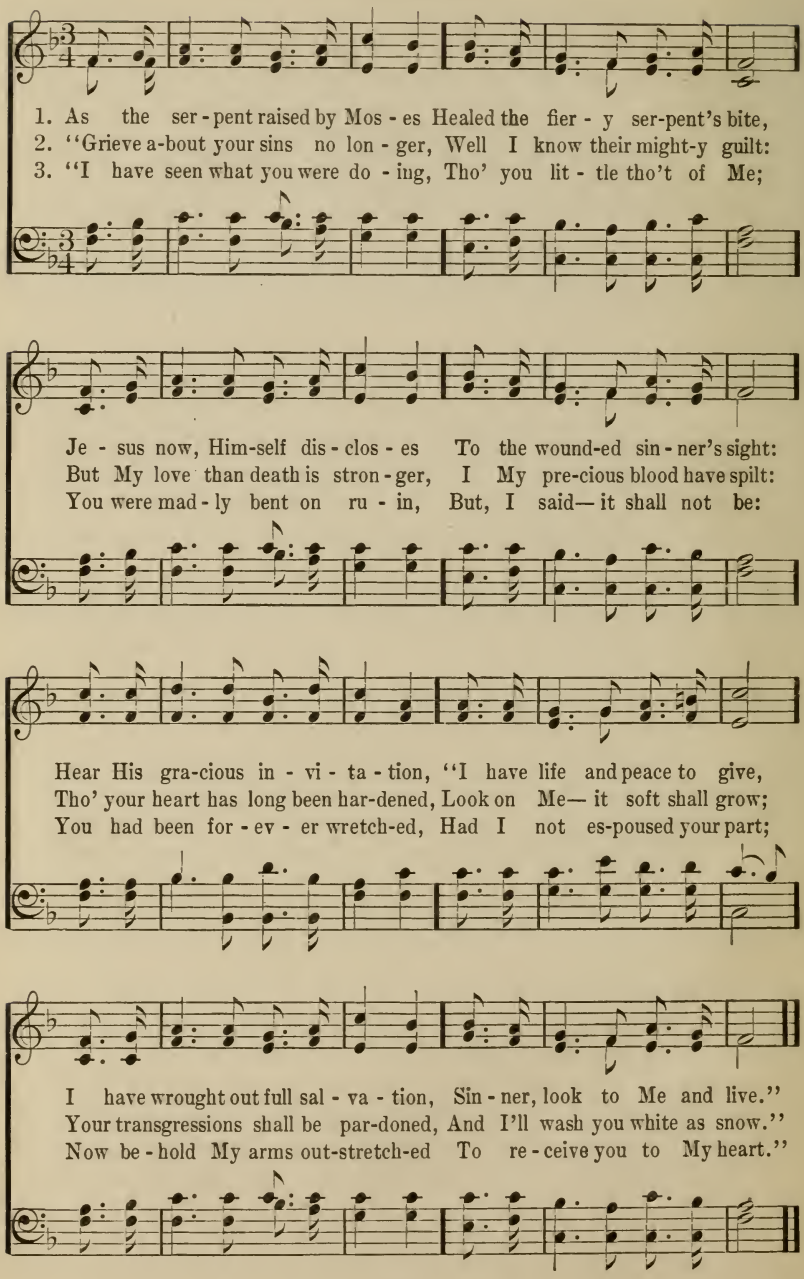
(Trichinopoly. 7. 6. D.)

MARY BOWLEY.


1. By Thee, O God, in - vit - ed, We look un - to the Son,
2. O God of mer - cy—Fa - ther; The one un - chan - ging claim,
3. The tremb-ling sin - ner fear - eth That God can ne'er for - get,
4. No wrath God's heart re - tain - eth To us - ward who be - lieve;
In whom Thy soul de - light - ed, Who all Thy will hath done;
The bright - est hopes we gath - er From Christ's most pre-cious name;
But one full pay-ment clear - eth His mem - 'ry of all debt.
No dread in ours re - main - eth As we His love re - ceive;
And by the one chief treas - ure Thy love was pleased to give,
What al - ways sounds so sweet - ly In Thine un - wear - ied ear,
When nought be-side could free us, Or set our souls at large,
Re - turn - ing sons He kiss - es, And with His robe in - vests;
That love it - self we meas - ure, Thy will - ing mind to save.
Has freed our souls com - plete - ly From all our sin - ful fear.
Thy ho - ly work, Lord Je - sus, Se - cured a full dis-charge.
His per - fect love dis - miss - es All ter - ror from our breasts.

8 As the Serpent Raised by Moses.

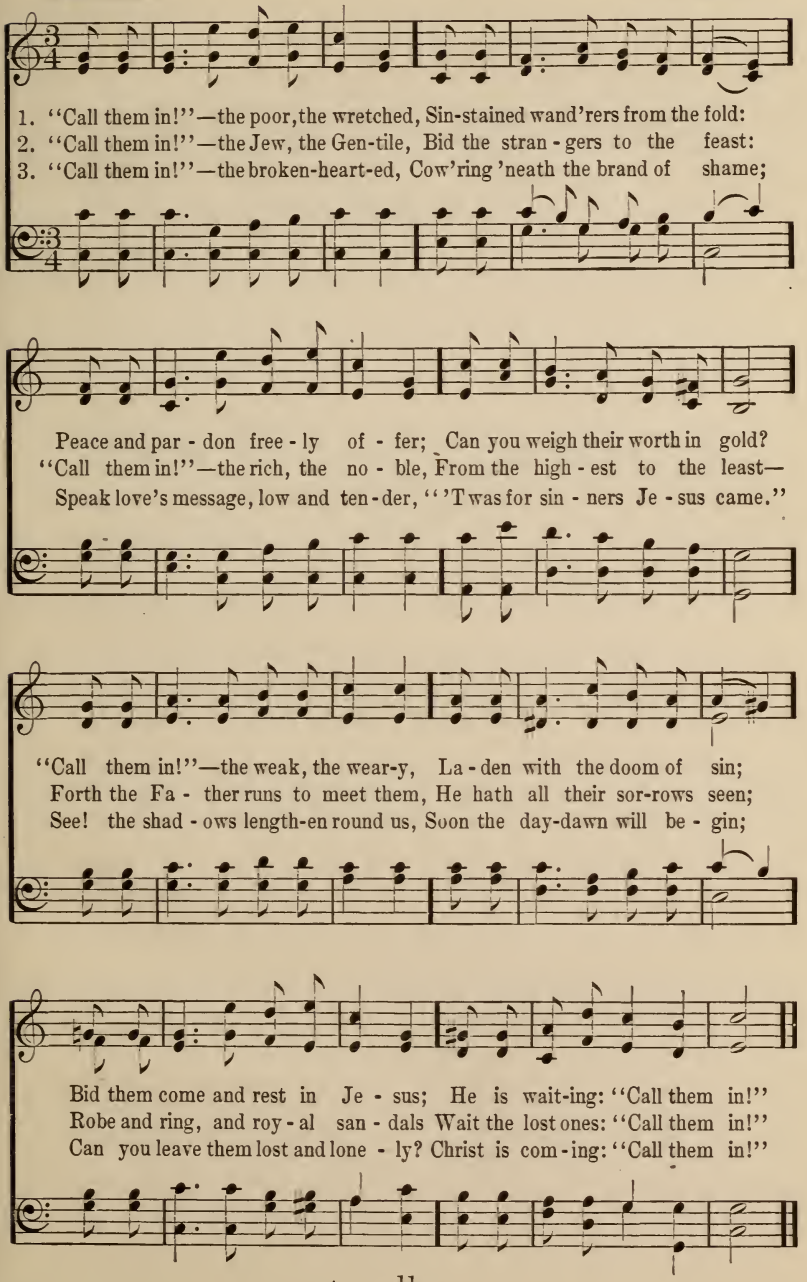
(Healing. 8. 7. D.)


1. As the ser - pent raised by Mos - es Healed the fier - y ser-pent's bite,
2. "Grieve a-bout your sins no lon - ger, Well I know their might-y guilt:
3. "I have seen what you were do - ing, Tho' you lit - tle tho't of Me;
Je - sus now, Him-self dis - clos - es To the wound-ed sin - ner's sight:
But My love than death is stron - ger, I My pre-cious blood have spilt:
You were mad - ly bent on ru - in, But, I said— it shall not be:
Hear His gra-cious in - vi - ta - tion, "I have life and peace to give,
Tho' your heart has long been har-dened, Look on Me— it soft shall grow;
You had been for - ev - er wretch-ed, Had I not es-poused your part;
I have wrought out full sal - va - tion, Sin - ner, look to Me and live."
Your transgressions shall be par-doned, And I'll wash you white as snow."
Now be - hold My arms out-stretch-ed To re - ceive you to My heart."

9 "Call Them In!"—the Poor, the Wretched.

(Faben. 8. 7. D.)

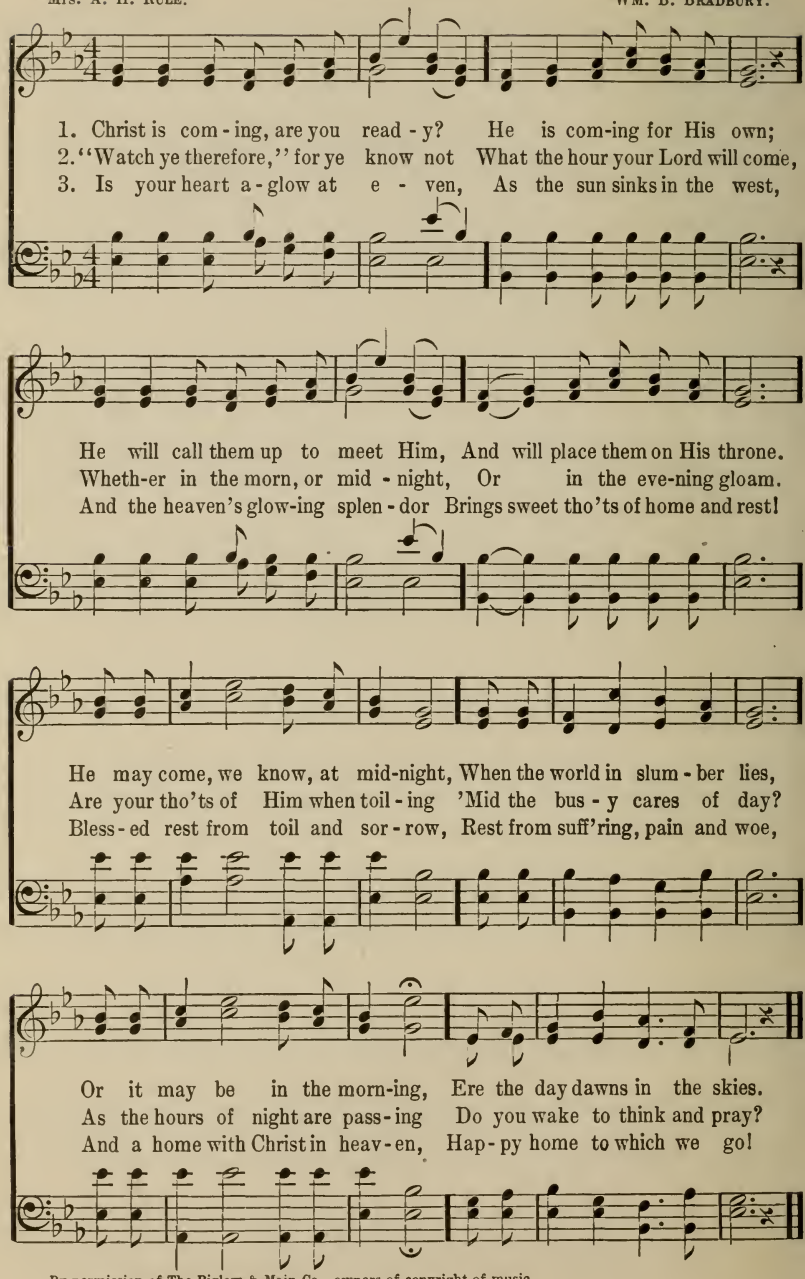
ANNA SHIPTON. J. H. WILCOX.


1. "Call them in!"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'rers from the fold:
2. "Call them in!"—the Jew, the Gen-tile, Bid the stran-gers to the feast:
3. "Call them in!"—the broken-heart-ed, Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;
Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth in gold?
"Call them in!"—the rich, the no-ble, From the high-est to the least—
Speak love's message, low and ten-der, "'Twas for sin-ners Je-sus came."
"Call them in!"—the weak, the wear-y, La-den with the doom of sin;
Forth the Fa-ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sor-rows seen;
See! the shad-ows length-en round us, Soon the day-dawn will be-gin;
Bid them come and rest in Je-sus; He is wait-ing: "Call them in!"
Robe and ring, and roy-al san-dals Wait the lost ones: "Call them in!"
Can you leave them lost and lone-ly? Christ is com-ing: "Call them in!"

10 Christ is Coming, Are You Ready?

(Shepherd. 8. 7. D.)

Mrs. A. H. Rule. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Christ is com - ing, are you read - y? He is com-ing for His own;
2. "Watch ye therefore," for ye know not What the hour your Lord will come,
3. Is your heart a - glow at e - ven, As the sun sinks in the west,
He will call them up to meet Him, And will place them on His throne.
Wheth-er in the morn, or mid - night, Or in the eve-ning gloam.
And the heaven's glow-ing splen - dor Brings sweet tho'ts of home and rest!
He may come, we know, at mid-night, When the world in slum - ber lies,
Are your tho'ts of Him when toil - ing 'Mid the bus - y cares of day?
Bless - ed rest from toil and sor - row, Rest from suff'ring, pain and woe,
Or it may be in the morn-ing, Ere the day dawns in the skies.
As the hours of night are pass - ing Do you wake to think and pray?
And a home with Christ in heav - en, Hap - py home to which we go!

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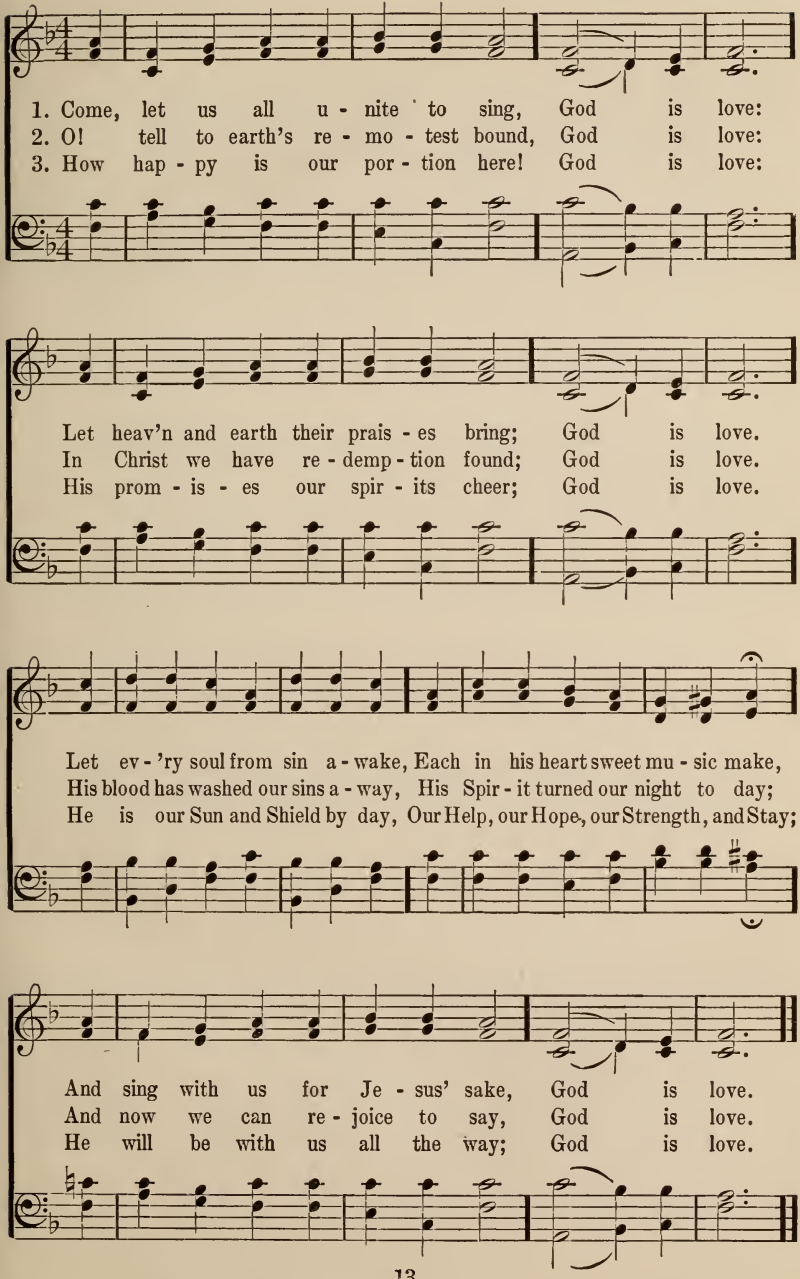
11 Come, Let Us All Unite to Sing.

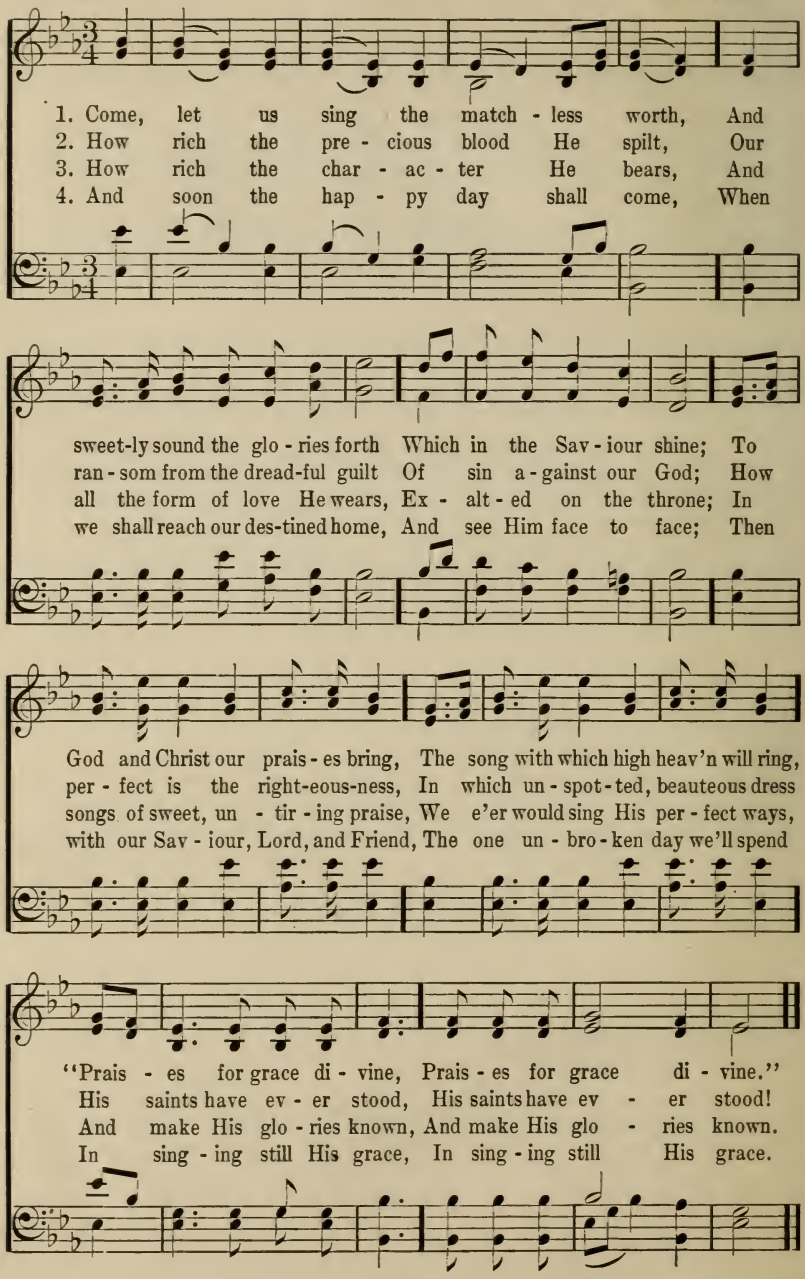
(Beulah. 8. 3. 8. 3. 8. 8. 8. 3.)

Arranged.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love:
2. O! tell to earth's re - mo - test bound, God is love:
3. How hap - py is our por - tion here! God is love:
Let heav'n and earth their prais - es bring; God is love.
In Christ we have re - demp - tion found; God is love.
His prom - is - es our spir - its cheer; God is love.
Let ev - 'ry soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make,
His blood has washed our sins a - way, His Spir - it turned our night to day;
He is our Sun and Shield by day, Our Help, our Hope, our Strength, and Stay;
And sing with us for Je - sus' sake, God is love.
And now we can re - joice to say, God is love.
He will be with us all the way; God is love.

12 Come, Let Us Sing the Matchless Worth.

(Ariel. 8. 8. 6. D.)

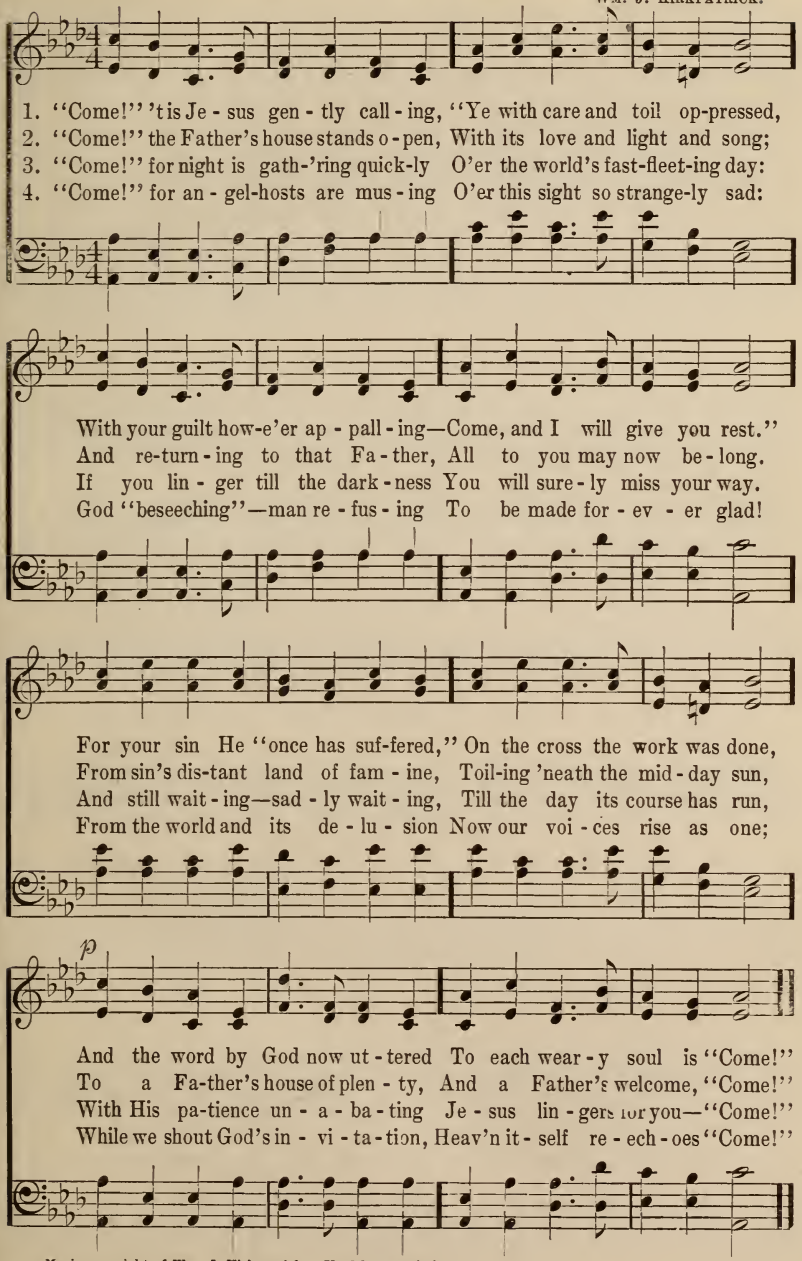
MEDLEY. Dr. L. MASON.


1. Come, let us sing the match - less worth, And
2. How rich the pre - cious blood He spilt, Our
3. How rich the char - ac - ter He bears, And
4. And soon the hap - py day shall come, When
sweet-ly sound the glo - ries forth Which in the Sav - iour shine; To
ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin a - gainst our God; How
all the form of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on the throne; In
we shall reach our des-tined home, And see Him face to face; Then
God and Christ our prais - es bring, The song with which high heav'n will ring,
per - fect is the right-eous-ness, In which un - spot - ted, beauteous dress
songs of sweet, un - tir - ing praise, We e'er would sing His per - fect ways,
with our Sav - iour, Lord, and Friend, The one un - bro - ken day we'll spend
"Prais - es for grace di - vine, Prais - es for grace di - vine."
His saints have ev - er stood, His saints have ev - er stood!
And make His glo - ries known, And make His glo - ries known.
In sing - ing still His grace, In sing - ing still His grace.

13 "Come!" 'Tis Jesus Gently Calling.

('Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus. 8. 7. D.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. "Come!" 'tis Je - sus gen - tly call - ing, "Ye with care and toil op-pressed,
2. "Come!" the Father's house stands o - pen, With its love and light and song;
3. "Come!" for night is gath-'ring quick-ly O'er the world's fast-fleet-ing day:
4. "Come!" for an - gel-hosts are mus - ing O'er this sight so strange-ly sad:
With your guilt how-e'er ap - pall - ing—Come, and I will give you rest."
And re-turn - ing to that Fa - ther, All to you may now be - long.
If you lin - ger till the dark - ness You will sure - ly miss your way.
God "beseeching"—man re - fus - ing To be made for - ev - er glad!
For your sin He "once has suf-fered," On the cross the work was done,
From sin's dis-tant land of fam - ine, Toil-ing 'neath the mid - day sun,
And still wait - ing—sad - ly wait - ing, Till the day its course has run,
From the world and its de - lu - sion Now our voi - ces rise as one;
p
And the word by God now ut - tered To each wear - y soul is "Come!"
To a Fa-ther's house of plen - ty, And a Father's welcome, "Come!"
With His pa-tience un - a - ba - ting Je - sus lin - gers for you—"Come!"
While we shout God's in - vi - ta - tion, Heav'n it - self re - ech - oes "Come!"

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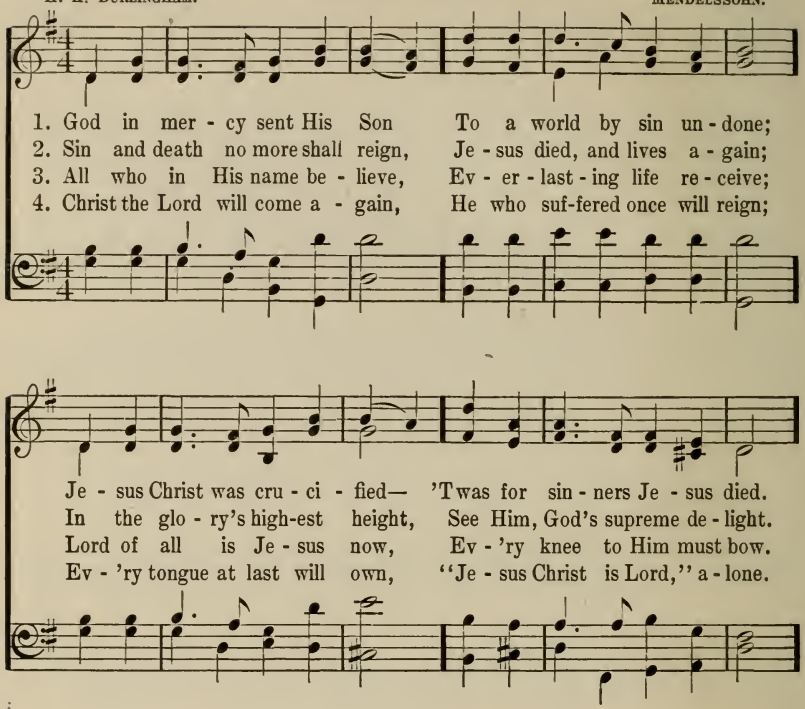
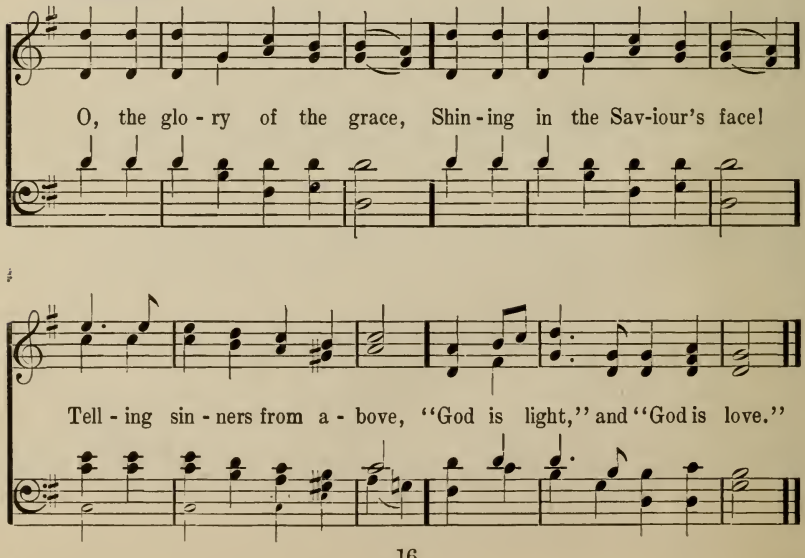
14 God in Mercy Sent this Son.

(Herald Angels. 8—7s.)

H. K. BURLINGHAM. MENDELSSOHN.

1. God in mer - cy sent His Son To a world by sin un - done;
2. Sin and death no more shall reign, Je - sus died, and lives a - gain;
3. All who in His name be - lieve, Ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive;
4. Christ the Lord will come a - gain, He who suf-fered once will reign;
Je - sus Christ was cru - ci - fied— 'Twas for sin - ners Je - sus died.
In the glo - ry's high-est height, See Him, God's supreme de - light.
Lord of all is Je - sus now, Ev - 'ry knee to Him must bow.
Ev - 'ry tongue at last will own, "Je - sus Christ is Lord," a - lone.

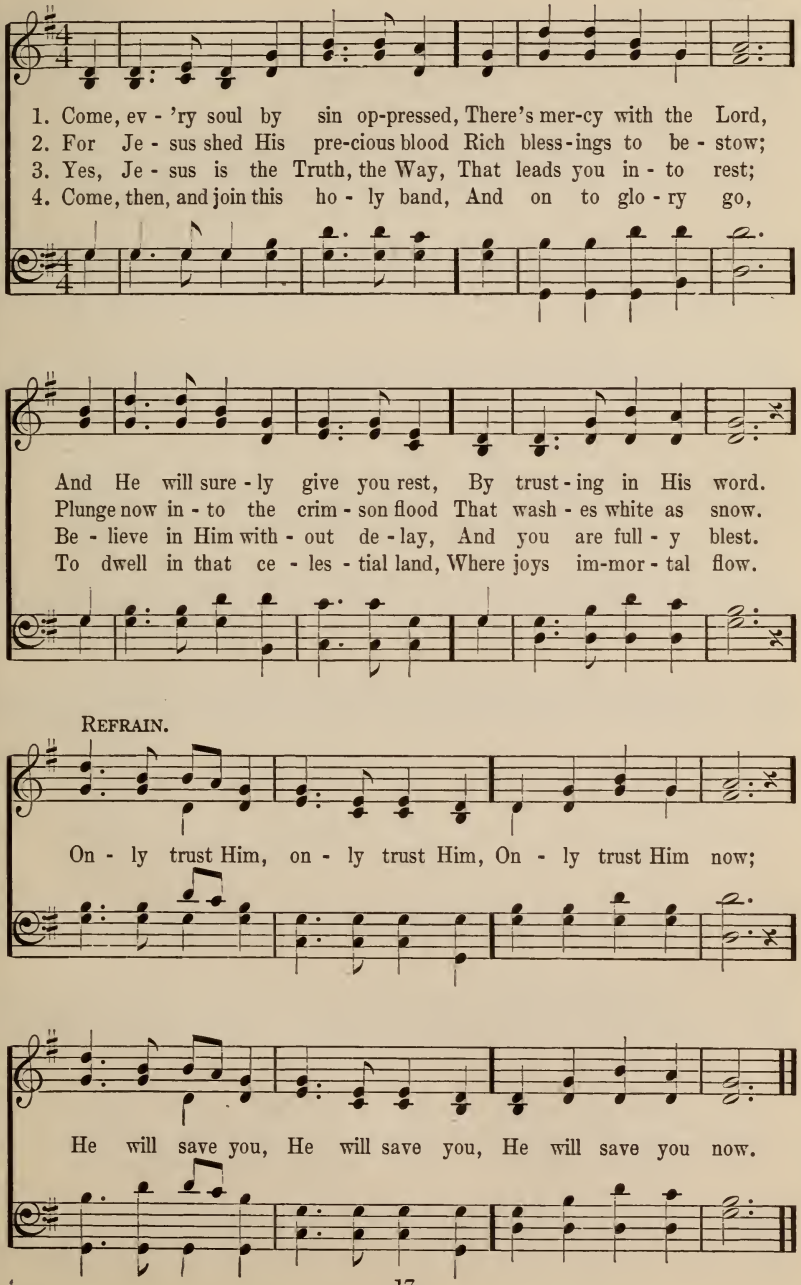
REFRAIN.



Only Trust Him.

(P M.)

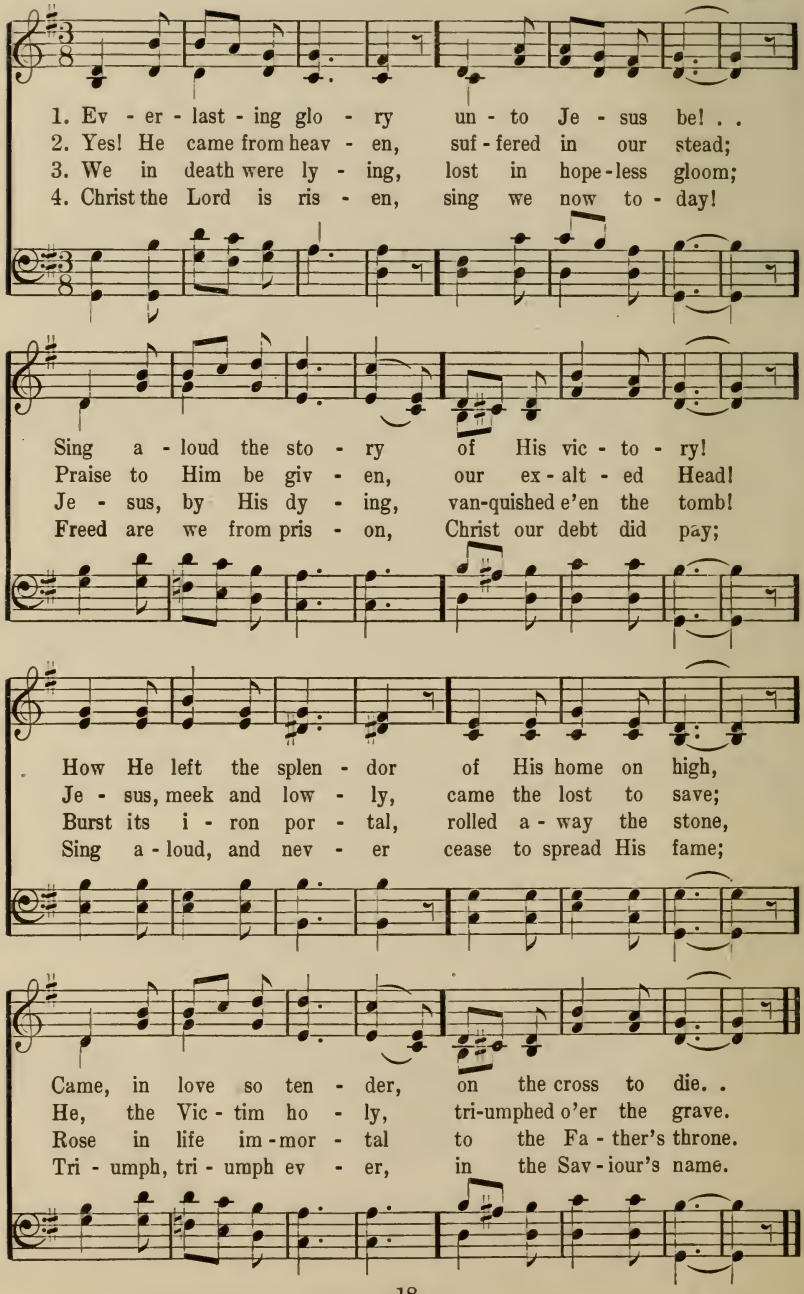
J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im-mor - tal flow.
Refrain.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

Everlasting Glory.

(Triumph. 11s.)

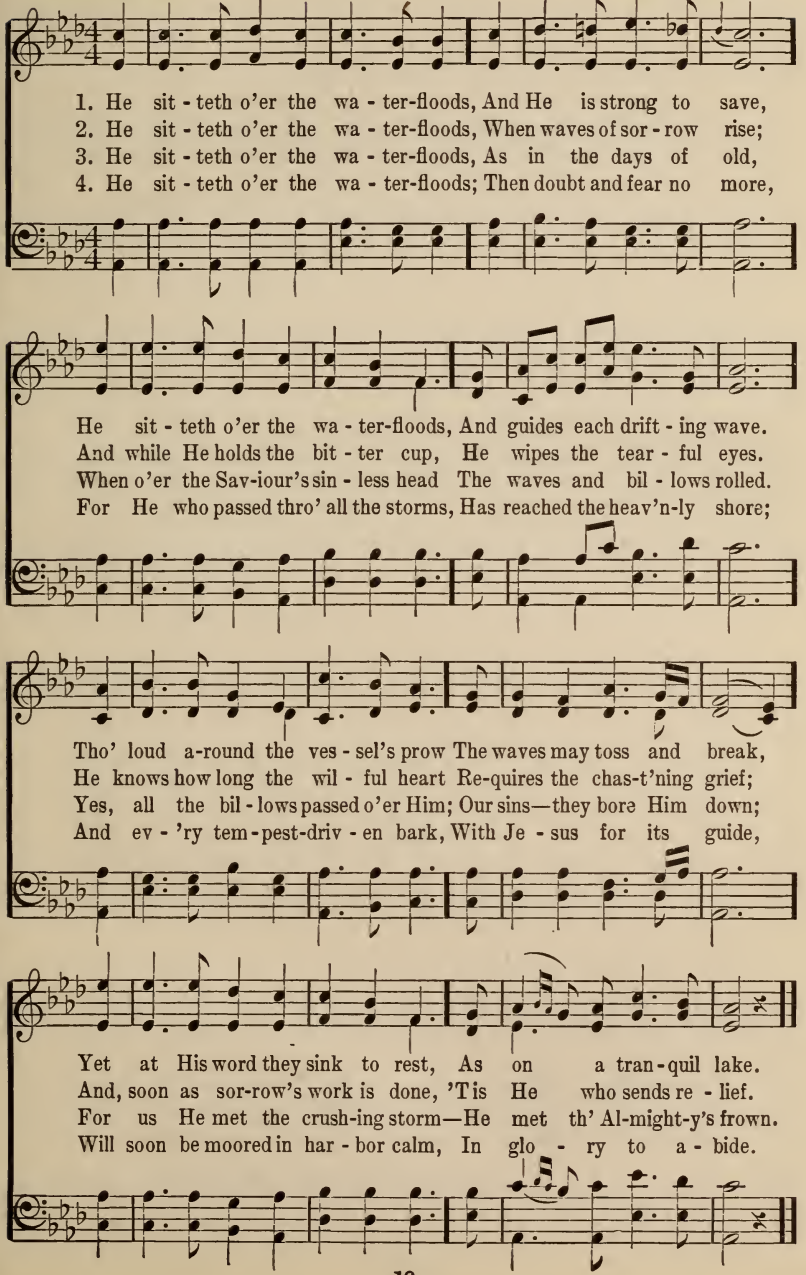
L. C. W.


1. Ev - er - last - ing glo - ry un - to Je - sus be! . .
2. Yes! He came from heav - en, suf - fered in our stead;
3. We in death were ly - ing, lost in hope - less gloom;
4. Christ the Lord is ris - en, sing we now to - day!
Sing a - loud the sto - ry of His vic - to - ry!
Praise to Him be giv - en, our ex - alt - ed Head!
Je - sus, by His dy - ing, van-quished e'en the tomb!
Freed are we from pris - on, Christ our debt did pay;
How He left the splen - dor of His home on high,
Je - sus, meek and low - ly, came the lost to save;
Burst its i - ron por - tal, rolled a - way the stone,
Sing a - loud, and nev - er cease to spread His fame;
Came, in love so ten - der, on the cross to die. .
He, the Vic - tim ho - ly, tri-umphed o'er the grave.
Rose in life im - mor - tal to the Fa - ther's throne.
Tri - umph, tri - umph ev - er, in the Sav - iour's name.

17 He Sitteth O'er the Water-Floods.

(Sovereignty. G. M. D.)

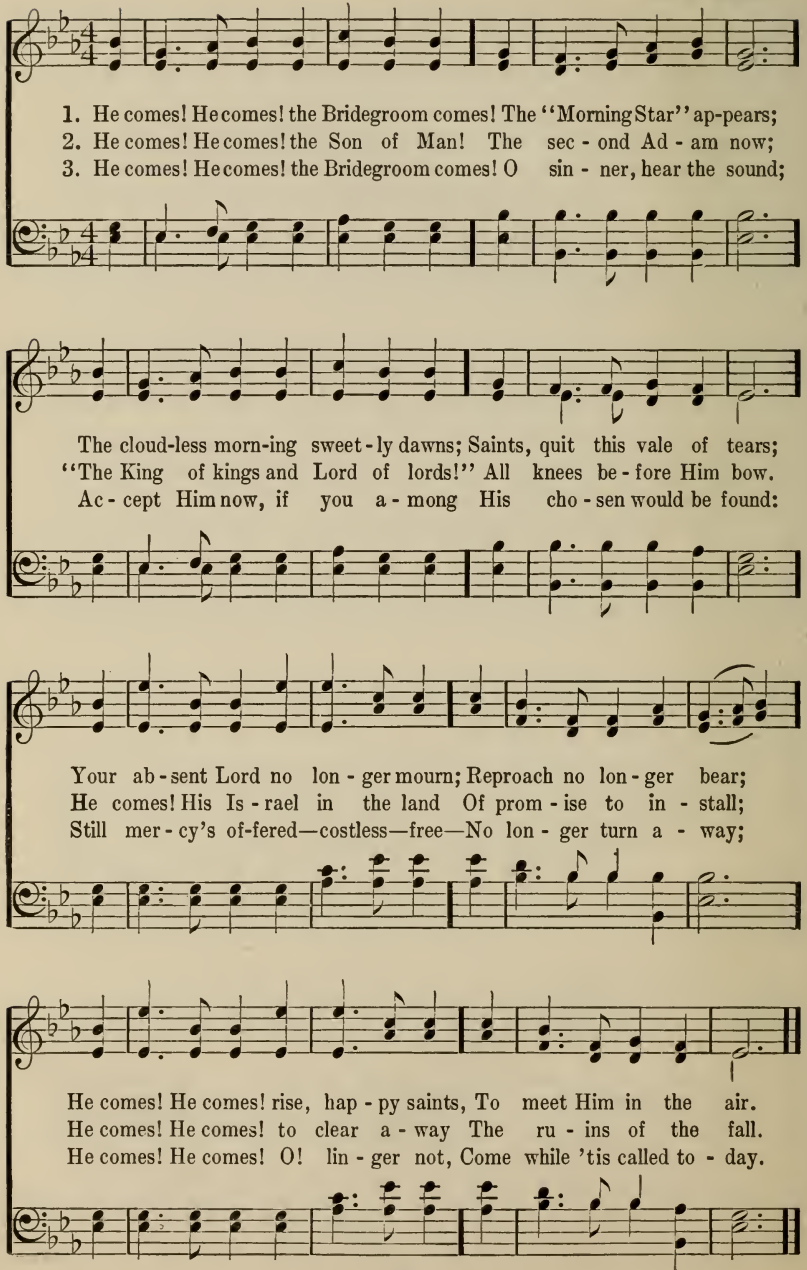
HENRY BENNETT. HENRY BENNETT.


1. He sit - teth o'er the wa - ter-floods, And He is strong to save,
2. He sit - teth o'er the wa - ter-floods, When waves of sor - row rise;
3. He sit - teth o'er the wa - ter-floods, As in the days of old,
4. He sit - teth o'er the wa - ter-floods; Then doubt and fear no more,
He sit - teth o'er the wa - ter-floods, And guides each drift - ing wave.
And while He holds the bit - ter cup, He wipes the tear - ful eyes.
When o'er the Sav-iour's sin - less head The waves and bil - lows rolled.
For He who passed thro' all the storms, Has reached the heav'n-ly shore;
Tho' loud a-round the ves - sel's prow The waves may toss and break,
He knows how long the wil - ful heart Re-quires the chas-t'ning grief;
Yes, all the bil - lows passed o'er Him; Our sins—they bore Him down;
And ev - 'ry tem - pest-driv - en bark, With Je - sus for its guide,
Yet at His word they sink to rest, As on a tran - quil lake.
And, soon as sor-row's work is done, 'T is He who sends re - lief.
For us He met the crush-ing storm—He met th' Al-might-y's frown.
Will soon be moored in har - bor calm, In glo - ry to a - bide.

The Comes! The Comes!

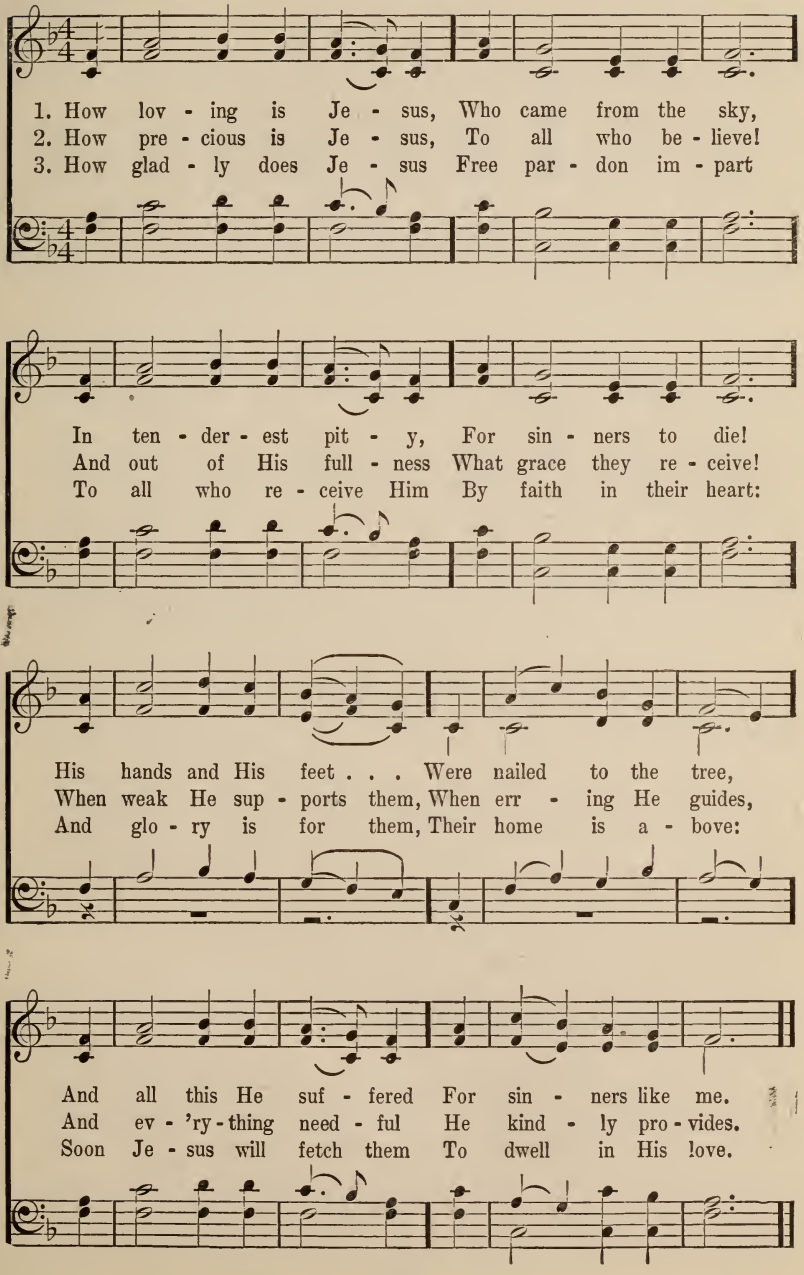
(Ostend. G. M. D.)

Dr. L. Mason.


1. He comes! He comes! the Bridegroom comes! The "Morning Star" ap-pears;
2. He comes! He comes! the Son of Man! The sec - ond Ad - am now;
3. He comes! He comes! the Bridegroom comes! O sin - ner, hear the sound;
The cloud-less morn-ing sweet - ly dawns; Saints, quit this vale of tears;
"The King of kings and Lord of lords!" All knees be - fore Him bow.
Ac - cept Him now, if you a - mong His cho - sen would be found:
Your ab - sent Lord no lon - ger mourn; Reproach no lon - ger bear;
He comes! His Is - rael in the land Of prom - ise to in - stall;
Still mer - cy's of-fered—costless—free—No lon - ger turn a - way;
He comes! He comes! rise, hap - py saints, To meet Him in the air.
He comes! He comes! to clear a - way The ru - ins of the fall.
He comes! He comes! O! lin - ger not, Come while 'tis called to - day.

How Loving is Jesus.

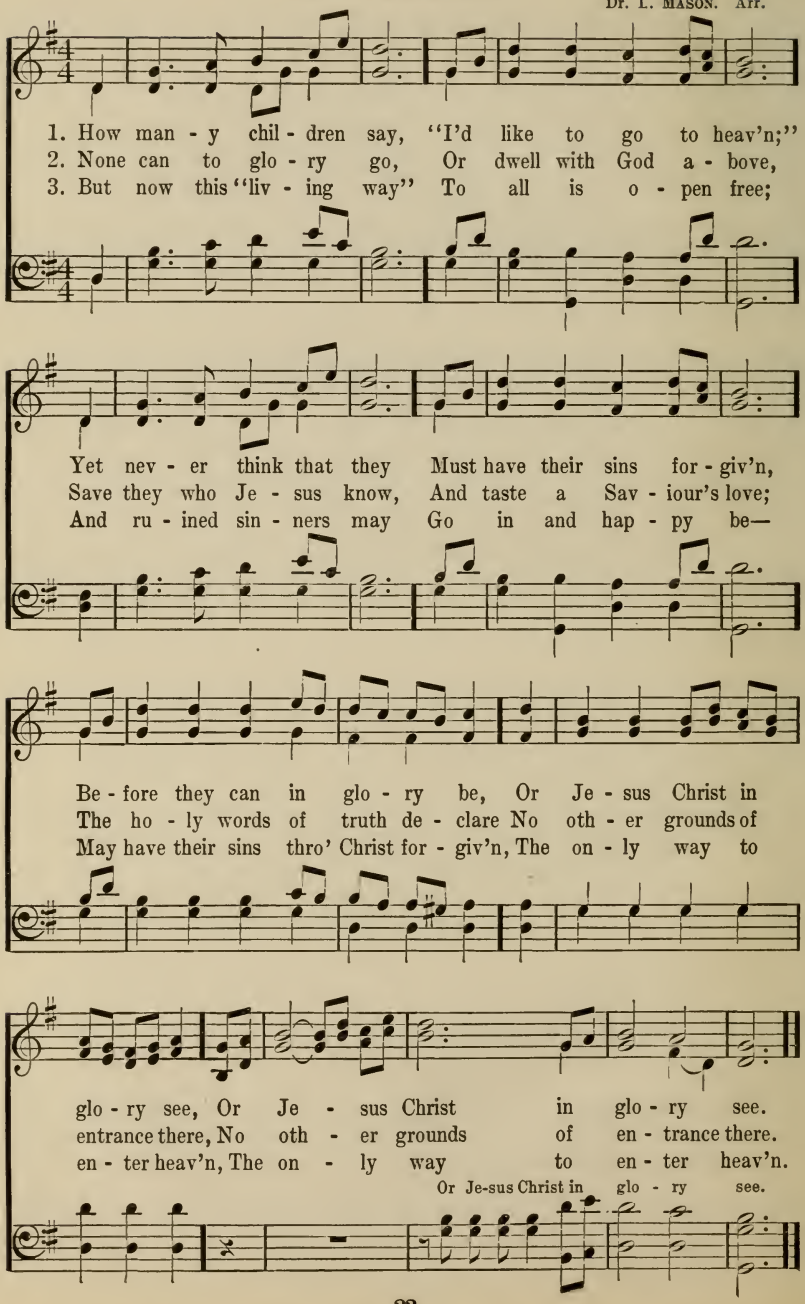
(Fullness. 6. 5. D.)

R. H. Ballantyne. A. J. Gordon.

1. How lov - ing is Je - sus, Who came from the sky,
2. How pre - cious is Je - sus, To all who be - lieve!
3. How glad - ly does Je - sus Free par - don im - part
In ten - der - est pit - y, For sin - ners to die!
And out of His full - ness What grace they re - ceive!
To all who re - ceive Him By faith in their heart:
His hands and His feet . . . Were nailed to the tree,
When weak He sup - ports them, When err - ing He guides,
And glo - ry is for them, Their home is a - bove:
And all this He suf - fered For sin - ners like me.
And ev - 'ry - thing need - ful He kind - ly pro - vides.
Soon Je - sus will fetch them To dwell in His love.

How Many Children Say.

(Lischer. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.)

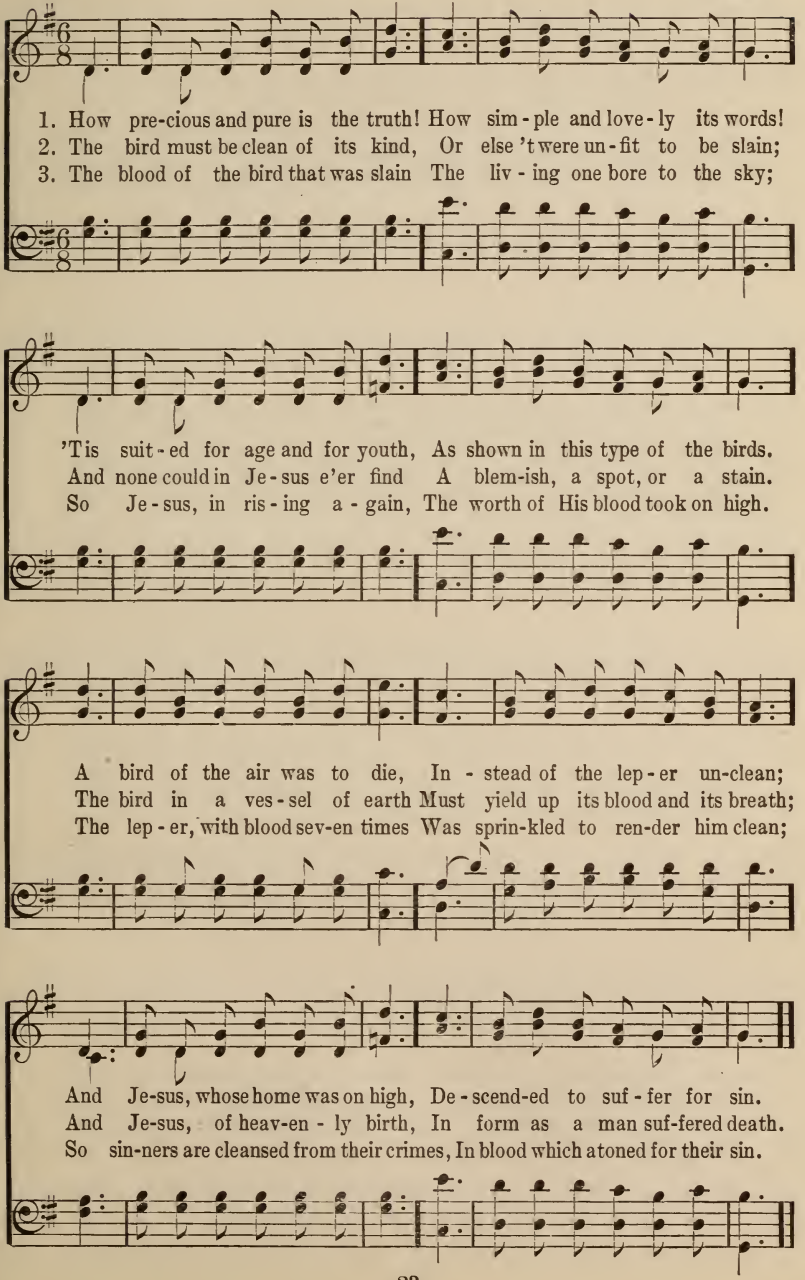
Dr. L. Mason. Arr.


1. How man - y chil - dren say, "I'd like to go to heav'n;"
2. None can to glo - ry go, Or dwell with God a - bove,
3. But now this "liv - ing way" To all is o - pen free;
Yet nev - er think that they Must have their sins for - giv'n,
Save they who Je - sus know, And taste a Sav - iour's love;
And ru - ined sin - ners may Go in and hap - py be—
Be - fore they can in glo - ry be, Or Je - sus Christ in
The ho - ly words of truth de - clare No oth - er grounds of
May have their sins thro' Christ for - giv'n, The on - ly way to
glo - ry see, Or Je - sus Christ in glo - ry see.
entrance there, No oth - er grounds of en - trance there.
en - ter heav'n, The on - ly way to en - ter heav'n.
Or Je-sus Christ in glo - ry see.

21 How Precious and Pure is the Truth.

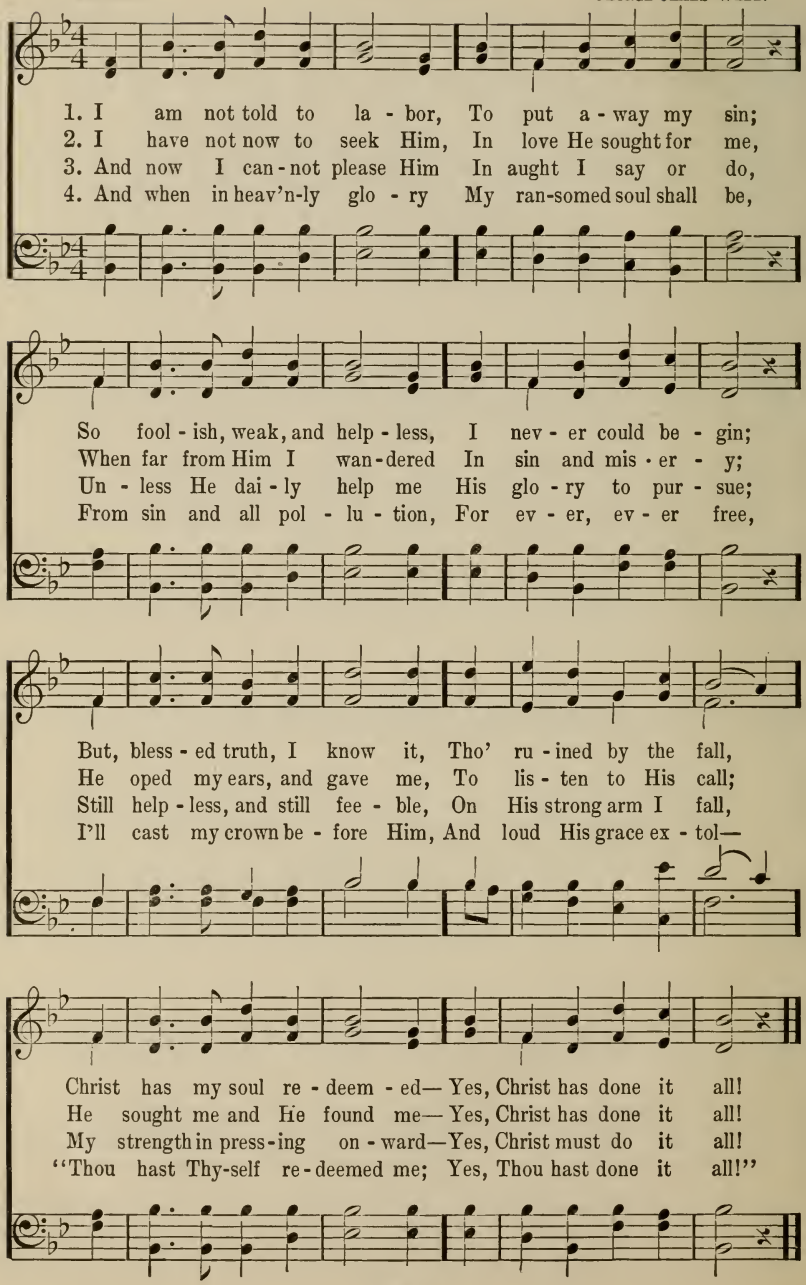
(De Fleury. 8s. D.)

German.


1. How pre-cious and pure is the truth! How sim-ple and love-ly its words!
2. The bird must be clean of its kind, Or else 't were un-fit to be slain;
3. The blood of the bird that was slain The liv-ing one bore to the sky;
'Tis suit-ed for age and for youth, As shown in this type of the birds.
And none could in Je-sus e'er find A blem-ish, a spot, or a stain.
So Je-sus, in ris-ing a-gain, The worth of His blood took on high.
A bird of the air was to die, In-stead of the lep-er un-clean;
The bird in a ves-sel of earth Must yield up its blood and its breath;
The lep-er, with blood sev-en times Was sprin-kled to ren-der him clean;
And Je-sus, whose home was on high, De-scend-ed to suf-fer for sin.
And Je-sus, of heav-en-ly birth, In form as a man suf-fered death.
So sin-ners are cleansed from their crimes, In blood which atoned for their sin.

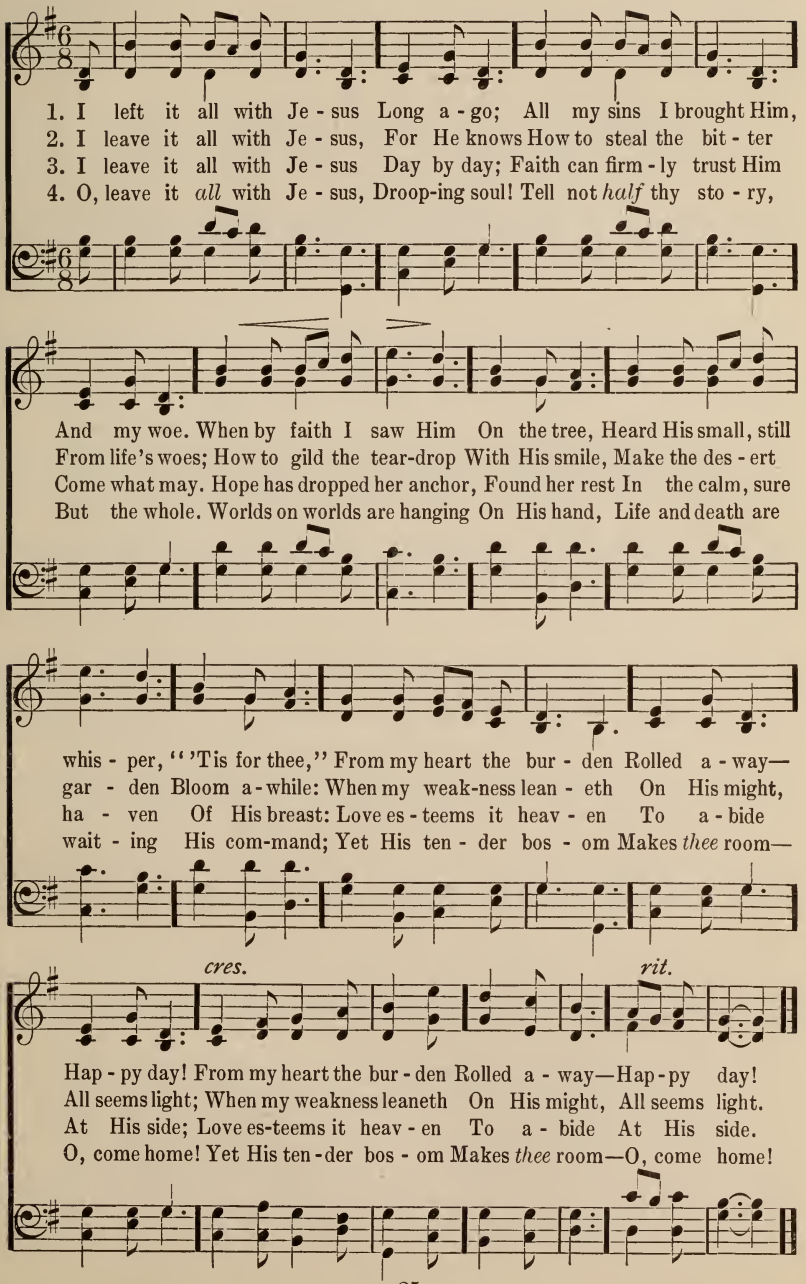
I Am Not Told to Labor.

(Webb. 7. 6. D.)

A. MIDLANE. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. I am not told to la - bor, To put a - way my sin;
2. I have not now to seek Him, In love He sought for me,
3. And now I can - not please Him In aught I say or do,
4. And when in heav'n-ly glo - ry My ran-somed soul shall be,
So fool - ish, weak, and help - less, I nev - er could be - gin;
When far from Him I wan-dered In sin and mis - er - y;
Un - less He dai - ly help me His glo - ry to pur - sue;
From sin and all pol - lu - tion, For ev - er, ev - er free,
But, bless - ed truth, I know it, Tho' ru - ined by the fall,
He oped my ears, and gave me, To lis - ten to His call;
Still help - less, and still fee - ble, On His strong arm I fall,
I'll cast my crown be - fore Him, And loud His grace ex - tol—
Christ has my soul re - deem - ed— Yes, Christ has done it all!
He sought me and He found me— Yes, Christ has done it all!
My strength in press - ing on - ward—Yes, Christ must do it all!
"Thou hast Thy-self re - deemed me; Yes, Thou hast done it all!"

23 I Left It All With Jesus.

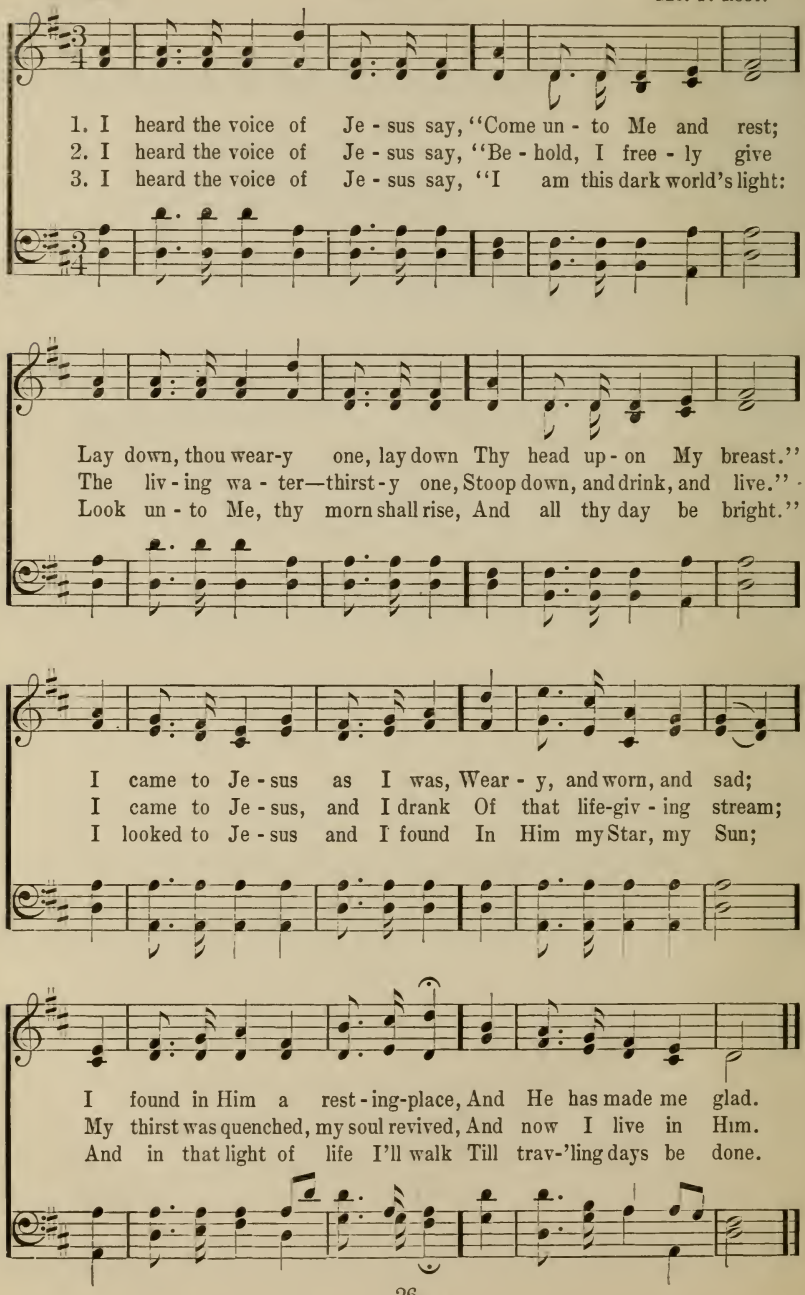
(P. M.)

Miss Ellen H. Willis. Miss H. M. Warner.

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter
3. I leave it all with Je - sus Day by day; Faith can firm - ly trust Him
4. O, leave it all with Je - sus, Droop-ing soul! Tell not half thy sto - ry,
And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still
From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the des - ert
Come what may. Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest In the calm, sure
But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hanging On His hand, Life and death are
whis - per, "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—
gar - den Bloom a - while: When my weak-ness lean - eth On His might,
ha - ven Of His breast: Love es - teems it heav - en To a - bide
wait - ing His com-mand; Yet His ten - der bos - om Makes thee room—
cres.
rit.
Hap - py day! From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—Hap - py day!
All seems light; When my weakness leaneth On His might, All seems light.
At His side; Love es-teems it heav - en To a - bide At His side.
O, come home! Yet His ten - der bos - om Makes thee room—O, come home!

24 I heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

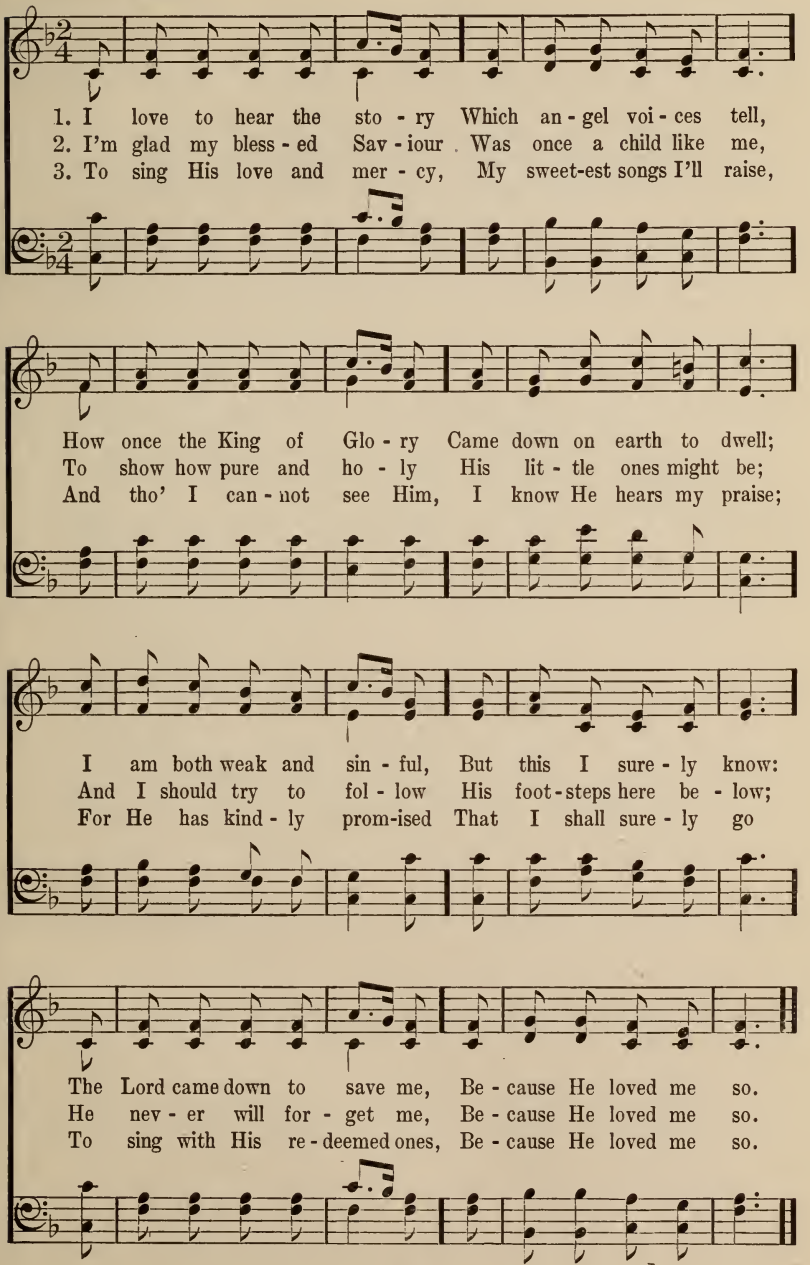
(Varina. G. M. D.)

H. Bonar. Geo. F. Root.

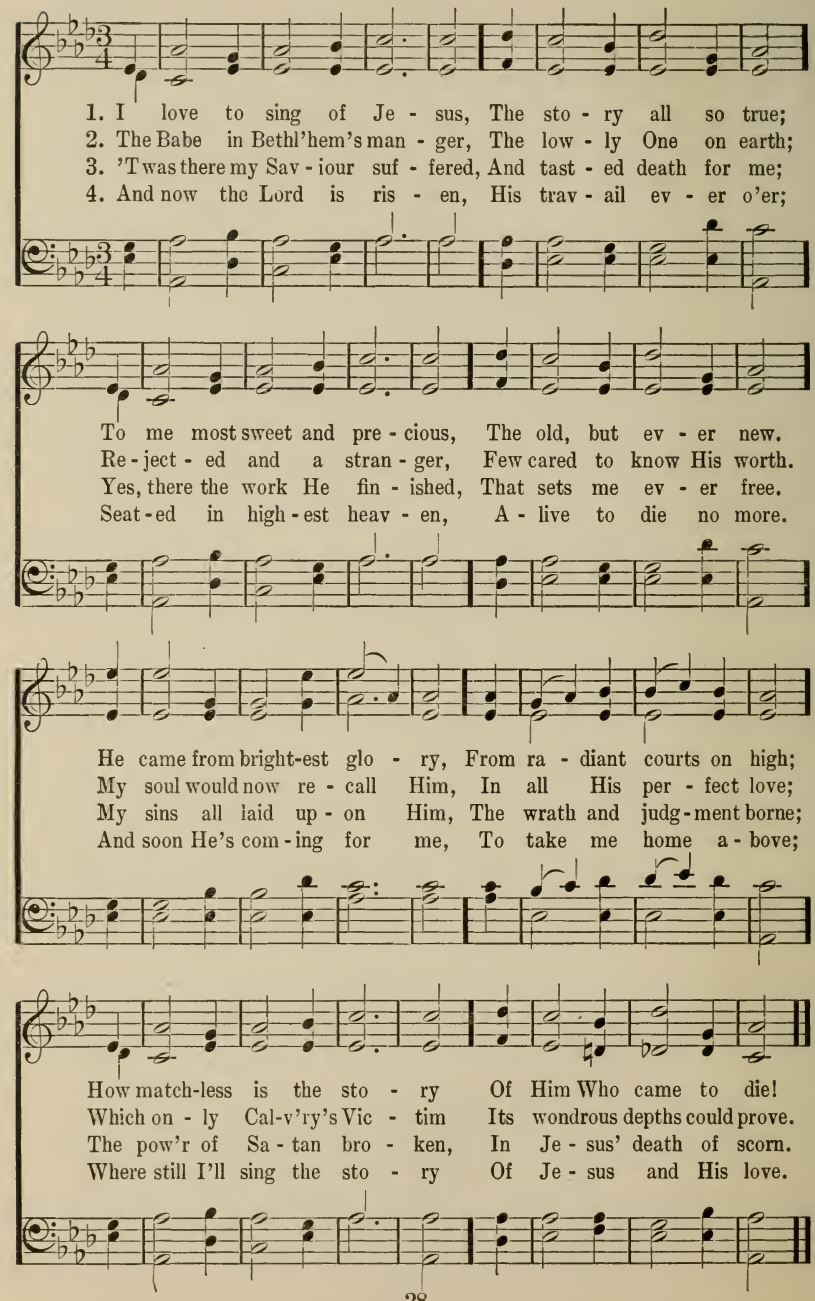

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:
Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad;
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life-giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk Till trav-'ling days be done.

25 I Love to Hear the Story.

(7. 6. D.)

EMILY H. MILLER. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell,
2. I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me,
3. To sing His love and mer - cy, My sweet-est songs I'll raise,
How once the King of Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be;
And tho' I can - not see Him, I know He hears my praise;
I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know:
And I should try to fol - low His foot-steps here be - low;
For He has kind - ly prom-ised That I shall sure - ly go
The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loved me so.
To sing with His re - deemed ones, Be - cause He loved me so.

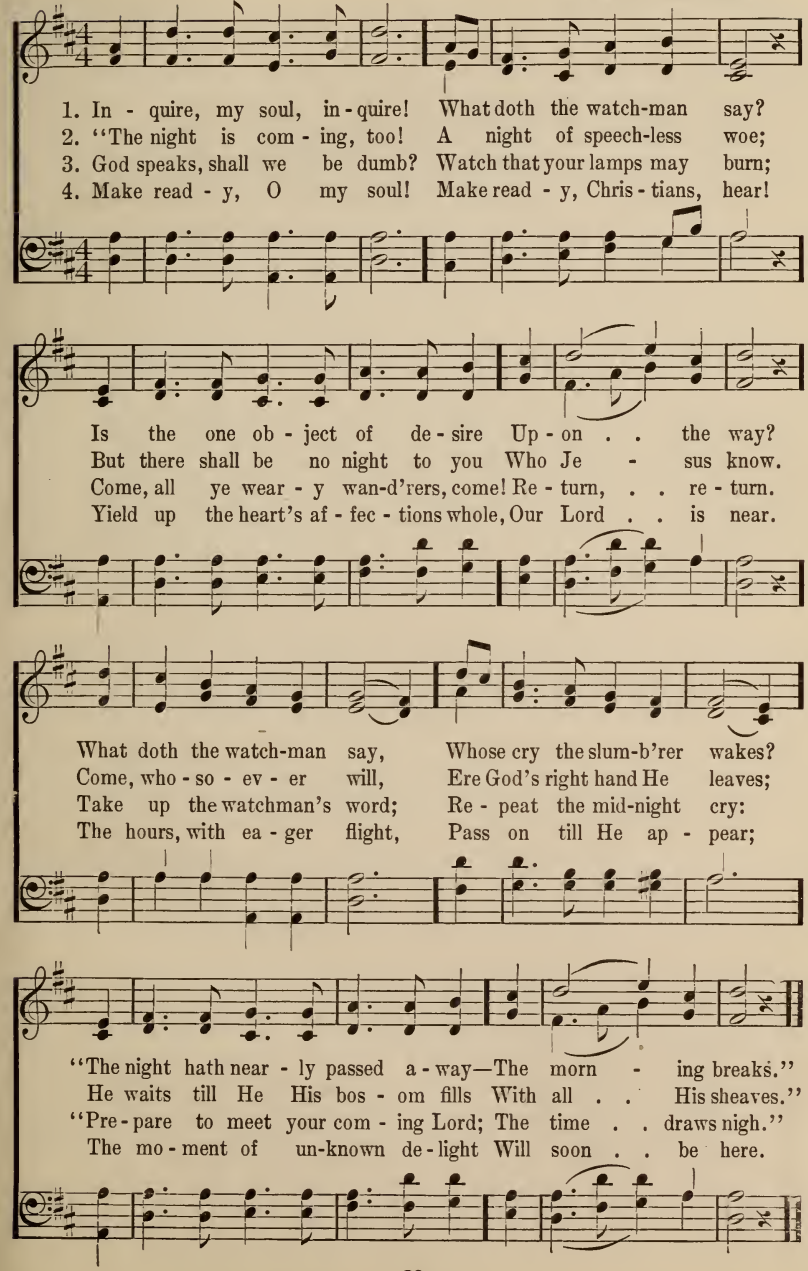
I Love to Sing of Jesus.

(Highbridge. 7. 6. D.)

1. I love to sing of Je - sus, The sto - ry all so true;
2. The Babe in Bethl'hem's man - ger, The low - ly One on earth;
3. 'T was there my Sav - iour suf - fered, And tast - ed death for me;
4. And now the Lord is ris - en, His trav - ail ev - er o'er;
To me most sweet and pre - cious, The old, but ev - er new.
Re - ject - ed and a stran - ger, Few cared to know His worth.
Yes, there the work He fin - ished, That sets me ev - er free.
Seat - ed in high - est heav - en, A - live to die no more.
He came from bright-est glo - ry, From ra - diant courts on high;
My soul would now re - call Him, In all His per - fect love;
My sins all laid up - on Him, The wrath and judg - ment borne;
And soon He's com - ing for me, To take me home a - bove;
How match-less is the sto - ry Of Him Who came to die!
Which on - ly Cal-v'ry's Vic - tim Its wondrous depths could prove.
The pow'r of Sa - tan bro - ken, In Je - sus' death of scorn.
Where still I'll sing the sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

27 Inquire, My Soul, Inquire.

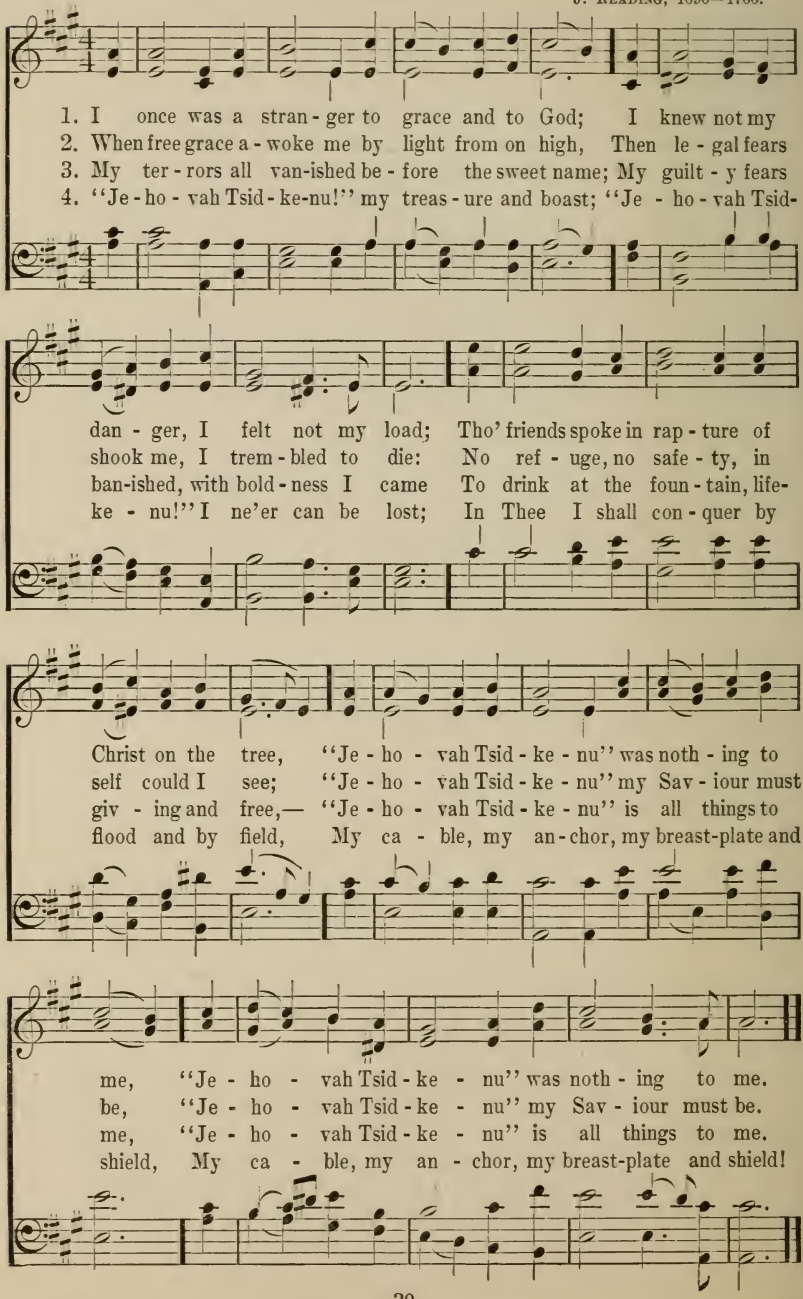
(Browne. 6. 6. 8. 4. D.)

Miss Mary Anne Browne.


1. In - quire, my soul, in - quire! What doth the watch-man say?
2. "The night is com - ing, too! A night of speech-less woe;
3. God speaks, shall we be dumb? Watch that your lamps may burn;
4. Make read - y, O my soul! Make read - y, Chris - tians, hear!
Is the one ob - ject of de - sire Up - on . . the way?
But there shall be no night to you Who Je - sus know.
Come, all ye wear - y wan-d'rers, come! Re - turn, . . re - turn.
Yield up the heart's af - fec - tions whole, Our Lord . . is near.
What doth the watch-man say, Whose cry the slum-b'rer wakes?
Come, who - so - ev - er will, Ere God's right hand He leaves;
Take up the watchman's word; Re - peat the mid-night cry:
The hours, with ea - ger flight, Pass on till He ap - pear;
"The night hath near - ly passed a - way—The morn - ing breaks."
He waits till He His bos - om fills With all . . His sheaves."
"Pre - pare to meet your com - ing Lord; The time . . draws nigh."
The mo - ment of un-known de - light Will soon . . be here.

28 I Once Was a Stranger to Grace and to God.

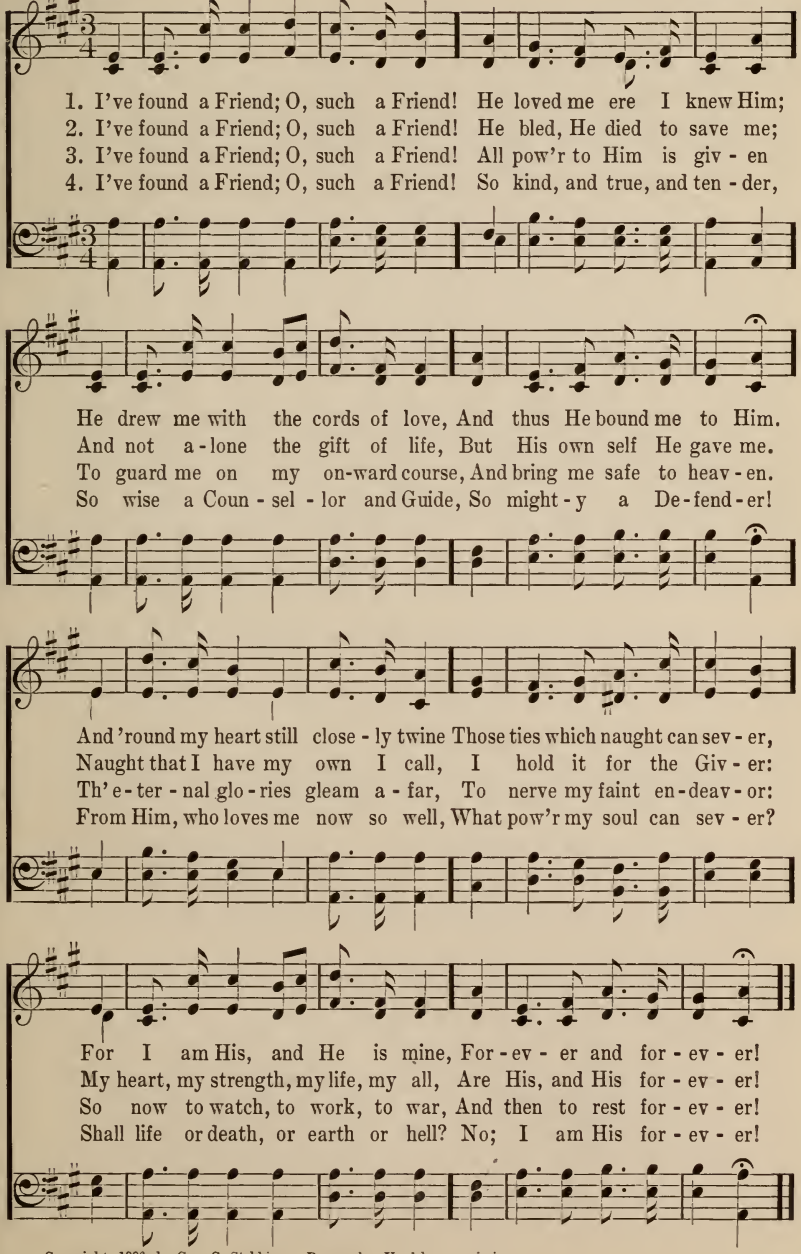
(Portuguese. 11s.)

J. Reading, 1690—1766.

1. I once was a stran - ger to grace and to God; I knew not my
2. When free grace a - woke me by light from on high, Then le - gal fears
3. My ter - rors all van-ished be - fore the sweet name; My guilt - y fears
4. "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke-nu!" my treas - ure and boast; "Je - ho - vah Tsid-
dan - ger, I felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rap - ture of
shook me, I trem - bled to die: No ref - uge, no safe - ty, in
ban-ished, with bold - ness I came To drink at the foun - tain, life-
ke - nu!" I ne'er can be lost; In Thee I shall con - quer by
Christ on the tree, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" was noth - ing to
self could I see; "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" my Sav - iour must
giv - ing and free,— "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" is all things to
flood and by field, My ca - ble, my an - chor, my breast-plate and
me, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" was noth - ing to me.
be, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" my Sav - iour must be.
me, "Je - ho - vah Tsid - ke - nu" is all things to me.
shield, My ca - ble, my an - chor, my breast-plate and shield!

29 I've Found a Friend.

(8. 7. D.)

J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en
4. I've found a Friend; O, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er!
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er!
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er!
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er!

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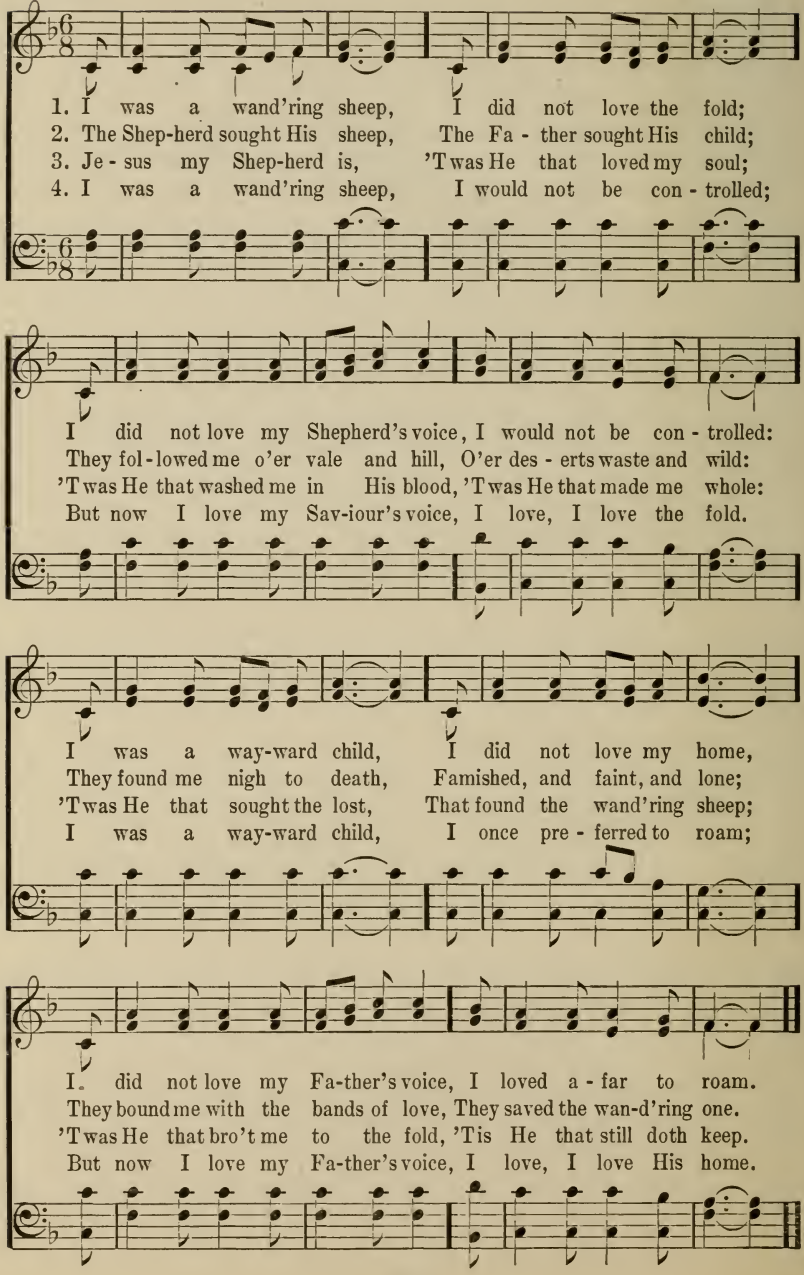
30 I Was a Wandering Sheep.

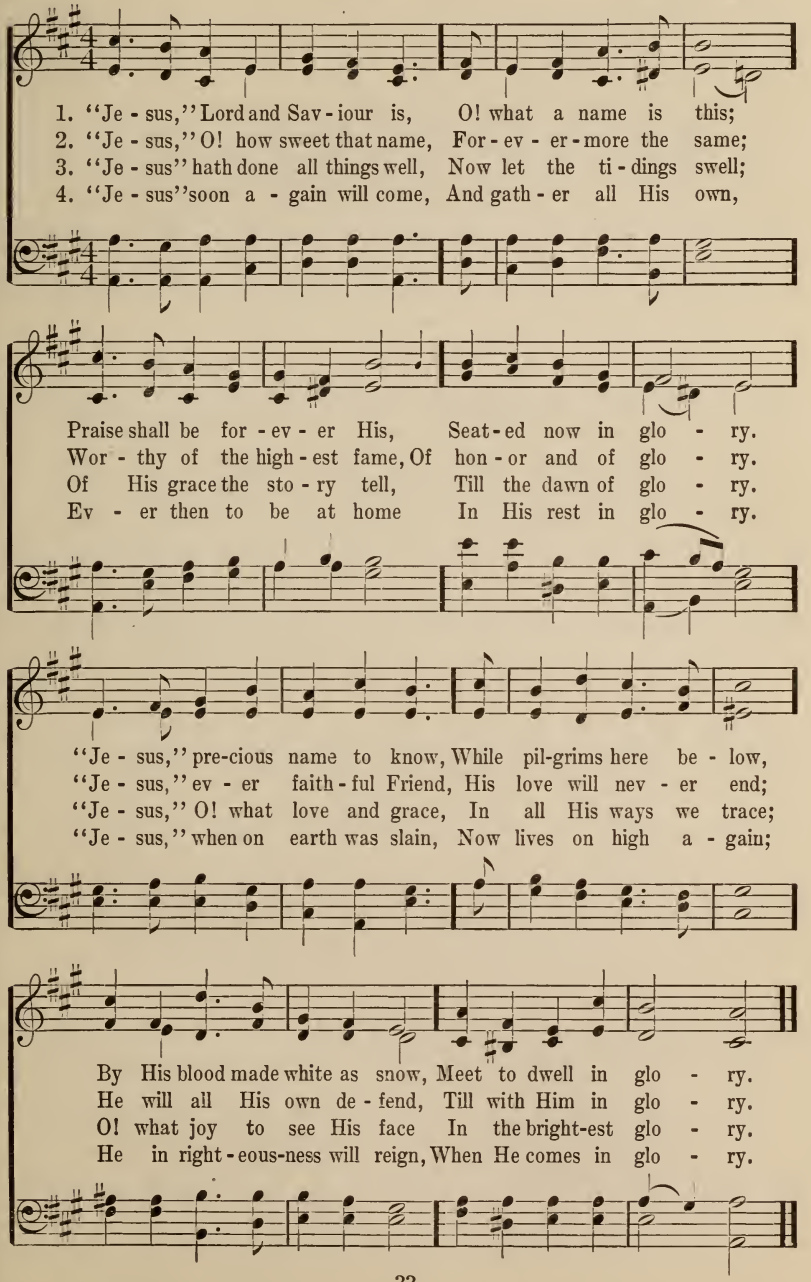
(Lebanon. S. M. D.)

BONAR. J. ZUNDEL.


1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa - ther sought His child;
3. Je - sus my Shep-herd is, 'T was He that loved my soul;
4. I was a wand'ring sheep, I would not be con - trolled;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled:
They fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des - erts waste and wild:
'T was He that washed me in His blood, 'T was He that made me whole:
But now I love my Sav-iour's voice, I love, I love the fold.
I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone;
'T was He that sought the lost, That found the wand'ring sheep;
I was a way-ward child, I once pre - ferred to roam;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wan-d'ring one.
'T was He that bro't me to the fold, 'T is He that still doth keep.
But now I love my Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home.

31 Jesus Lord and Saviour Is.

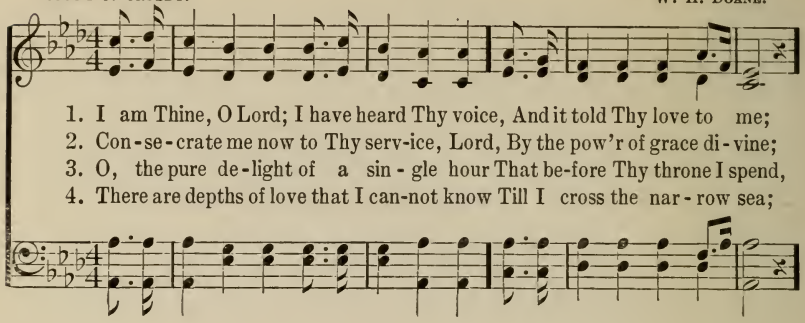
(Beachley. 7. 6. D.)

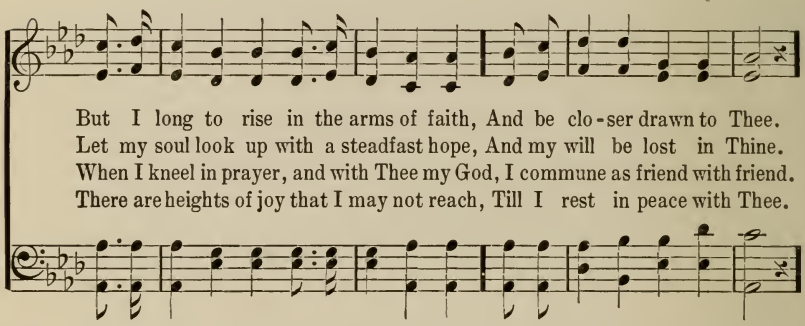
ARTHUR COTTMAN.

1. "Je - sus," Lord and Sav - iour is, O! what a name is this;
2. "Je - sus," O! how sweet that name, For - ev - er - more the same;
3. "Je - sus" hath done all things well, Now let the ti - dings swell;
4. "Je - sus" soon a - gain will come, And gath - er all His own,
Praise shall be for - ev - er His, Seat - ed now in glo - ry.
Wor - thy of the high - est fame, Of hon - or and of glo - ry.
Of His grace the sto - ry tell, Till the dawn of glo - ry.
Ev - er then to be at home In His rest in glo - ry.
"Je - sus," pre-cious name to know, While pil-grims here be - low,
"Je - sus," ev - er faith - ful Friend, His love will nev - er end;
"Je - sus," O! what love and grace, In all His ways we trace;
"Je - sus," when on earth was slain, Now lives on high a - gain;
By His blood made white as snow, Meet to dwell in glo - ry.
He will all His own de - fend, Till with Him in glo - ry.
O! what joy to see His face In the bright-est glo - ry.
He in right - eous-ness will reign, When He comes in glo - ry.

I Am Thine, O Lord.

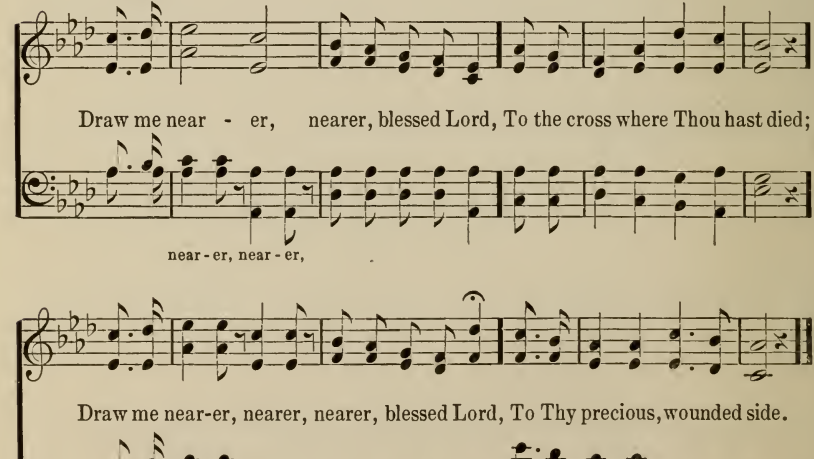
(P. M.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O, the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the nar-row sea;


But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clo-ser drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.


Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near-er, near-er,
Draw me near-er, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, wounded side.

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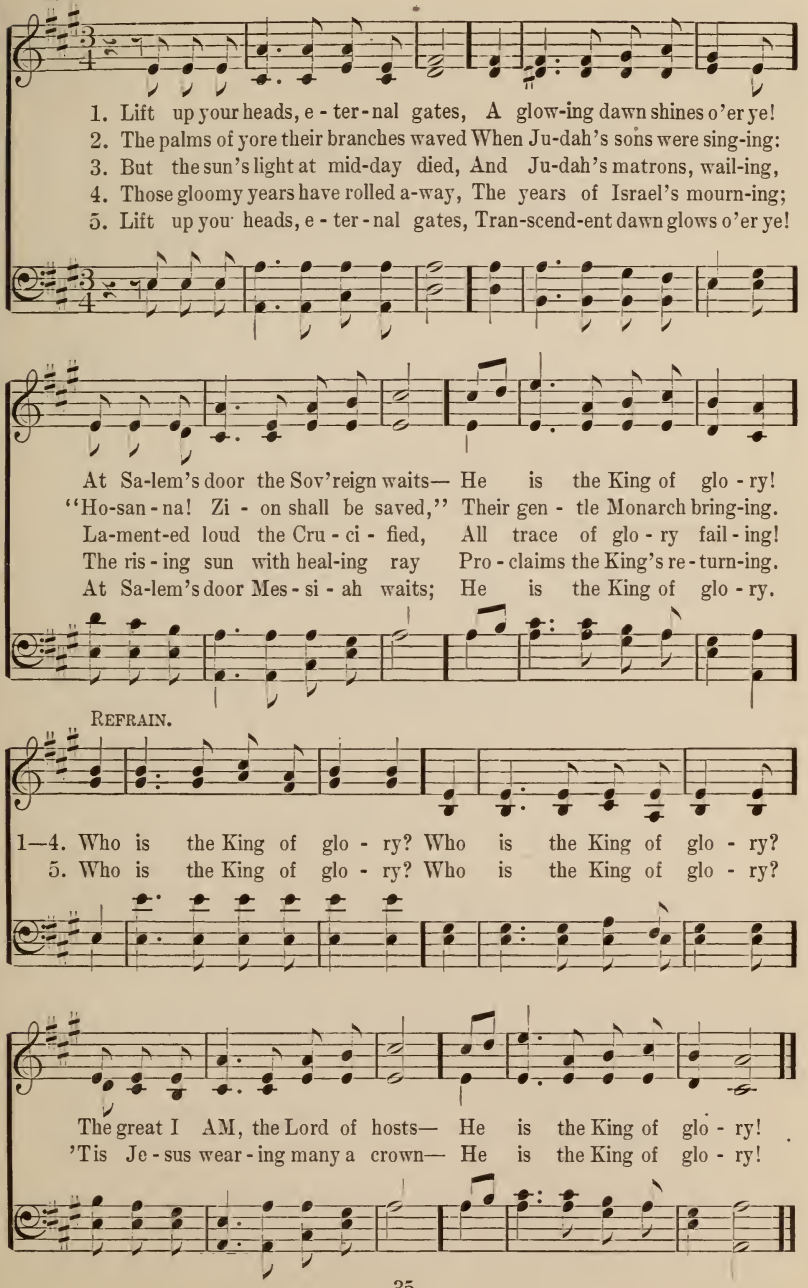
33 Lift Up Your Heads, Eternal Gates.

(P. M.)

E. L. B. C. L.

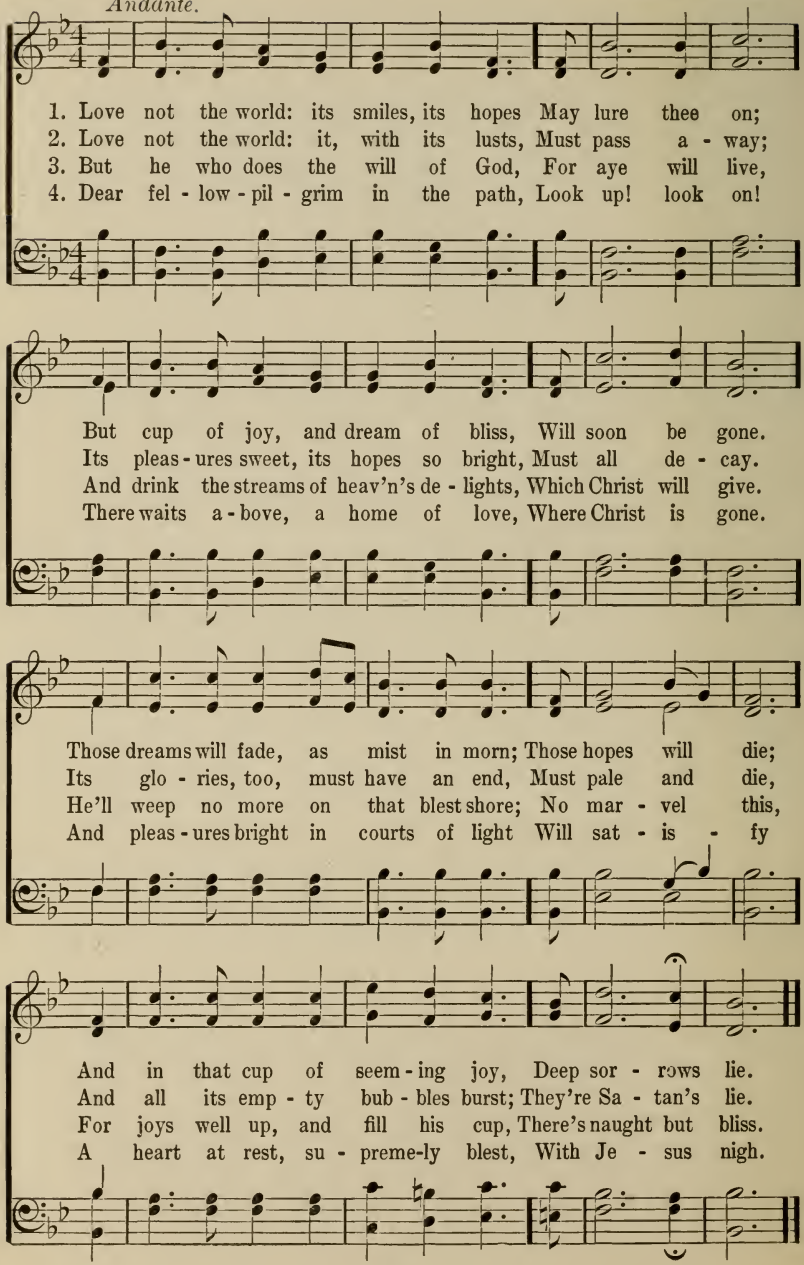

1. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, A glow-ing dawn shines o'er ye!
2. The palms of yore their branches waved When Ju-dah's sons were sing-ing:
3. But the sun's light at mid-day died, And Ju-dah's matrons, wail-ing,
4. Those gloomy years have rolled a-way, The years of Israel's mourn-ing;
5. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Tran-scend-ent dawn glows o'er ye!
At Sa-lem's door the Sov'reign waits— He is the King of glo - ry!
"Ho-san - na! Zi - on shall be saved," Their gen - tle Monarch bring-ing.
La-ment-ed loud the Cru - ci - fied, All trace of glo - ry fail - ing!
The ris - ing sun with heal-ing ray Pro - claims the King's re - turn-ing.
At Sa-lem's door Mes - si - ah waits; He is the King of glo - ry.
REFRAIN.
1—4. Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry?
5. Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry?
The great I AM, the Lord of hosts— He is the King of glo - ry!
'Tis Je - sus wear - ing many a crown— He is the King of glo - ry!

Love Not the World.

(8. 4. D.)

Mrs. A. H. Rule. Mrs. A. H. Rule.

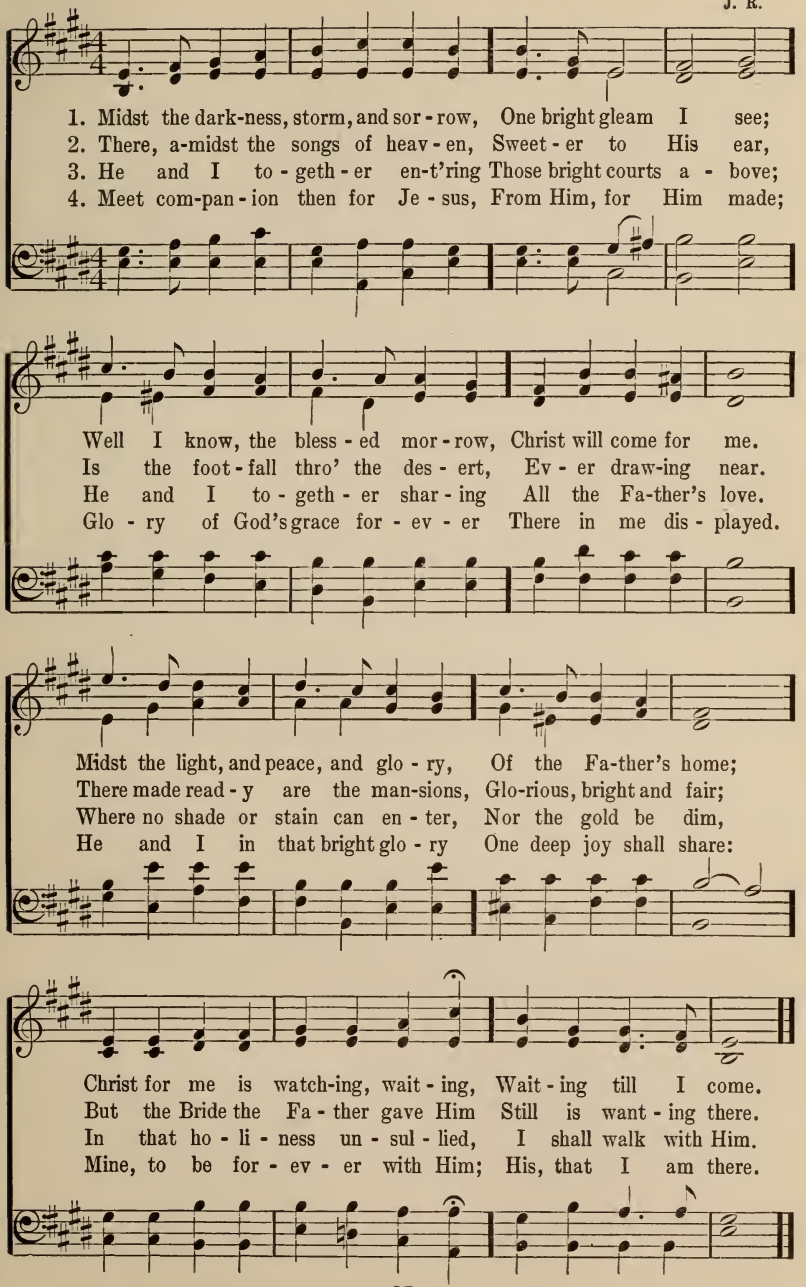
Andante.


1. Love not the world: its smiles, its hopes May lure thee on;
2. Love not the world: it, with its lusts, Must pass a - way;
3. But he who does the will of God, For aye will live,
4. Dear fel - low - pil - grim in the path, Look up! look on!
But cup of joy, and dream of bliss, Will soon be gone.
Its pleas - ures sweet, its hopes so bright, Must all de - cay.
And drink the streams of heav'n's de - lights, Which Christ will give.
There waits a - bove, a home of love, Where Christ is gone.
Those dreams will fade, as mist in morn; Those hopes will die;
Its glo - ries, too, must have an end, Must pale and die,
He'll weep no more on that blest shore; No mar - vel this,
And pleas - ures bright in courts of light Will sat - is - fy
And in that cup of seem - ing joy, Deep sor - rows lie.
And all its emp - ty bub - bles burst; They're Sa - tan's lie.
For joys well up, and fill his cup, There's naught but bliss.
A heart at rest, su - preme-ly blest, With Je - sus nigh.

The Bride.

(8. 5. D.)

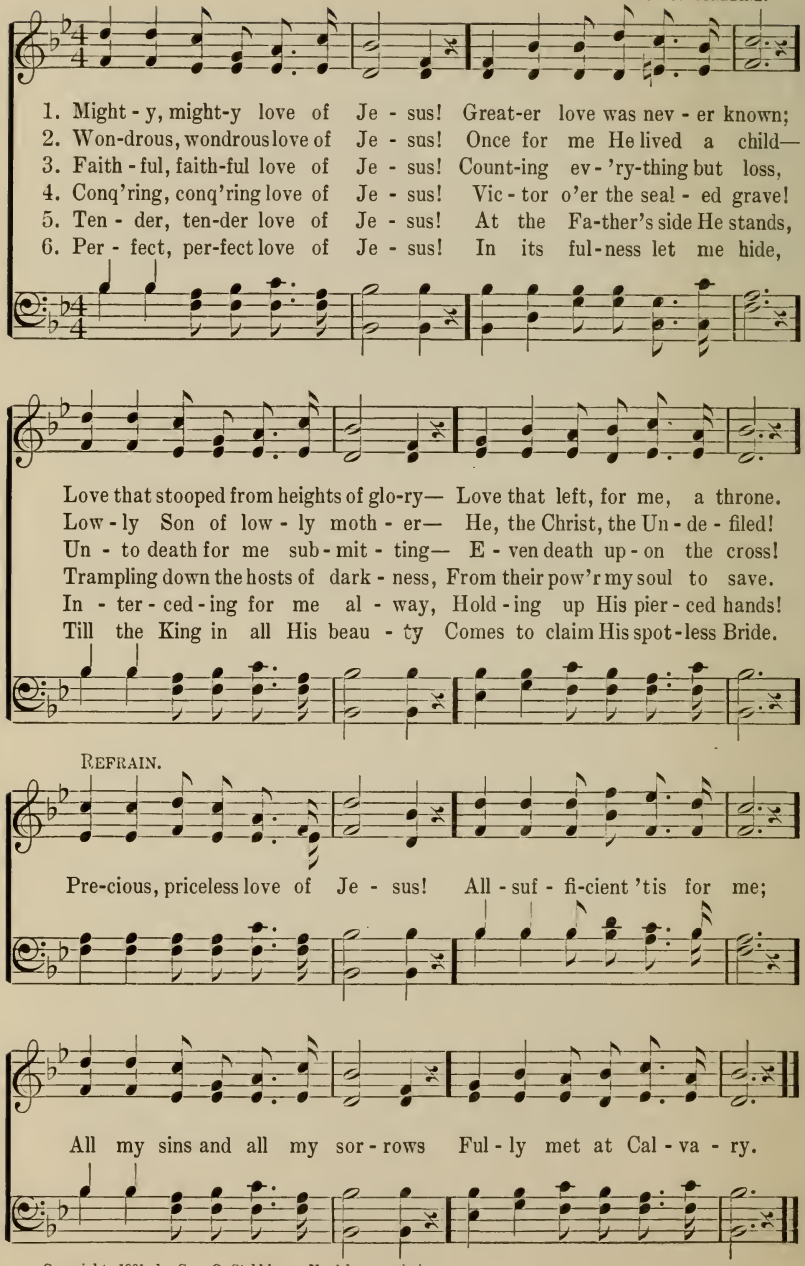
J. R.


1. Midst the dark-ness, storm, and sor - row, One bright gleam I see;
2. There, a-midst the songs of heav - en, Sweet - er to His ear,
3. He and I to - geth - er en-t'ring Those bright courts a - bove;
4. Meet com-pan - ion then for Je - sus, From Him, for Him made;
Well I know, the bless - ed mor - row, Christ will come for me.
Is the foot - fall thro' the des - ert, Ev - er draw-ing near.
He and I to - geth - er shar - ing All the Fa-ther's love.
Glo - ry of God's grace for - ev - er There in me dis - played.
Midst the light, and peace, and glo - ry, Of the Fa-ther's home;
There made read - y are the man-sions, Glo-rious, bright and fair;
Where no shade or stain can en - ter, Nor the gold be dim,
He and I in that bright glo - ry One deep joy shall share:
Christ for me is watch-ing, wait - ing, Wait - ing till I come.
But the Bride the Fa - ther gave Him Still is want - ing there.
In that ho - li - ness un - sul - lied, I shall walk with Him.
Mine, to be for - ev - er with Him; His, that I am there.

The Love of Jesus.

(P. M.)

A. A P

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Might - y, might-y love of Je - sus! Great-er love was nev - er known;
2. Won-drous, wondrous love of Je - sus! Once for me He lived a child—
3. Faith - ful, faith-ful love of Je - sus! Count-ing ev - 'ry-thing but loss,
4. Conq'ring, conq'ring love of Je - sus! Vic - tor o'er the sea! - ed grave!
5. Ten - der, ten-der love of Je - sus! At the Fa-ther's side He stands,
6. Per - fect, per-fect love of Je - sus! In its ful-ness let me hide,
Love that stooped from heights of glo-ry— Love that left, for me, a throne.
Low - ly Son of low - ly moth - er— He, the Christ, the Un - de - filed!
Un - to death for me sub - mit - ting— E - ven death up - on the cross!
Trampling down the hosts of dark - ness, From their pow'r my soul to save.
In - ter - ced - ing for me al - way, Hold - ing up His pier - ced hands!
Till the King in all His beau - ty Comes to claim His spot - less Bride.
REFRAIN.
Pre-cious, priceless love of Je - sus! All - suf - fi-cient 'tis for me;
All my sins and all my sor - rows Ful - ly met at Cal - va - ry.

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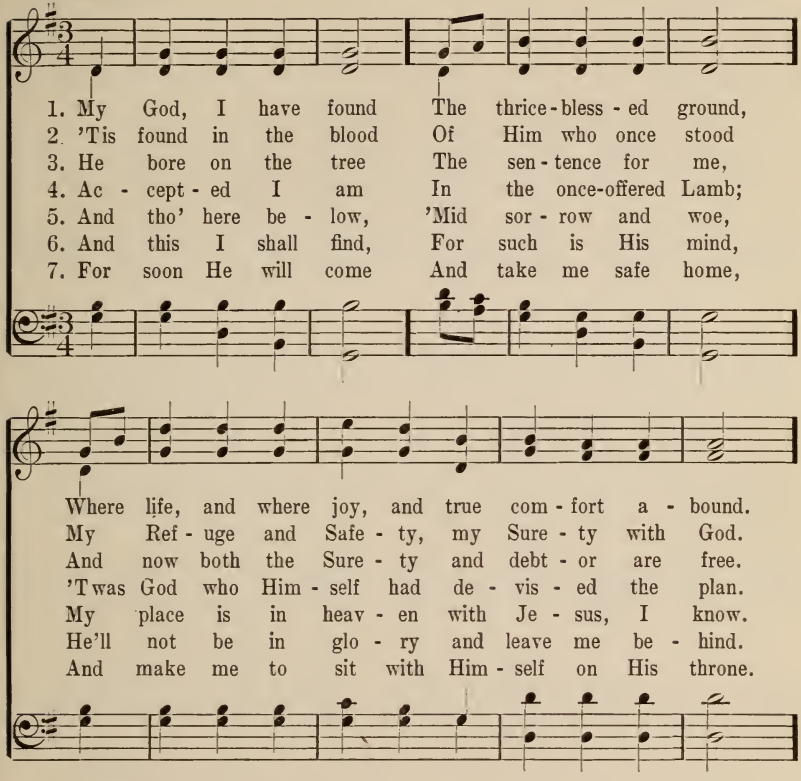
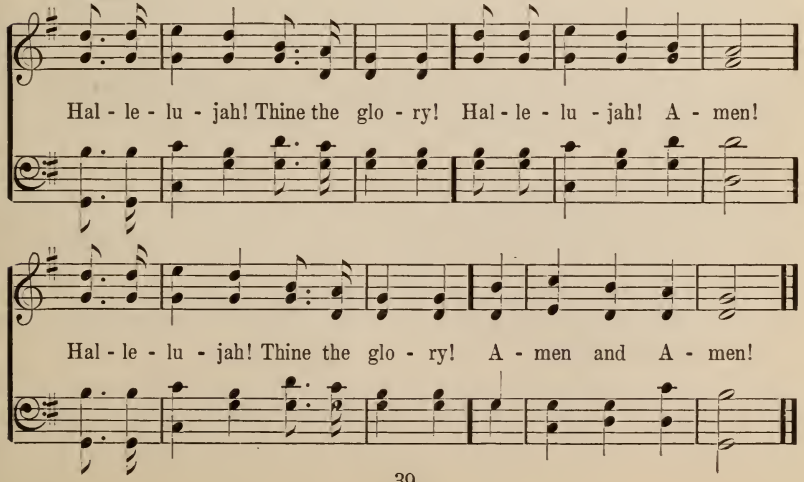
My God, I have Found.

(P M.)

JOHN GAMBOLD. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

1. My God, I have found The thrice-bless-ed ground,
2. 'Tis found in the blood Of Him who once stood
3. He bore on the tree The sen-tence for me,
4. Ac-cept-ed I am In the once-offered Lamb;
5. And tho' here be-low, 'Mid sor-row and woe,
6. And this I shall find, For such is His mind,
7. For soon He will come And take me safe home,
Where life, and where joy, and true com-fort a-bound.
My Ref-uge and Safe-ty, my Sure-ty with God.
And now both the Sure-ty and debt-or are free.
'Twas God who Him-self had de-vis-ed the plan.
My place is in heav-en with Je-sus, I know.
He'll not be in glo-ry and leave me be-hind.
And make me to sit with Him-self on His throne.

REFRAIN.

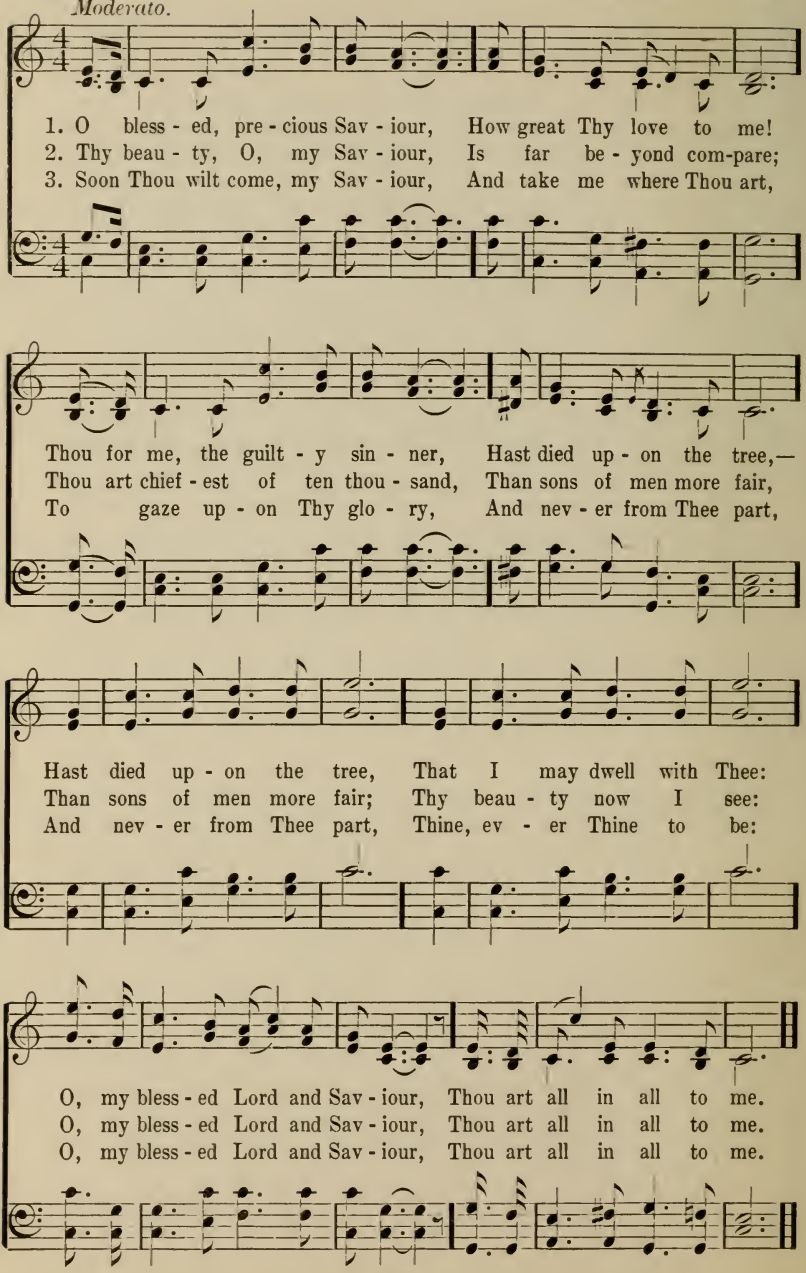


O Blessed, Precious Saviour.

(P. M.)

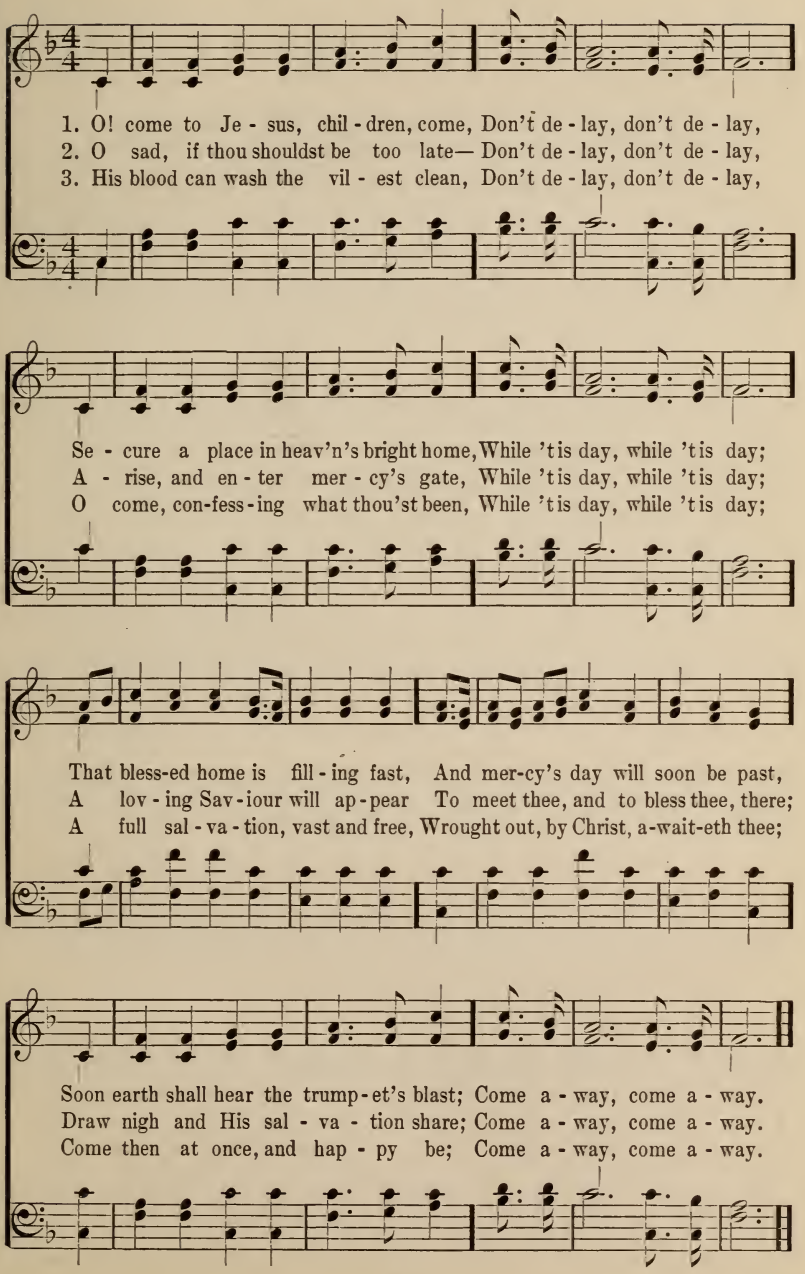
A. H. Rule. Alice A. Spottiswoode.

Moderato.


1. O bless - ed, pre - cious Sav - iour, How great Thy love to me!
2. Thy beau - ty, O, my Sav - iour, Is far be - yond com-pare;
3. Soon Thou wilt come, my Sav - iour, And take me where Thou art,
Thou for me, the guilt - y sin - ner, Hast died up - on the tree,—
Thou art chief - est of ten thou - sand, Than sons of men more fair,
To gaze up - on Thy glo - ry, And nev - er from Thee part,
Hast died up - on the tree, That I may dwell with Thee:
Than sons of men more fair; Thy beau - ty now I see:
And nev - er from Thee part, Thine, ev - er Thine to be:
O, my bless - ed Lord and Sav - iour, Thou art all in all to me.
O, my bless - ed Lord and Sav - iour, Thou art all in all to me.
O, my bless - ed Lord and Sav - iour, Thou art all in all to me.

39 O! Come to Jesus, Children, Come.

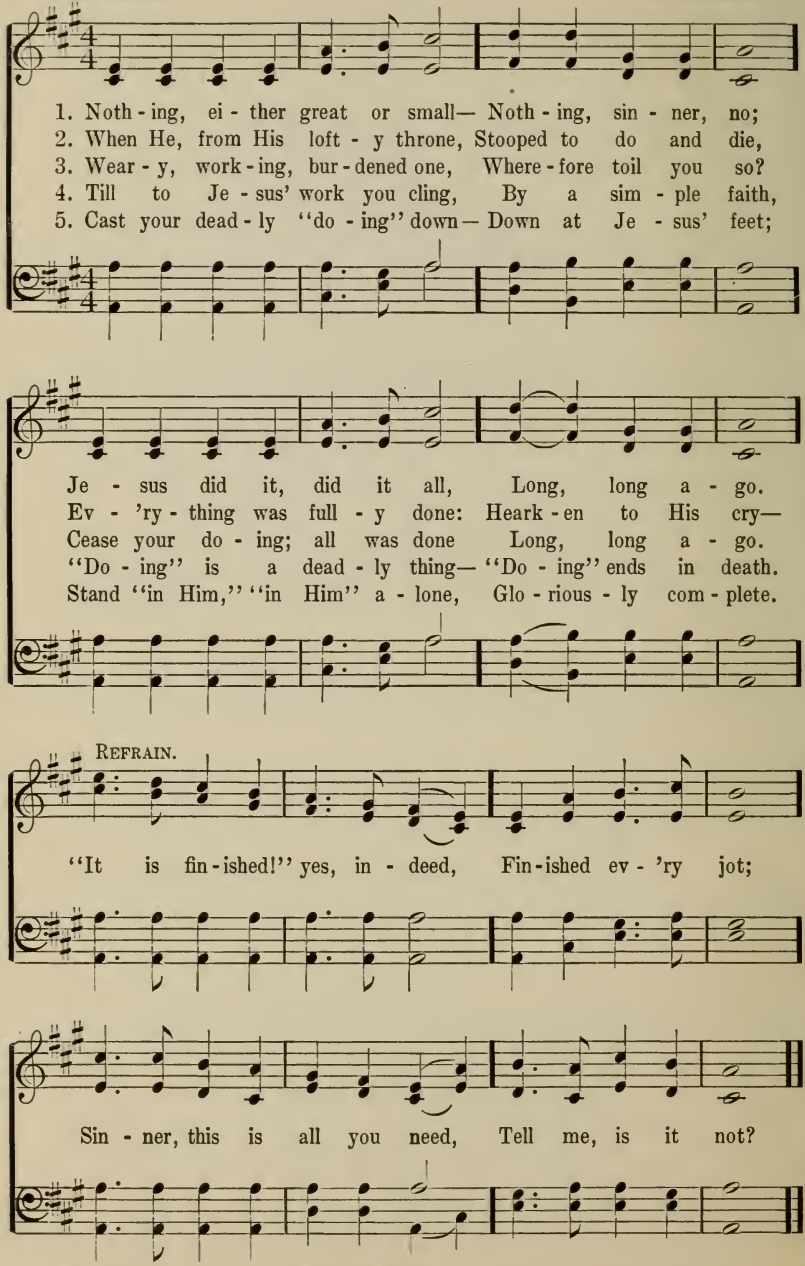
(Don't Delay. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.)


1. O! come to Je - sus, chil - dren, come, Don't de - lay, don't de - lay,
2. O sad, if thou shouldst be too late— Don't de - lay, don't de - lay,
3. His blood can wash the vil - est clean, Don't de - lay, don't de - lay,
Se - cure a place in heav'n's bright home, While 'tis day, while 'tis day;
A - rise, and en - ter mer - cy's gate, While 'tis day, while 'tis day;
O come, con-fess - ing what thou'st been, While 'tis day, while 'tis day;
That bless-ed home is fill - ing fast, And mer-cy's day will soon be past,
A lov - ing Sav - iour will ap - pear To meet thee, and to bless thee, there;
A full sal - va - tion, vast and free, Wrought out, by Christ, a-wait-eth thee;
Soon earth shall hear the trump - et's blast; Come a - way, come a - way.
Draw nigh and His sal - va - tion share; Come a - way, come a - way.
Come then at once, and hap - py be; Come a - way, come a - way.

It Is Finished.

(7. 5. D.)

JAMES PROCTOR. IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Noth - ing, ei - ther great or small— Noth - ing, sin - ner, no;
2. When He, from His loft - y throne, Stooped to do and die,
3. Wear - y, work - ing, bur - dened one, Where - fore toil you so?
4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling, By a sim - ple faith,
5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down— Down at Je - sus' feet;
Je - sus did it, did it all, Long, long a - go.
Ev - 'ry - thing was full - y done: Heark - en to His cry—
Cease your do - ing; all was done Long, long a - go.
"Do - ing" is a dead - ly thing— "Do - ing" ends in death.
Stand "in Him," "in Him" a - lone, Glo - rious - ly com - plete.
REFRAIN.
"It is fin - ished!" yes, in - deed, Fin - ished ev - 'ry jot;
Sin - ner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

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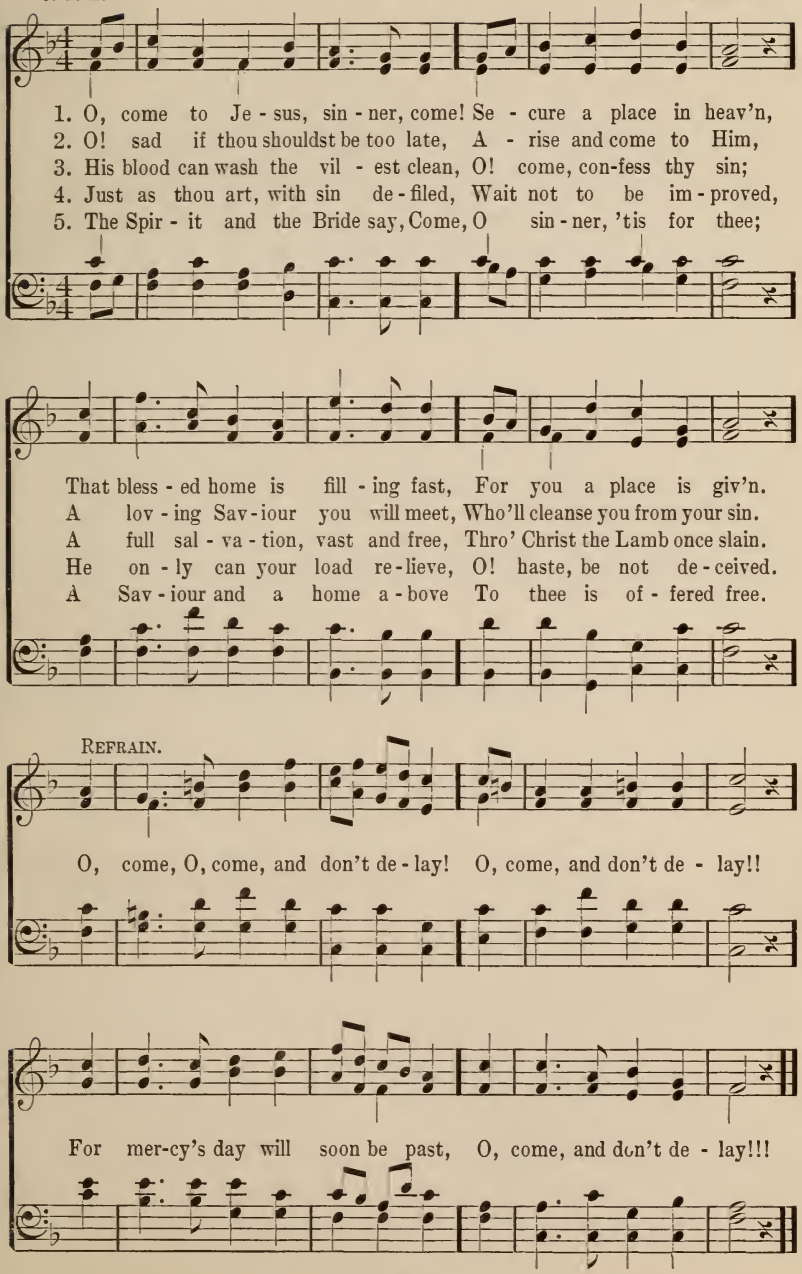
41 O, Come to Jesus, Sinner, Come.

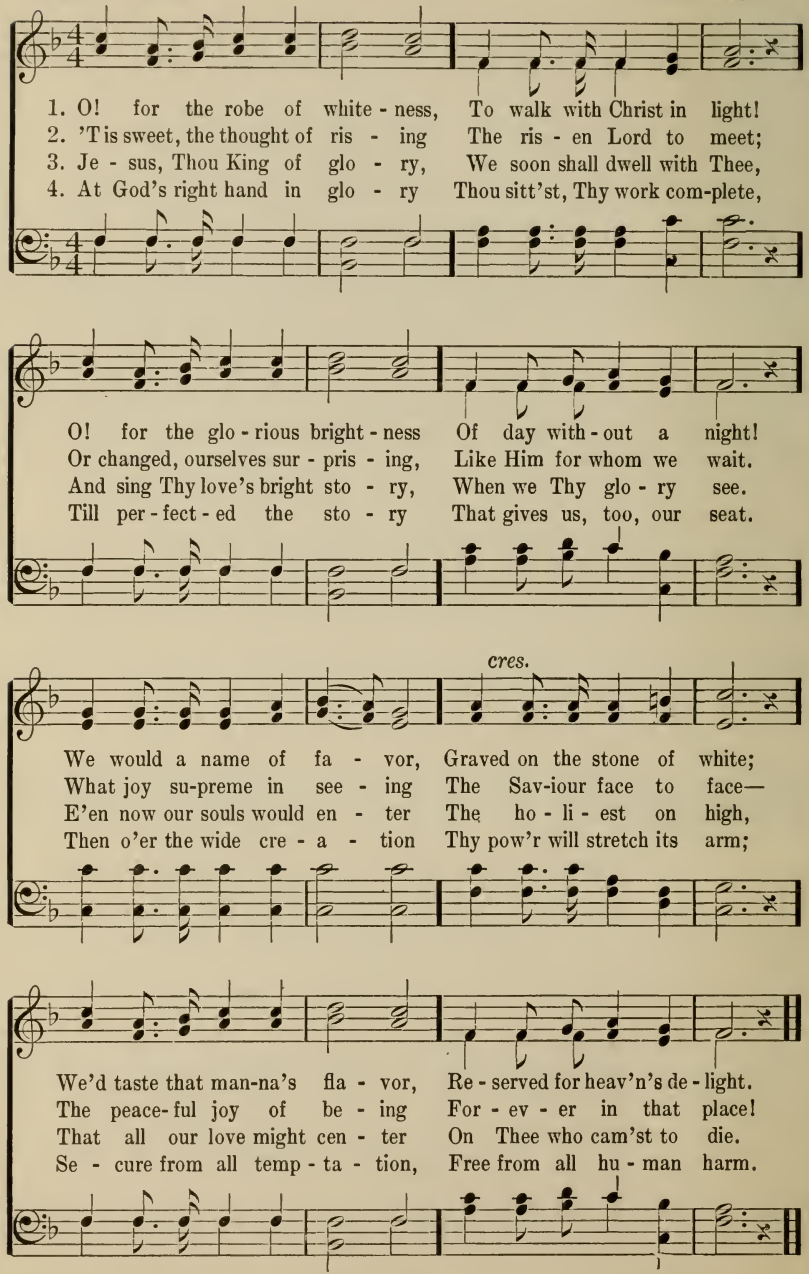
(P. M.)

J. T. A. B. U. GEBHARDT.


1. O, come to Je - sus, sin - ner, come! Se - cure a place in heav'n,
2. O! sad if thou shouldst be too late, A - rise and come to Him,
3. His blood can wash the vil - est clean, O! come, con-fess thy sin;
4. Just as thou art, with sin de - filed, Wait not to be im - proved,
5. The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come, O sin - ner, 'tis for thee;
That bless - ed home is fill - ing fast, For you a place is giv'n.
A lov - ing Sav - iour you will meet, Who'll cleanse you from your sin.
A full sal - va - tion, vast and free, Thro' Christ the Lamb once slain.
He on - ly can your load re - lieve, O! haste, be not de - ceived.
A Sav - iour and a home a - bove To thee is of - fered free.
REFRAIN.
O, come, O, come, and don't de - lay! O, come, and don't de - lay!!
For mer-cy's day will soon be past, O, come, and don't de - lay!!!

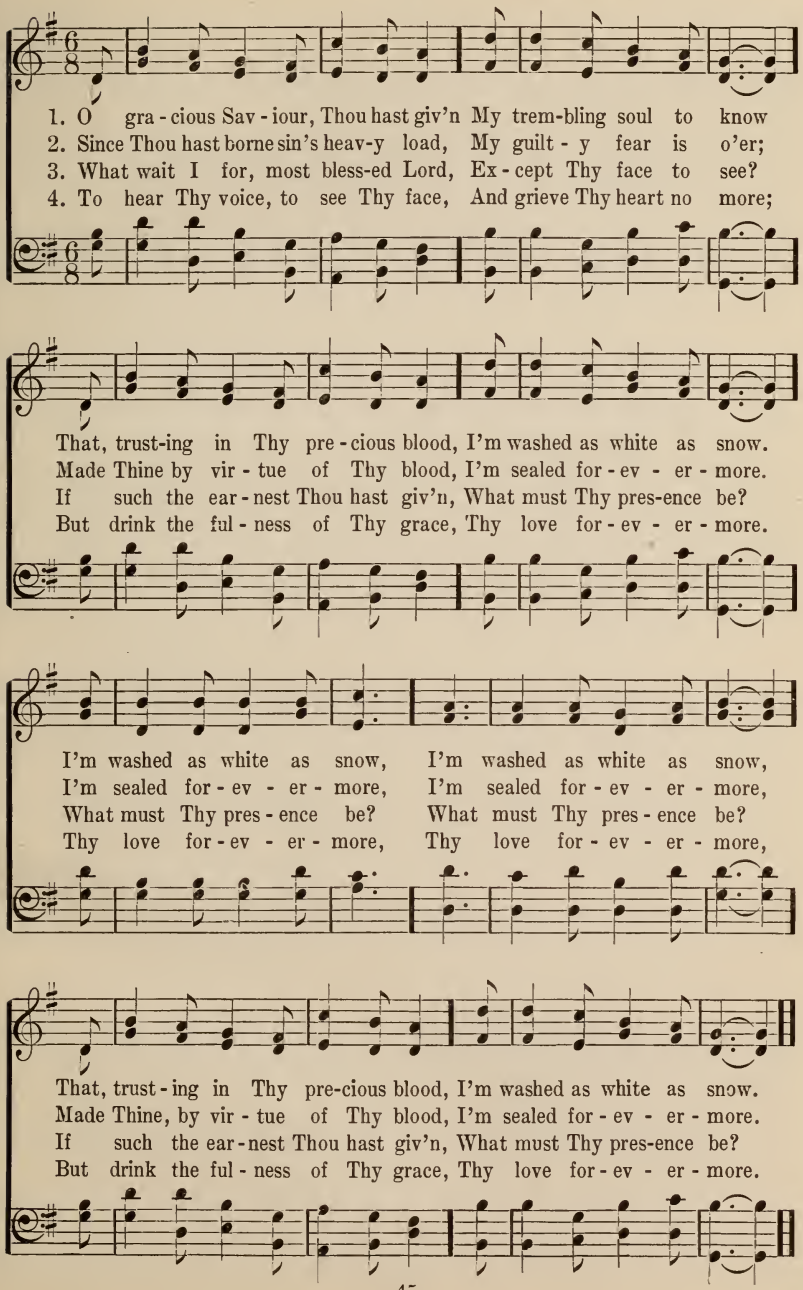
42 O! For the Robe of Whiteness.

(Work. 7. 6. D.)

Miss C. L. Smith. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. O! for the robe of white - ness, To walk with Christ in light!
2. 'T is sweet, the thought of ris - ing The ris - en Lord to meet;
3. Je - sus, Thou King of glo - ry, We soon shall dwell with Thee,
4. At God's right hand in glo - ry Thou sitt'st, Thy work com-plete,
O! for the glo - rious bright - ness Of day with - out a night!
Or changed, ourselves sur - pris - ing, Like Him for whom we wait.
And sing Thy love's bright sto - ry, When we Thy glo - ry see.
Till per - fect - ed the sto - ry That gives us, too, our seat.
cres.
We would a name of fa - vor, Graved on the stone of white;
What joy su-preme in see - ing The Sav-iour face to face—
E'en now our souls would en - ter The ho - li - est on high,
Then o'er the wide cre - a - tion Thy pow'r will stretch its arm;
We'd taste that man-na's fla - vor, Re - served for heav'n's de - light.
The peace-ful joy of be - ing For - ev - er in that place!
That all our love might cen - ter On Thee who cam'st to die.
Se - cure from all temp - ta - tion, Free from all hu - man harm.

O Gracious Saviour.

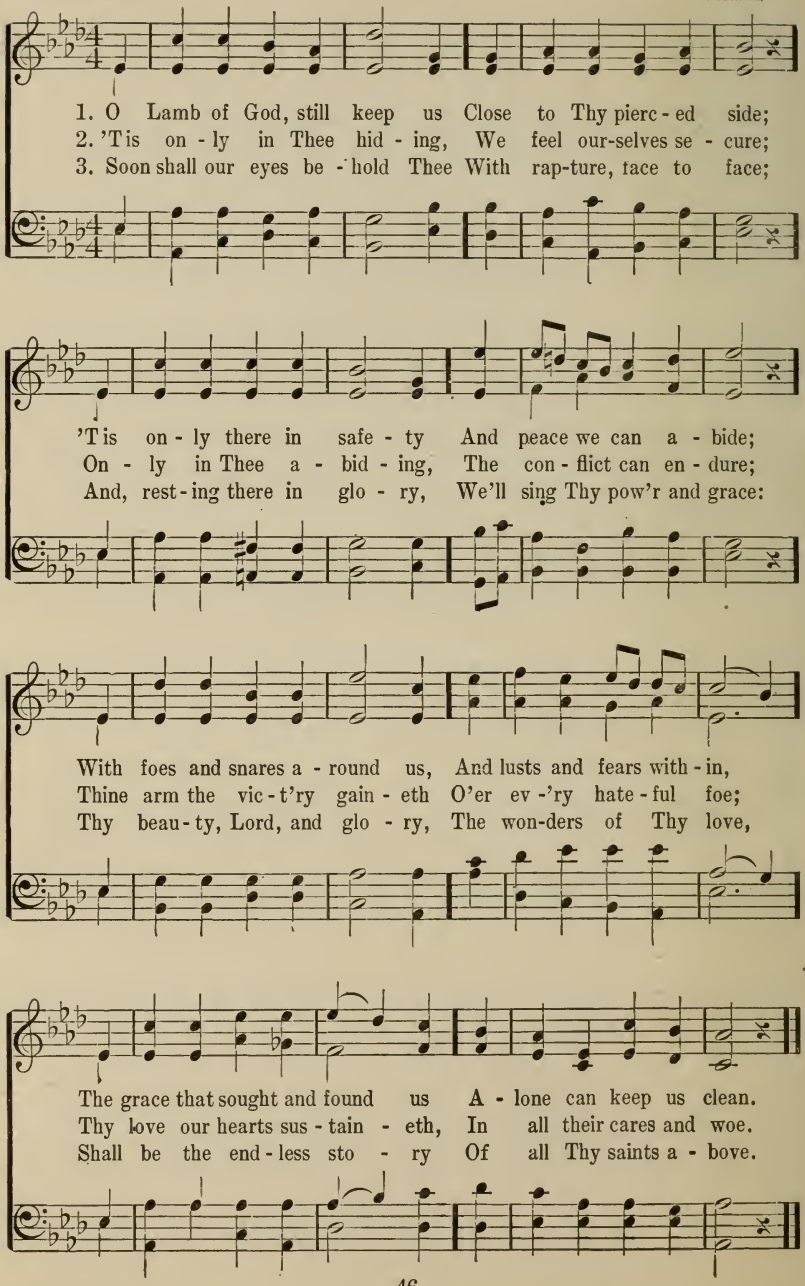
(P. M.)


1. O gra - cious Sav - iour, Thou hast giv'n My trem-bling soul to know
2. Since Thou hast borne sin's heav-y load, My guilt - y fear is o'er;
3. What wait I for, most bless-ed Lord, Ex - cept Thy face to see?
4. To hear Thy voice, to see Thy face, And grieve Thy heart no more;
That, trust-ing in Thy pre - cious blood, I'm washed as white as snow.
Made Thine by vir - tue of Thy blood, I'm sealed for - ev - er - more.
If such the ear - nest Thou hast giv'n, What must Thy pres-ence be?
But drink the ful - ness of Thy grace, Thy love for - ev - er - more.
I'm washed as white as snow, I'm washed as white as snow,
I'm sealed for - ev - er - more, I'm sealed for - ev - er - more,
What must Thy pres - ence be? What must Thy pres - ence be?
Thy love for - ev - er - more, Thy love for - ev - er - more,
That, trust - ing in Thy pre-cious blood, I'm washed as white as snow.
Made Thine, by vir - tue of Thy blood, I'm sealed for - ev - er - more.
If such the ear - nest Thou hast giv'n, What must Thy pres-ence be?
But drink the ful - ness of Thy grace, Thy love for - ev - er - more.

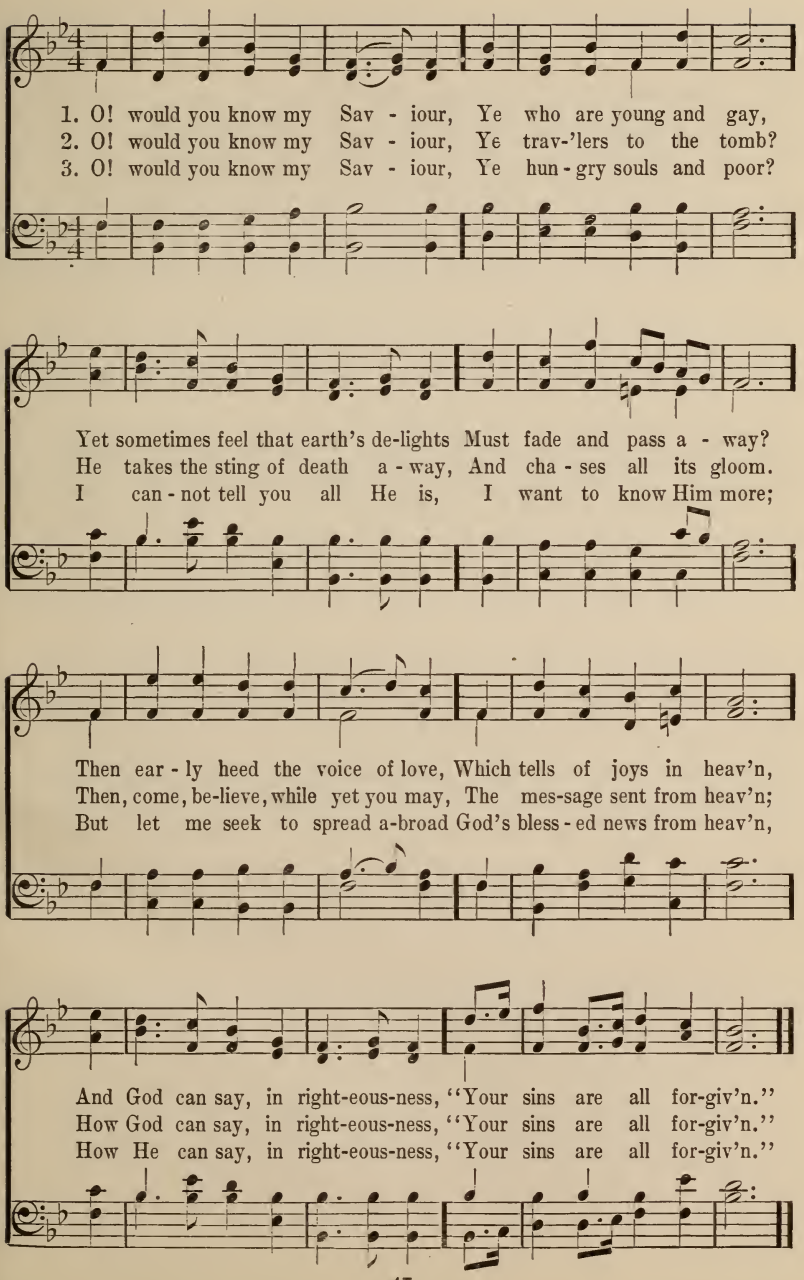
44 O Lamb of God, Still Keep Us.

(7. 6. D.)

J. G. Deck. German.


1. O Lamb of God, still keep us Close to Thy pierc - ed side;
2. 'T is on - ly in Thee hid - ing, We feel our-selves se - cure;
3. Soon shall our eyes be - hold Thee With rap-ture, face to face;
'T is on - ly there in safe - ty And peace we can a - bide;
On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure;
And, rest - ing there in glo - ry, We'll sing Thy pow'r and grace:
With foes and snares a - round us, And lusts and fears with - in,
Thine arm the vic - t'ry gain - eth O'er ev -'ry hate - ful foe;
Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won-ders of Thy love,
The grace that sought and found us A - lone can keep us clean.
Thy love our hearts sus - tain - eth, In all their cares and woe.
Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all Thy saints a - bove.

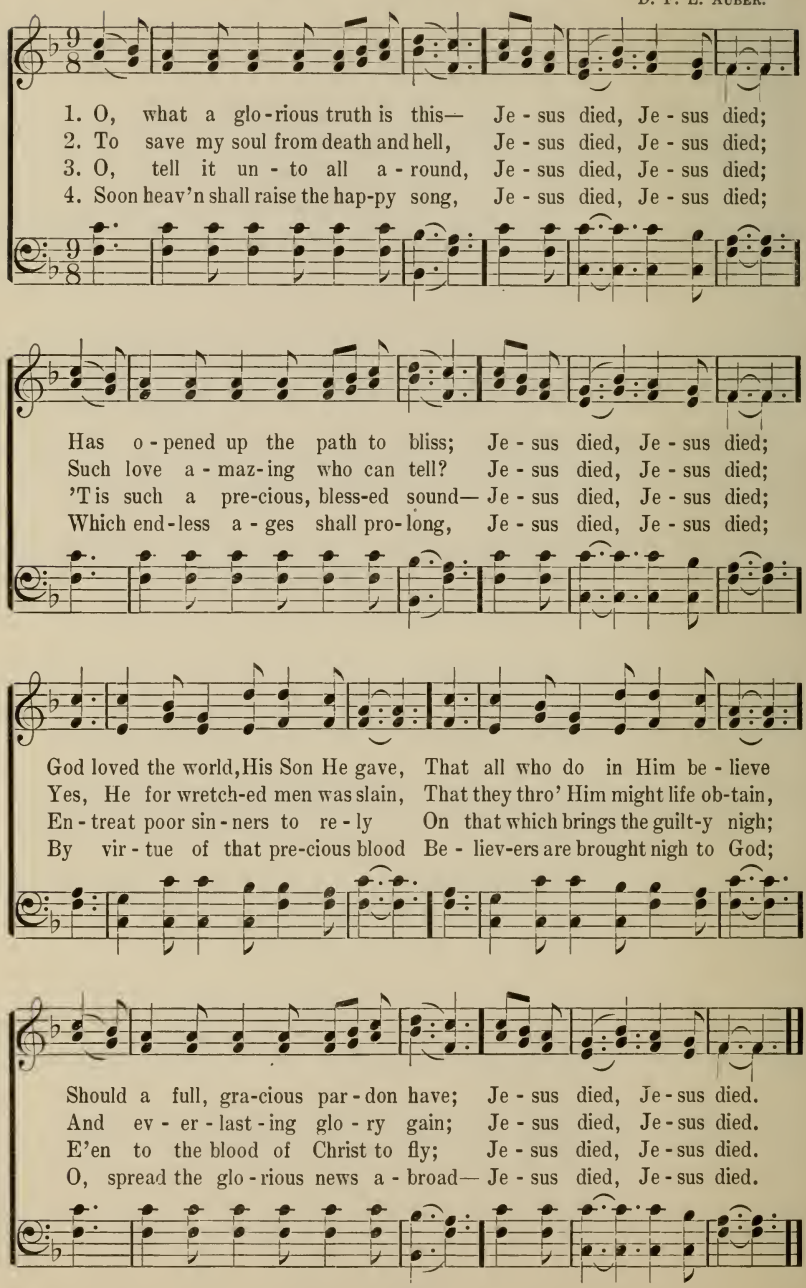
45 O! Would You Know My Saviour.

(P. M.)

1. O! would you know my Sav - iour, Ye who are young and gay,
2. O! would you know my Sav - iour, Ye trav-'lers to the tomb?
3. O! would you know my Sav - iour, Ye hun - gry souls and poor?
Yet sometimes feel that earth's de-lights Must fade and pass a - way?
He takes the sting of death a - way, And cha - ses all its gloom.
I can - not tell you all He is, I want to know Him more;
Then ear - ly heed the voice of love, Which tells of joys in heav'n,
Then, come, be-lieve, while yet you may, The mes-sage sent from heav'n;
But let me seek to spread a-broad God's bless - ed news from heav'n,
And God can say, in right-eous-ness, "Your sins are all for-giv'n."
How God can say, in right-eous-ness, "Your sins are all for-giv'n."
How He can say, in right-eous-ness, "Your sins are all for-giv'n."

46 O, What a Glorious Truth Is This!

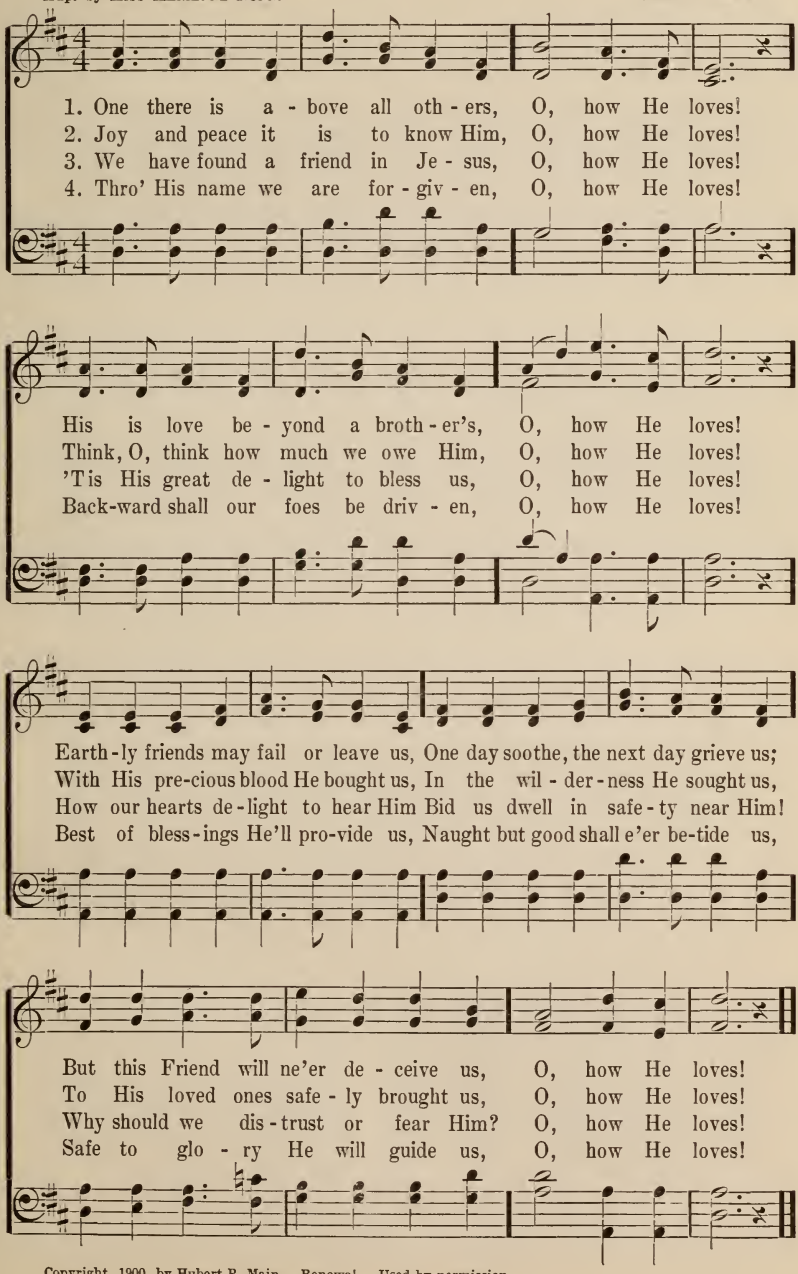
(Mercy's Free. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.)

D. F. E. Auber.


1. O, what a glo-rious truth is this— Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
2. To save my soul from death and hell, Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
3. O, tell it un-to all a-round, Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
4. Soon heav'n shall raise the hap-py song, Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
Has o-pened up the path to bliss; Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
Such love a-maz-ing who can tell? Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
'T is such a pre-cious, bless-ed sound— Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
Which end-less a-ges shall pro-long, Je-sus died, Je-sus died;
God loved the world, His Son He gave, That all who do in Him be-lieve
Yes, He for wretch-ed men was slain, That they thro' Him might life ob-tain,
En-treat poor sin-ners to re-ly On that which brings the guilt-y nigh;
By vir-tue of that pre-cious blood Be-liev-ers are brought nigh to God;
Should a full, gra-cious par-don have; Je-sus died, Je-sus died.
And ev-er-last-ing glo-ry gain; Je-sus died, Je-sus died.
E'en to the blood of Christ to fly; Je-sus died, Je-sus died.
O, spread the glo-rious news a-broad— Je-sus died, Je-sus died.

47 O, how He Loves!

(8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4.)

Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O, how He loves!
2. Joy and peace it is to know Him, O, how He loves!
3. We have found a friend in Je - sus, O, how He loves!
4. Thro' His name we are for - giv - en, O, how He loves!
His is love be - yond a broth - er's, O, how He loves!
Think, O, think how much we owe Him, O, how He loves!
'Tis His great de - light to bless us, O, how He loves!
Back-ward shall our foes be driv - en, O, how He loves!
Earth - ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
With His pre-cious blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us,
How our hearts de - light to hear Him Bid us dwell in safe - ty near Him!
Best of bless - ings He'll pro-vide us, Naught but good shall e'er be-tide us,
But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, O, how He loves!
To His loved ones safe - ly brought us, O, how He loves!
Why should we dis - trust or fear Him? O, how He loves!
Safe to glo - ry He will guide us, O, how He loves!

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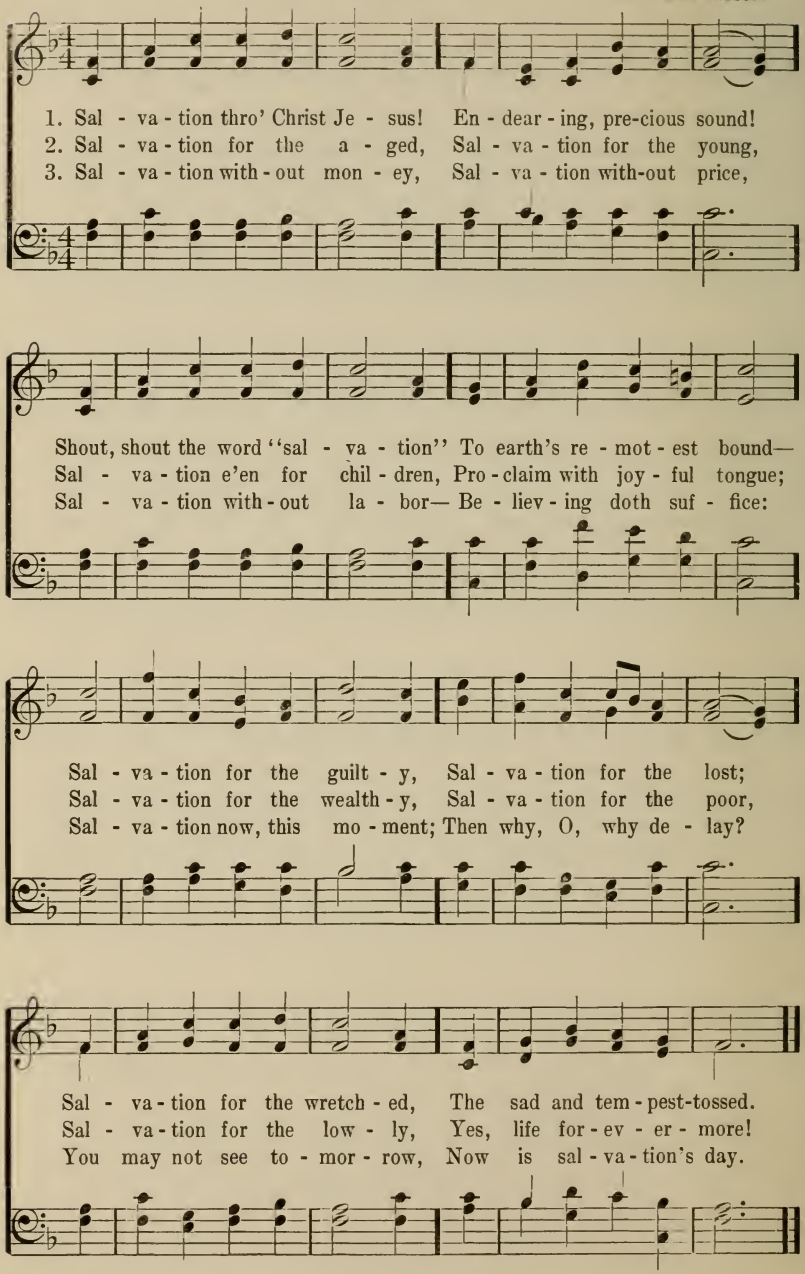
48 Salvation Through Christ Jesus.

(Missionary. 7. 6. D.)

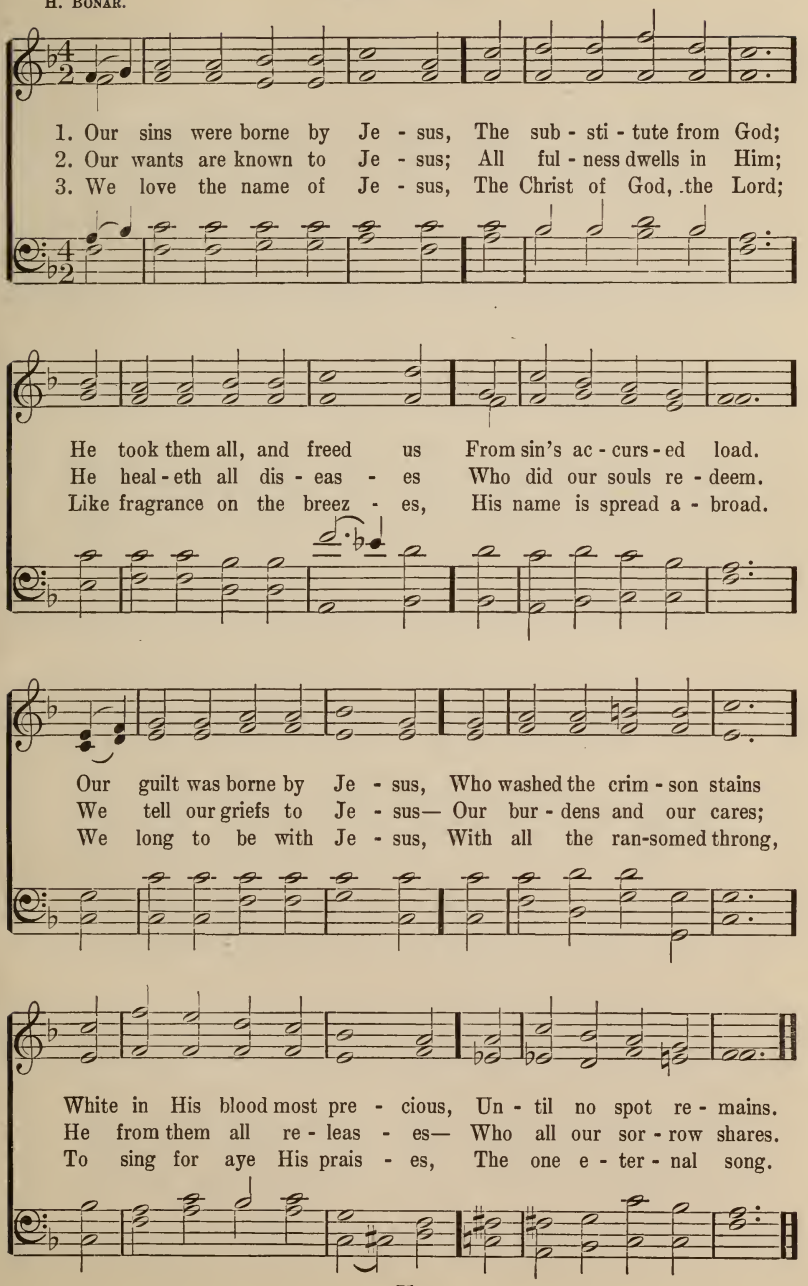
Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. Sal - va - tion thro' Christ Je - sus! En - dear - ing, pre-cious sound!
2. Sal - va - tion for the a - ged, Sal - va - tion for the young,
3. Sal - va - tion with - out mon - ey, Sal - va - tion with-out price,
Shout, shout the word "sal - va - tion" To earth's re - mot - est bound—
Sal - va - tion e'en for chil - dren, Pro - claim with joy - ful tongue;
Sal - va - tion with - out la - bor— Be - liev - ing doth suf - fice:
Sal - va - tion for the guilt - y, Sal - va - tion for the lost;
Sal - va - tion for the wealth - y, Sal - va - tion for the poor,
Sal - va - tion now, this mo - ment; Then why, O, why de - lay?
Sal - va - tion for the wretch - ed, The sad and tem - pest-tossed.
Sal - va - tion for the low - ly, Yes, life for - ev - er - more!
You may not see to - mor - row, Now is sal - va - tion's day.

49 Our Sins Were Borne By Jesus.

(Malton. 7. 6. D.)

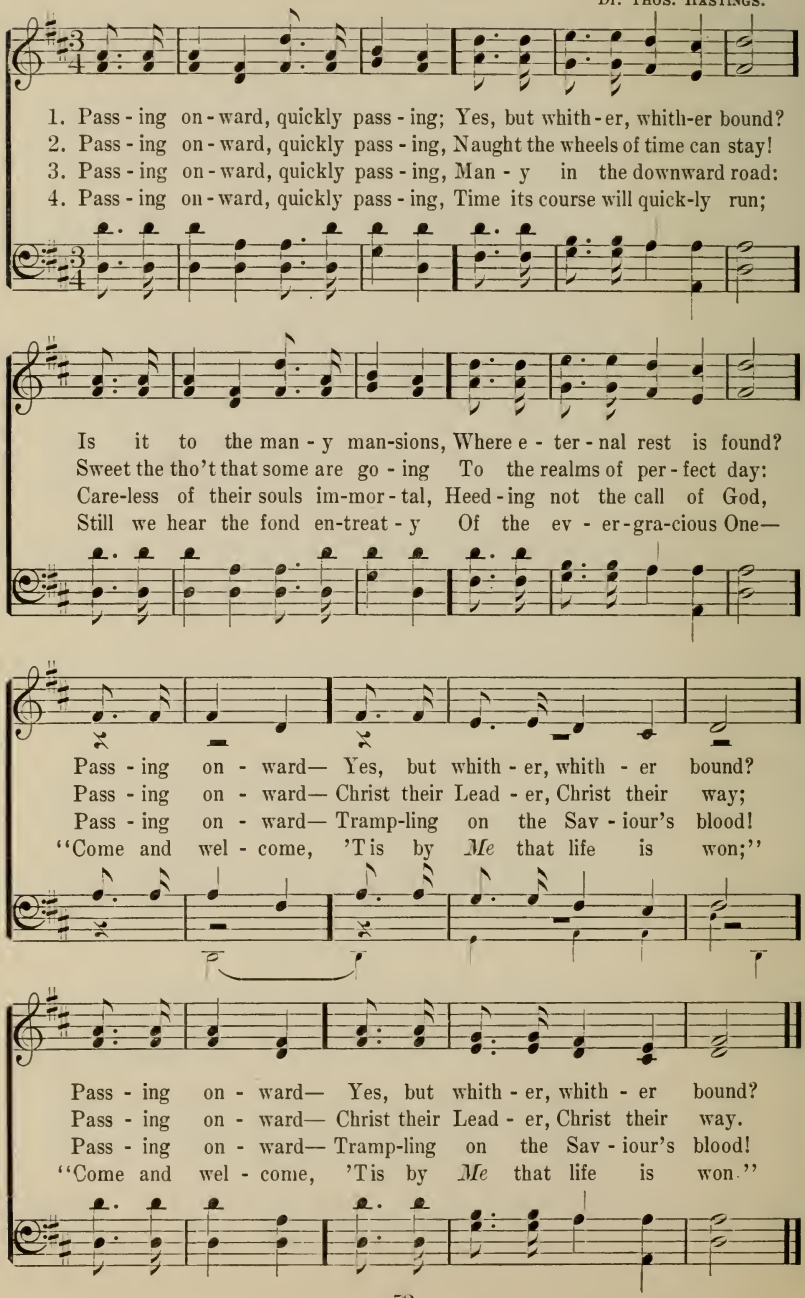
H. Bonar.


1. Our sins were borne by Je - sus, The sub - sti - tute from God;
2. Our wants are known to Je - sus; All ful - ness dwells in Him;
3. We love the name of Je - sus, The Christ of God, the Lord;
He took them all, and freed us From sin's ac - curs - ed load.
He heal - eth all dis - eas - es Who did our souls re - deem.
Like fragrance on the breez - es, His name is spread a - broad.
Our guilt was borne by Je - sus, Who washed the crim - son stains
We tell our griefs to Je - sus— Our bur - dens and our cares;
We long to be with Je - sus, With all the ran-somed throng,
White in His blood most pre - cious, Un - til no spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es— Who all our sor - row shares.
To sing for aye His prais - es, The one e - ter - nal song.

50 Passing Onward, Quickly Passing.

(Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.)

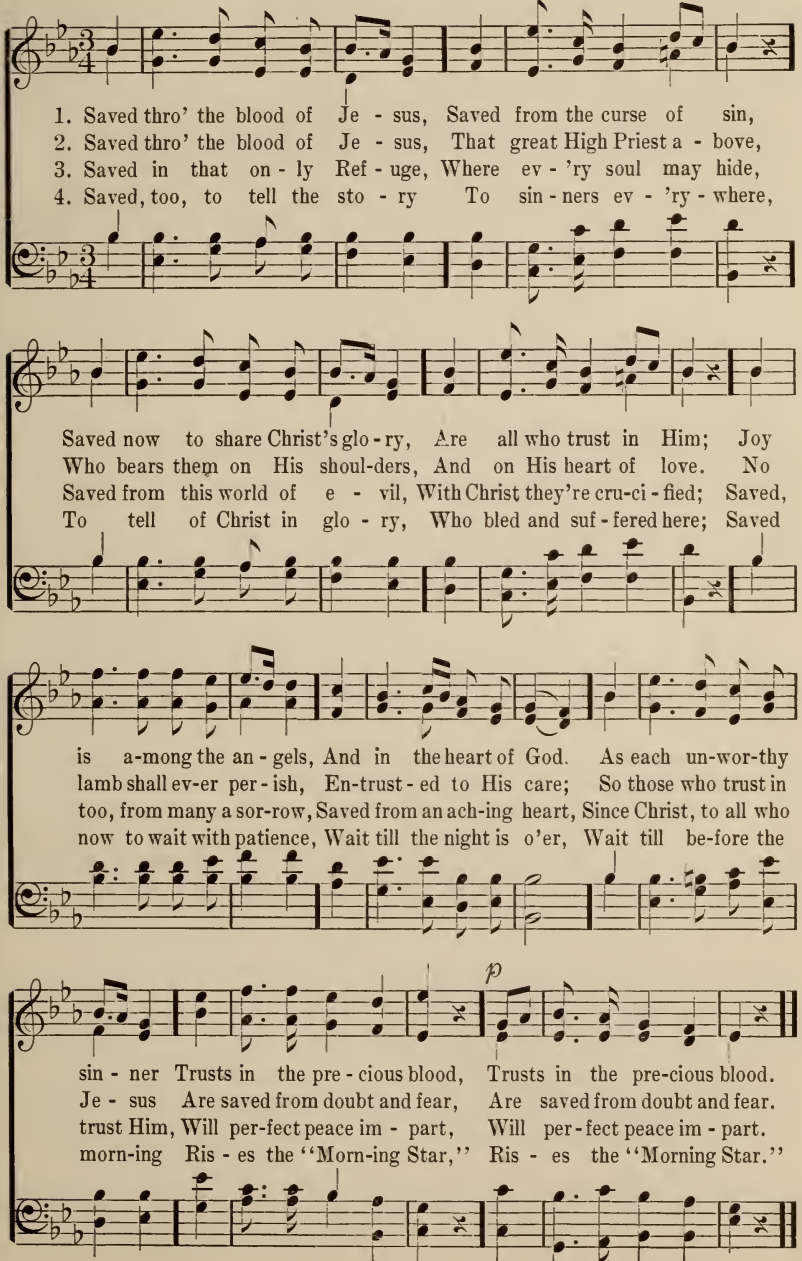
Dr. Thos. Hastings.


1. Pass - ing on - ward, quickly pass - ing; Yes, but whith - er, whith-er bound?
2. Pass - ing on - ward, quickly pass - ing, Naught the wheels of time can stay!
3. Pass - ing on - ward, quickly pass - ing, Man - y in the downward road:
4. Pass - ing on - ward, quickly pass - ing, Time its course will quick-ly run;
Is it to the man - y man-sions, Where e - ter - nal rest is found?
Sweet the tho't that some are go - ing To the realms of per - fect day:
Care-less of their souls im-mor - tal, Heed - ing not the call of God,
Still we hear the fond en-treat - y Of the ev - er-gra-cious One—
Pass - ing on - ward— Yes, but whith - er, whith - er bound?
Pass - ing on - ward— Christ their Lead - er, Christ their way;
Pass - ing on - ward— Tramp-ling on the Sav - iour's blood!
"Come and wel - come, 'Tis by Me that life is won;"
Pass - ing on - ward— Yes, but whith - er, whith - er bound?
Pass - ing on - ward— Christ their Lead - er, Christ their way.
Pass - ing on - ward— Tramp-ling on the Sav - iour's blood!
"Come and wel - come, 'Tis by Me that life is won."

51 Saved Through the Blood of Jesus.

(7. 6. D.)

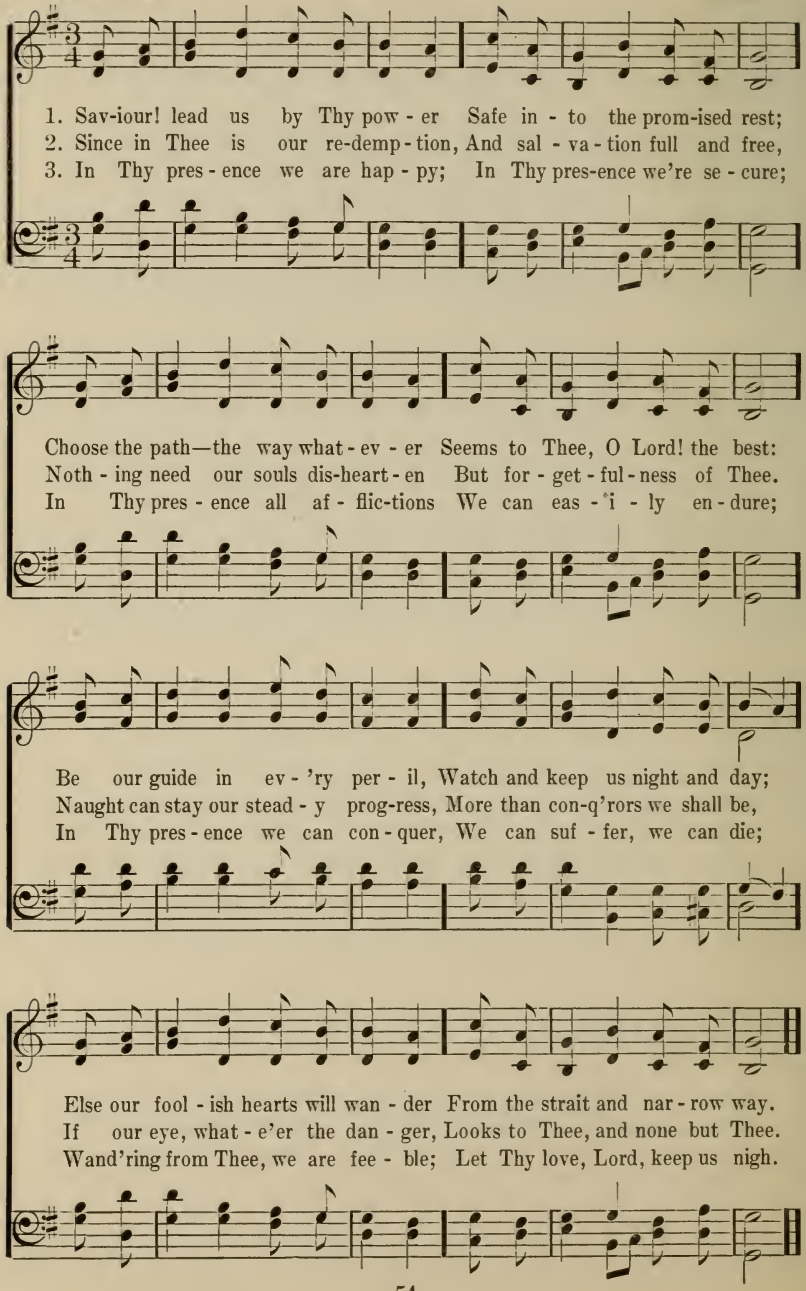
German.


1. Saved thro' the blood of Je - sus, Saved from the curse of sin,
2. Saved thro' the blood of Je - sus, That great High Priest a - bove,
3. Saved in that on - ly Ref - uge, Where ev - 'ry soul may hide,
4. Saved, too, to tell the sto - ry To sin - ners ev - 'ry - where,
Saved now to share Christ's glo - ry, Are all who trust in Him; Joy
Who bears them on His shoul-ders, And on His heart of love. No
Saved from this world of e - vil, With Christ they're cru-ci - fied; Saved,
To tell of Christ in glo - ry, Who bled and suf - fered here; Saved
is a-mong the an - gels, And in the heart of God. As each un-wor-thy
lamb shall ev-er per - ish, En-trust - ed to His care; So those who trust in
too, from many a sor-row, Saved from an ach-ing heart, Since Christ, to all who
now to wait with patience, Wait till the night is o'er, Wait till be-fore the
p
sin - ner Trusts in the pre - cious blood, Trusts in the pre-cious blood.
Je - sus Are saved from doubt and fear, Are saved from doubt and fear.
trust Him, Will per-fect peace im - part, Will per - fect peace im - part.
morn-ing Ris - es the "Morn-ing Star," Ris - es the "Morning Star."

52 · Saviour! Lead Us By Thy Power.

(Bavaria. 8. 7. D.)

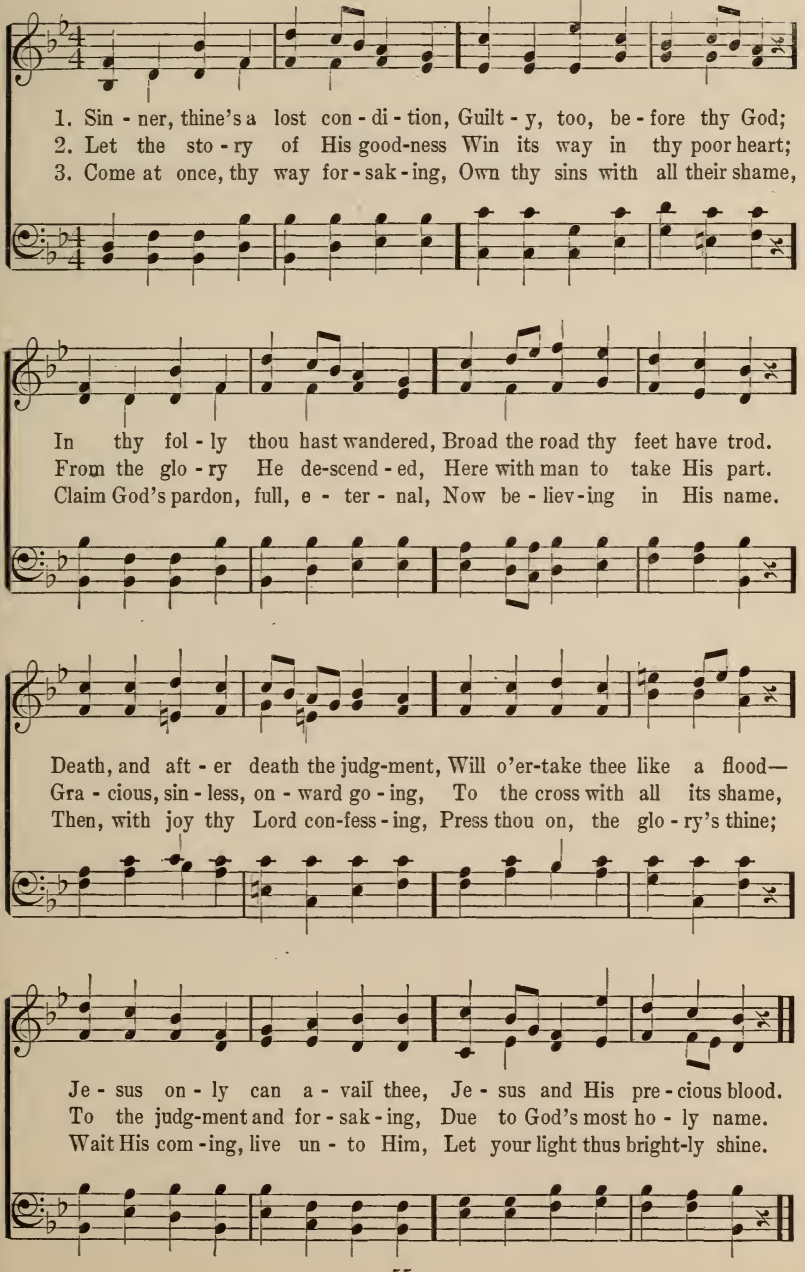
Wm. Williams. German.


1. Sav-iour! lead us by Thy pow - er Safe in - to the prom-ised rest;
2. Since in Thee is our re-demp - tion, And sal - va - tion full and free,
3. In Thy pres - ence we are hap - py; In Thy pres-ence we're se - cure;
Choose the path—the way what - ev - er Seems to Thee, O Lord! the best:
Noth - ing need our souls dis-heart - en But for - get - ful - ness of Thee.
In Thy pres - ence all af - flic-tions We can eas - i - ly en - dure;
Be our guide in ev - 'ry per - il, Watch and keep us night and day;
Naught can stay our stead - y prog-ress, More than con-q'rors we shall be,
In Thy pres - ence we can con - quer, We can suf - fer, we can die;
Else our fool - ish hearts will wan - der From the strait and nar - row way.
If our eye, what - e'er the dan - ger, Looks to Thee, and none but Thee.
Wand'ring from Thee, we are fee - ble; Let Thy love, Lord, keep us nigh.

53 Sinner, Thine's a Lost Condition.

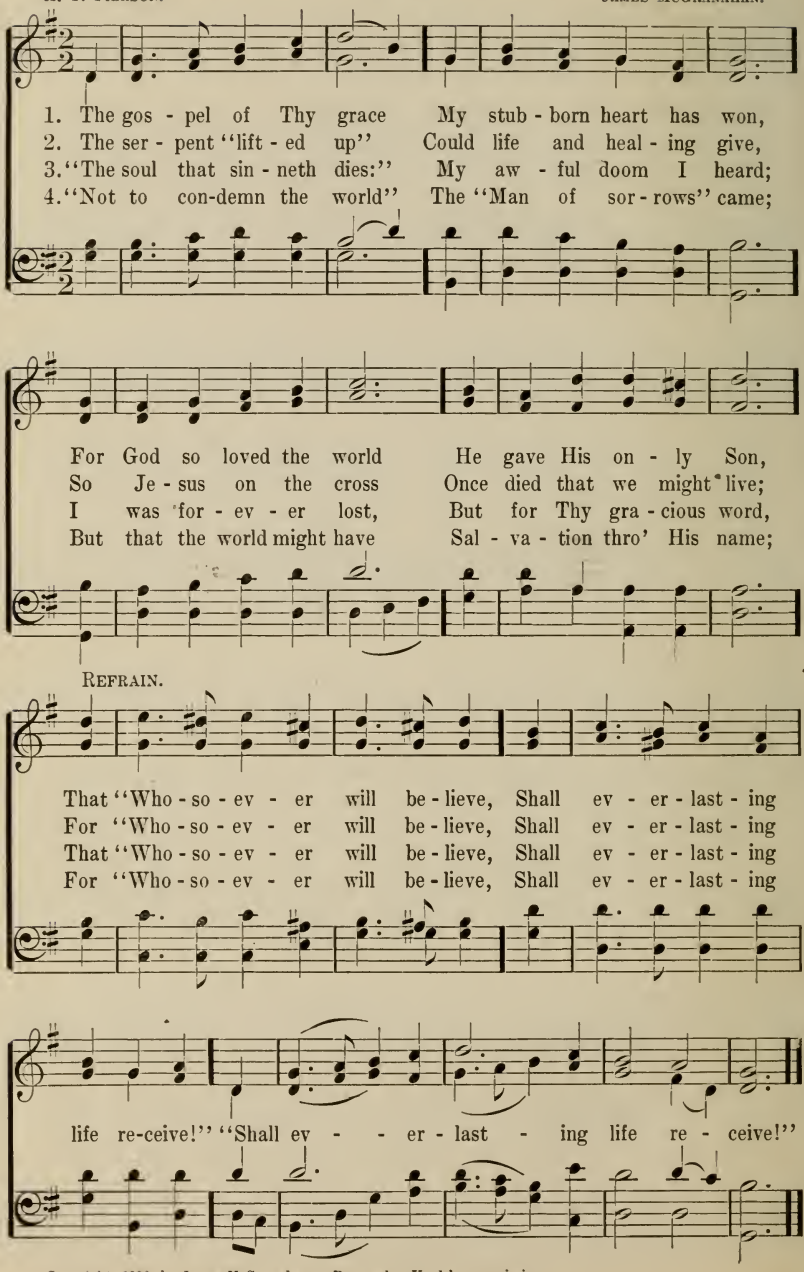
(8. 7. D.)

B. U. GEBHARDT.


1. Sin - ner, thine's a lost con - di - tion, Guilt - y, too, be - fore thy God;
2. Let the sto - ry of His good-ness Win its way in thy poor heart;
3. Come at once, thy way for - sak - ing, Own thy sins with all their shame,
In thy fol - ly thou hast wandered, Broad the road thy feet have trod.
From the glo - ry He de-scend - ed, Here with man to take His part.
Claim God's pardon, full, e - ter - nal, Now be - liev - ing in His name.
Death, and aft - er death the judg-ment, Will o'er-take thee like a flood—
Gra - cious, sin - less, on - ward go - ing, To the cross with all its shame,
Then, with joy thy Lord con-fess - ing, Press thou on, the glo - ry's thine;
Je - sus on - ly can a - vail thee, Je - sus and His pre - cious blood.
To the judg-ment and for - sak - ing, Due to God's most ho - ly name.
Wait His com - ing, live un - to Him, Let your light thus bright-ly shine.

54 The Gospel of Thy Grace.

(P. M.)

A. T. PIERSON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The gos - pel of Thy grace My stub - born heart has won,
2. The ser - pent "lift - ed up" Could life and heal - ing give,
3. "The soul that sin - neth dies:" My aw - ful doom I heard;
4. "Not to con-demn the world" The "Man of sor - rows" came;
For God so loved the world He gave His on - ly Son,
So Je - sus on the cross Once died that we might live;
I was for - ev - er lost, But for Thy gra - cious word,
But that the world might have Sal - va - tion thro' His name;
REFRAIN.
That "Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve, Shall ev - er - last - ing
For "Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve, Shall ev - er - last - ing
That "Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve, Shall ev - er - last - ing
For "Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve, Shall ev - er - last - ing
life re-ceive!" "Shall ev - - er - last - ing life re - ceive!"

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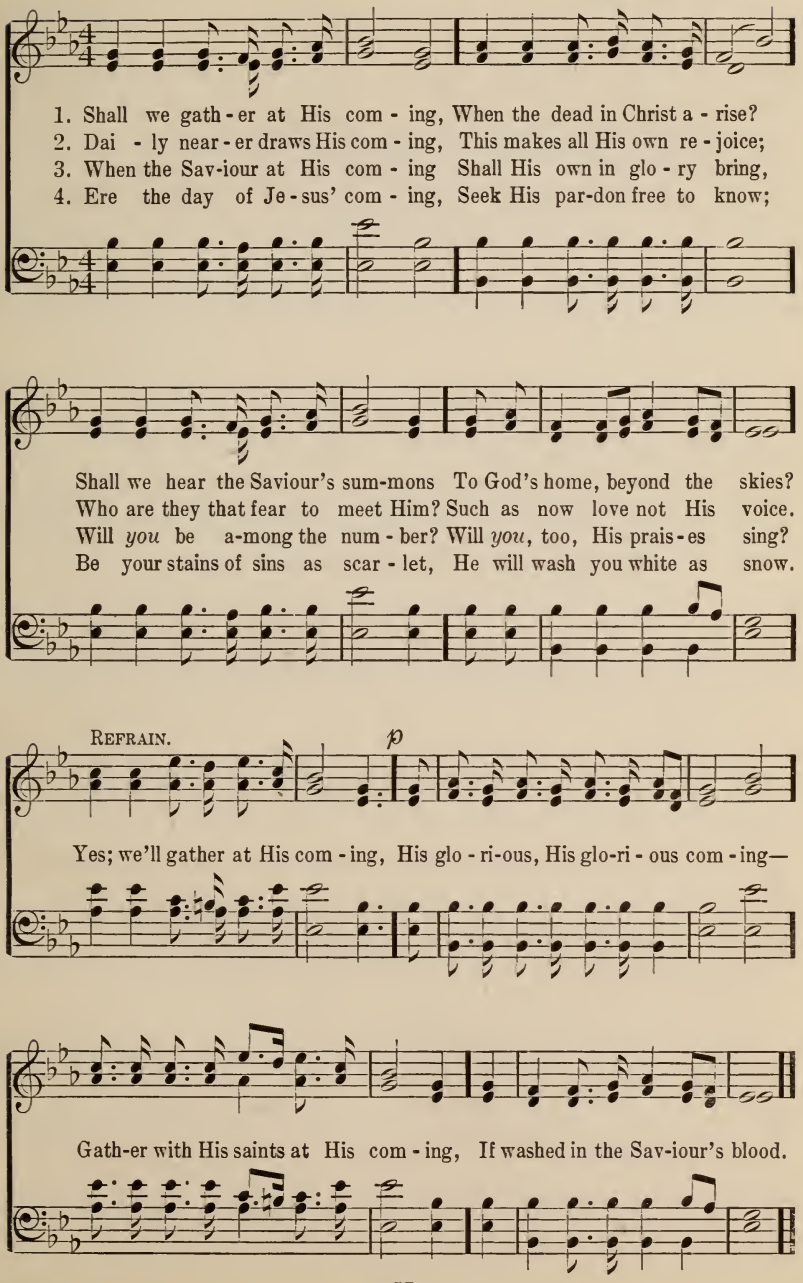
55 Shall We Gather At this Coming?

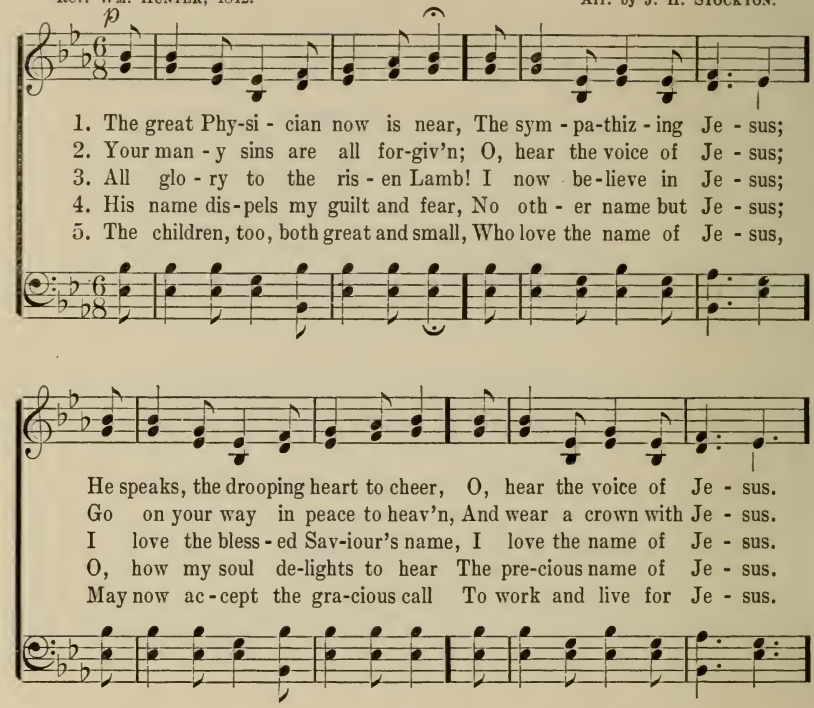
(Beautiful River. P. M.)

ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

1. Shall we gath - er at His com - ing, When the dead in Christ a - rise?
2. Dai - ly near - er draws His com - ing, This makes all His own re - joice;
3. When the Sav-iour at His com - ing Shall His own in glo - ry bring,
4. Ere the day of Je - sus' com - ing, Seek His par-don free to know;
Shall we hear the Saviour's sum-mons To God's home, beyond the skies?
Who are they that fear to meet Him? Such as now love not His voice.
Will *you* be a-mong the num - ber? Will *you*, too, His prais - es sing?
Be your stains of sins as scar - let, He will wash you white as snow.
REFRAIN.
p
Yes; we'll gather at His com - ing, His glo - ri-ous, His glo-ri - ous com - ing—
Gath-er with His saints at His com - ing, If washed in the Sav-iour's blood.

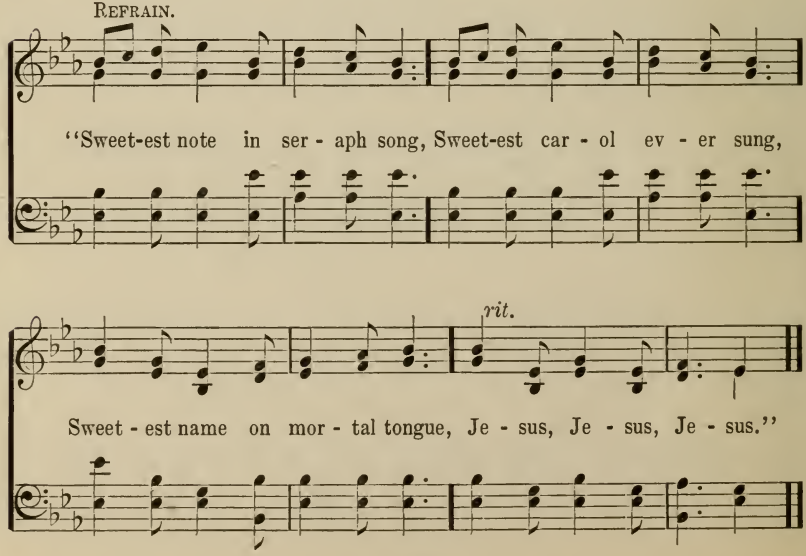
The Great Physician.

(P. M.)

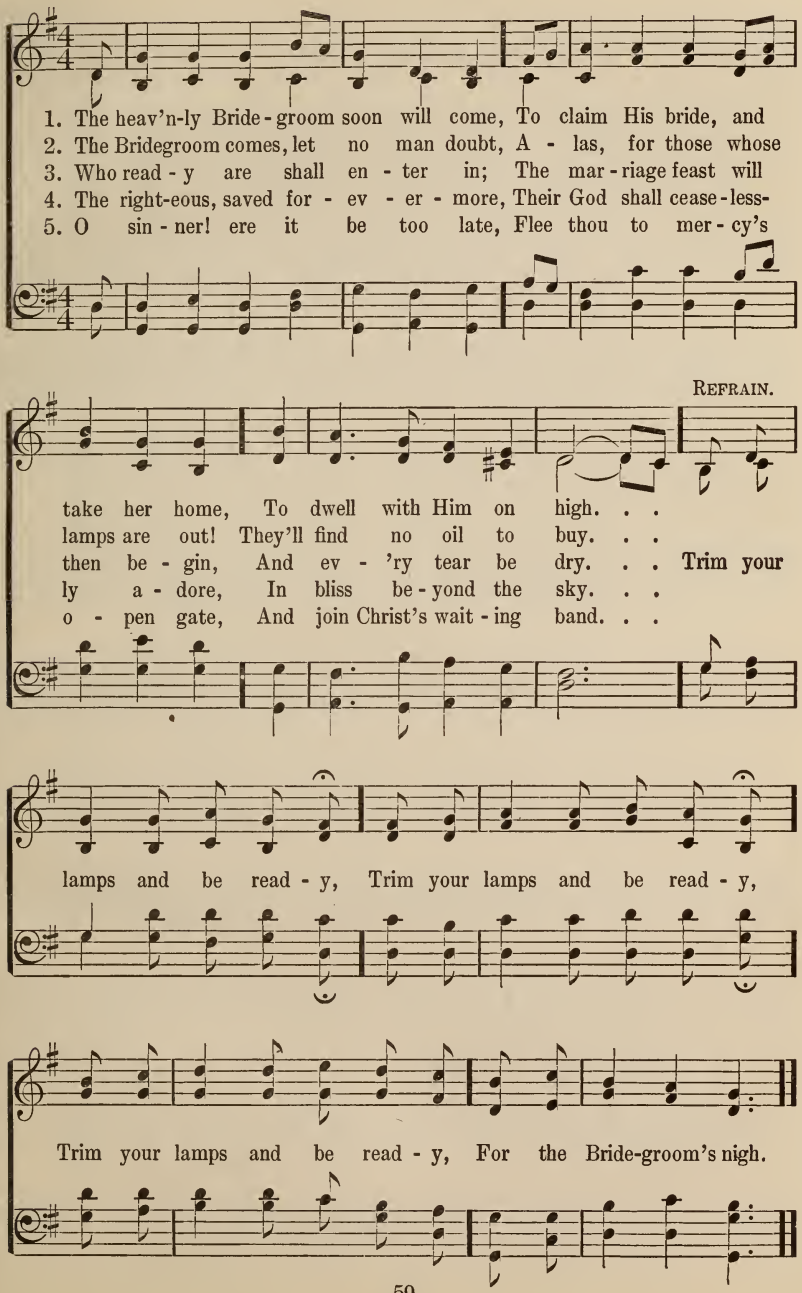
Rev. Wm. Hunter, 1842. Arr. by J. H. Stockton.


p
1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n; O, hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the ris - en Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
5. The children, too, both great and small, Who love the name of Je - sus,
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
O, how my soul de-lights to hear The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
May now ac - cept the gra-cious call To work and live for Je - sus.

Refrain.



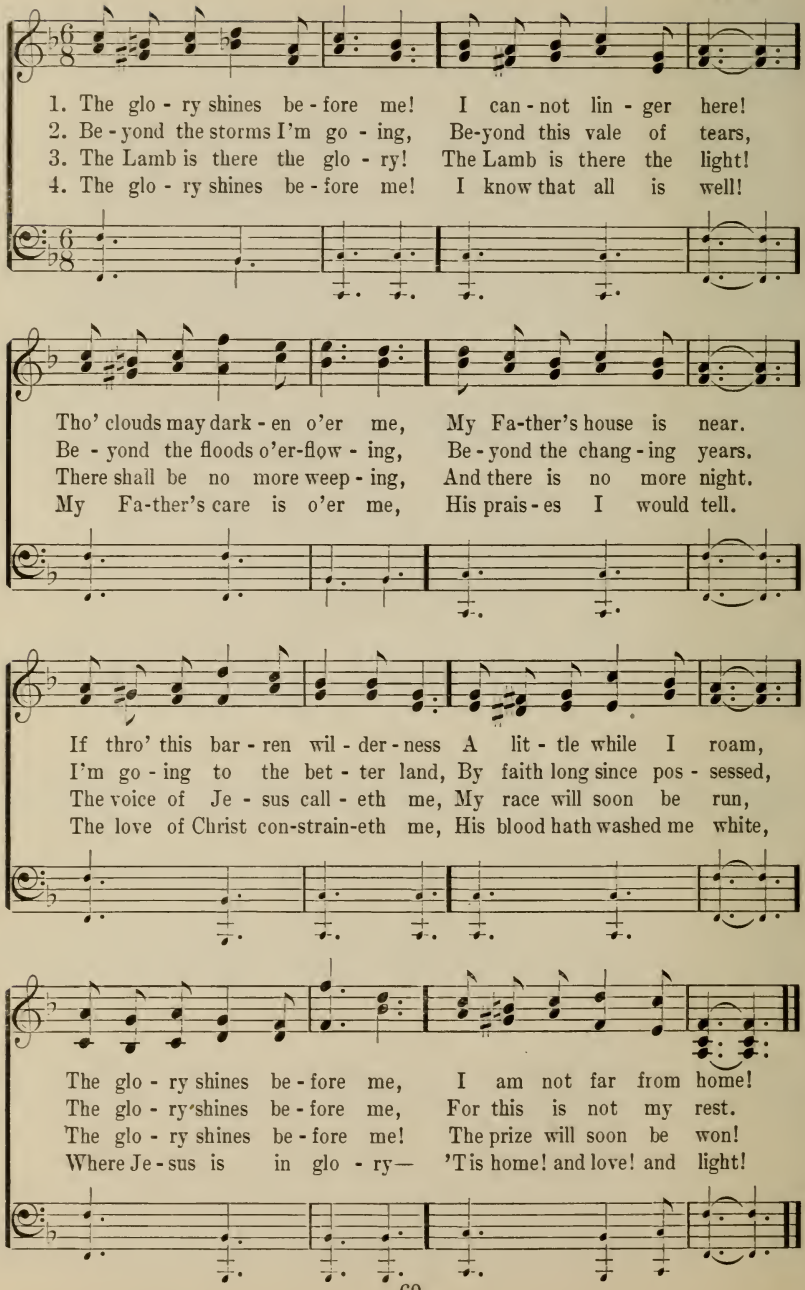
57 The Heavenly Bridegroom Soon Will Come.

(P. M.)

1. The heav'n-ly Bride-groom soon will come, To claim His bride, and
2. The Bridegroom comes, let no man doubt, A - las, for those whose
3. Who read - y are shall en - ter in; The mar - riage feast will
4. The right-eous, saved for - ev - er - more, Their God shall cease-less-
5. O sin - ner! ere it be too late, Flee thou to mer - cy's
REFRAIN.
take her home, To dwell with Him on high. . .
lamps are out! They'll find no oil to buy. . .
then be - gin, And ev - 'ry tear be dry. . . Trim your
ly a - dore, In bliss be - yond the sky. . .
o - pen gate, And join Christ's wait - ing band. . .
lamps and be read - y, Trim your lamps and be read - y,
Trim your lamps and be read - y, For the Bride-groom's nigh.

The Glory Shines!

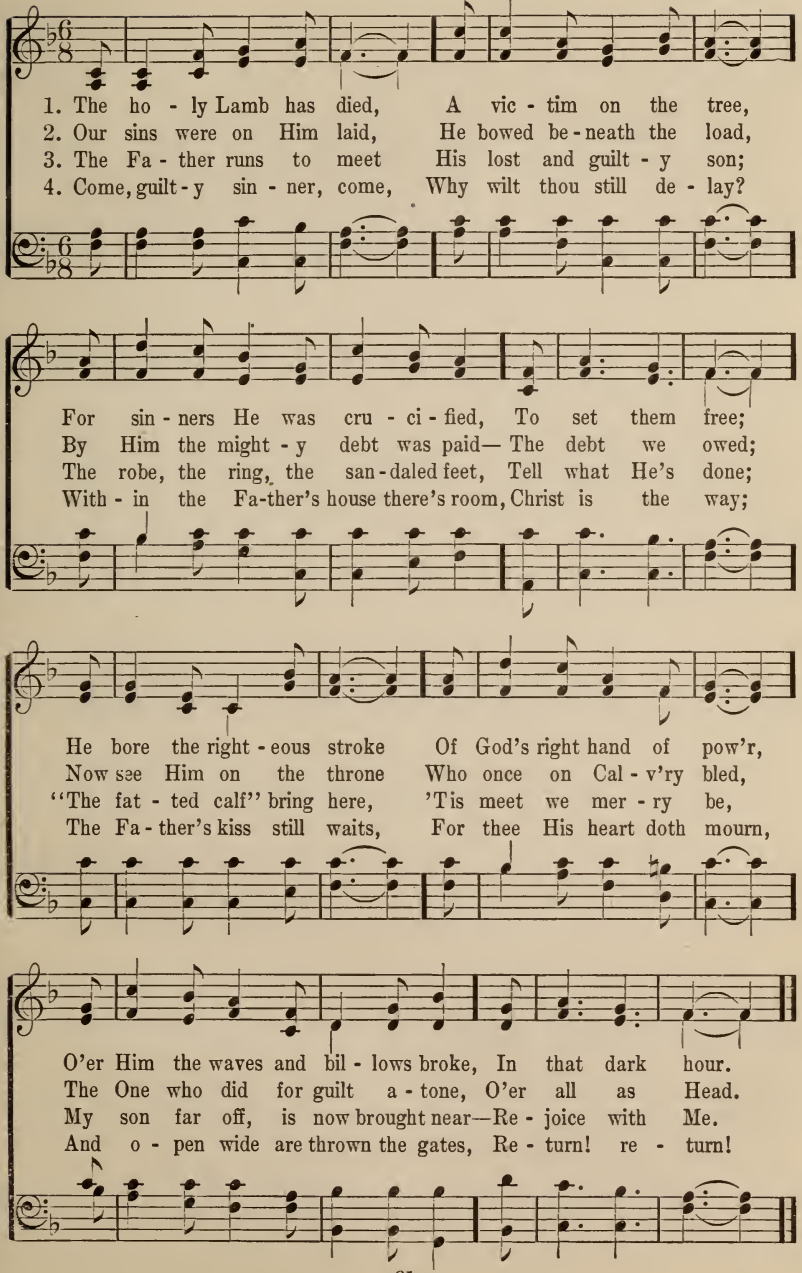
(7. 6. D.)

S. M. W.


1. The glo - ry shines be - fore me! I can - not lin - ger here!
2. Be - yond the storms I'm go - ing, Be-yond this vale of tears,
3. The Lamb is there the glo - ry! The Lamb is there the light!
4. The glo - ry shines be - fore me! I know that all is well!
Tho' clouds may dark - en o'er me, My Fa-ther's house is near.
Be - yond the floods o'er-flow - ing, Be - yond the chang - ing years.
There shall be no more weep - ing, And there is no more night.
My Fa-ther's care is o'er me, His prais - es I would tell.
If thro' this bar - ren wil - der - ness A lit - tle while I roam,
I'm go - ing to the bet - ter land, By faith long since pos - sessed,
The voice of Je - sus call - eth me, My race will soon be run,
The love of Christ con-strain-eth me, His blood hath washed me white,
The glo - ry shines be - fore me, I am not far from home!
The glo - ry shines be - fore me, For this is not my rest.
The glo - ry shines be - fore me! The prize will soon be won!
Where Je - sus is in glo - ry— 'Tis home! and love! and light!

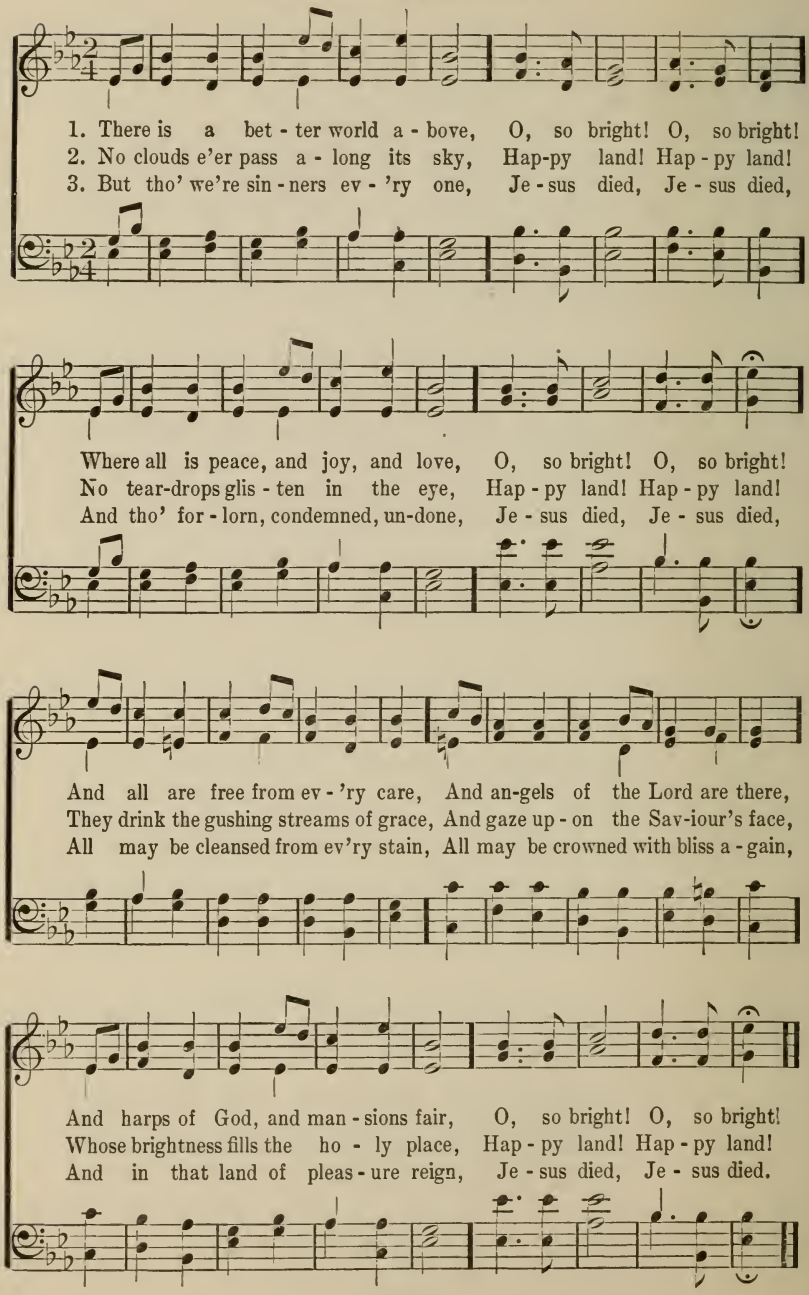
59 The Holy Lamb has Died.

(Westland. 6. 6. 8. 4. D.)

J. C. Trench.

1. The ho - ly Lamb has died, A vic - tim on the tree,
2. Our sins were on Him laid, He bowed be - neath the load,
3. The Fa - ther runs to meet His lost and guilt - y son;
4. Come, guilt - y sin - ner, come, Why wilt thou still de - lay?
For sin - ners He was cru - ci - fied, To set them free;
By Him the might - y debt was paid— The debt we owed;
The robe, the ring, the san - daled feet, Tell what He's done;
With - in the Fa-ther's house there's room, Christ is the way;
He bore the right - eous stroke Of God's right hand of pow'r,
Now see Him on the throne Who once on Cal - v'ry bled,
"The fat - ted calf" bring here, 'Tis meet we mer - ry be,
The Fa - ther's kiss still waits, For thee His heart doth mourn,
O'er Him the waves and bil - lows broke, In that dark hour.
The One who did for guilt a - tone, O'er all as Head.
My son far off, is now brought near—Re - joice with Me.
And o - pen wide are thrown the gates, Re - turn! re - turn!

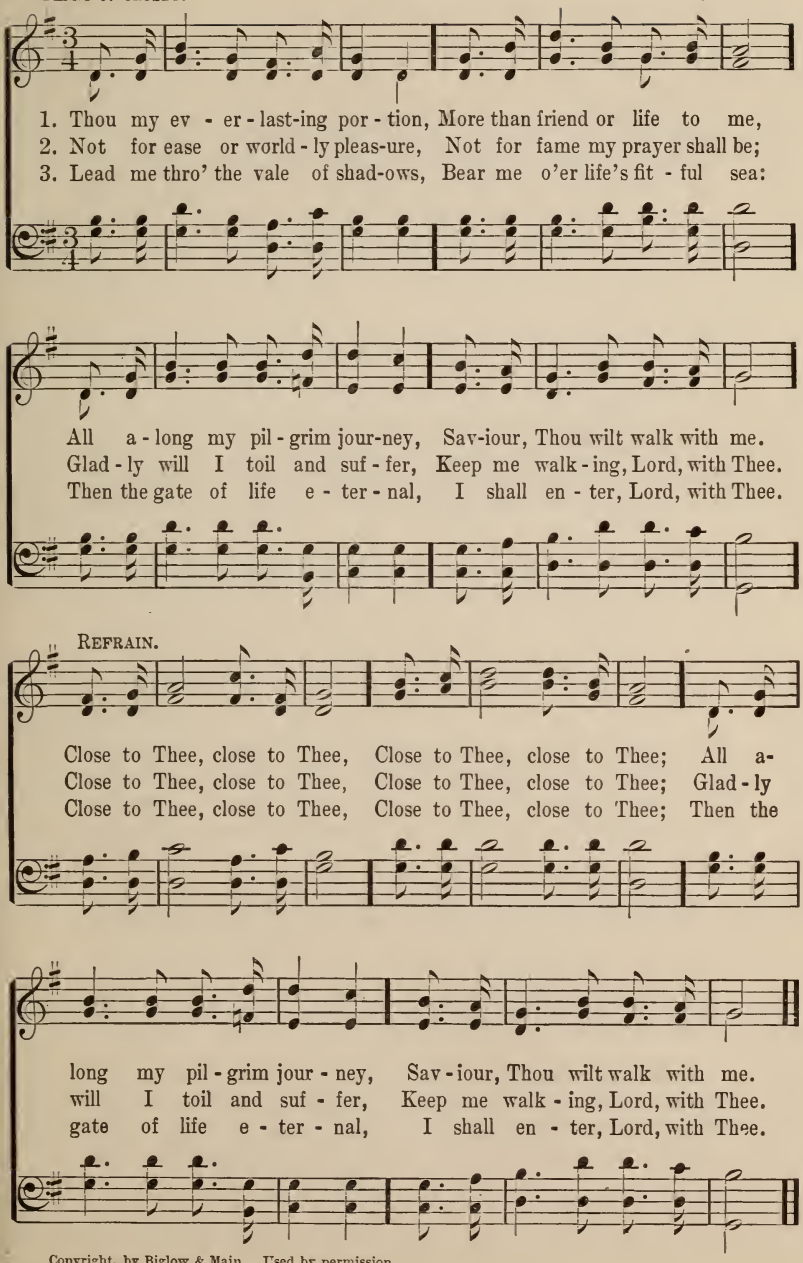
60 There Is a Better World Above.

(Better World. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.)


1. There is a bet - ter world a - bove, O, so bright! O, so bright!
2. No clouds e'er pass a - long its sky, Hap-py land! Hap - py land!
3. But tho' we're sin - ners ev - 'ry one, Je - sus died, Je - sus died,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love, O, so bright! O, so bright!
No tear-drops glis - ten in the eye, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
And tho' for - lorn, condemned, un-done, Je - sus died, Je - sus died,
And all are free from ev - 'ry care, And an-gels of the Lord are there,
They drink the gushing streams of grace, And gaze up - on the Sav-iour's face,
All may be cleansed from ev'ry stain, All may be crowned with bliss a - gain,
And harps of God, and man - sions fair, O, so bright! O, so bright!
Whose brightness fills the ho - ly place, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
And in that land of pleas - ure reign, Je - sus died, Je - sus died.

61 Close to Thee.

(P. M.)

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas-ure, Not for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:
All a - long my pil - grim jour-ney, Sav-iour, Thou wilt walk with me.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, Keep me walk - ing, Lord, with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, I shall en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a-
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the
long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, Thou wilt walk with me.
will I toil and suf - fer, Keep me walk - ing, Lord, with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, I shall en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

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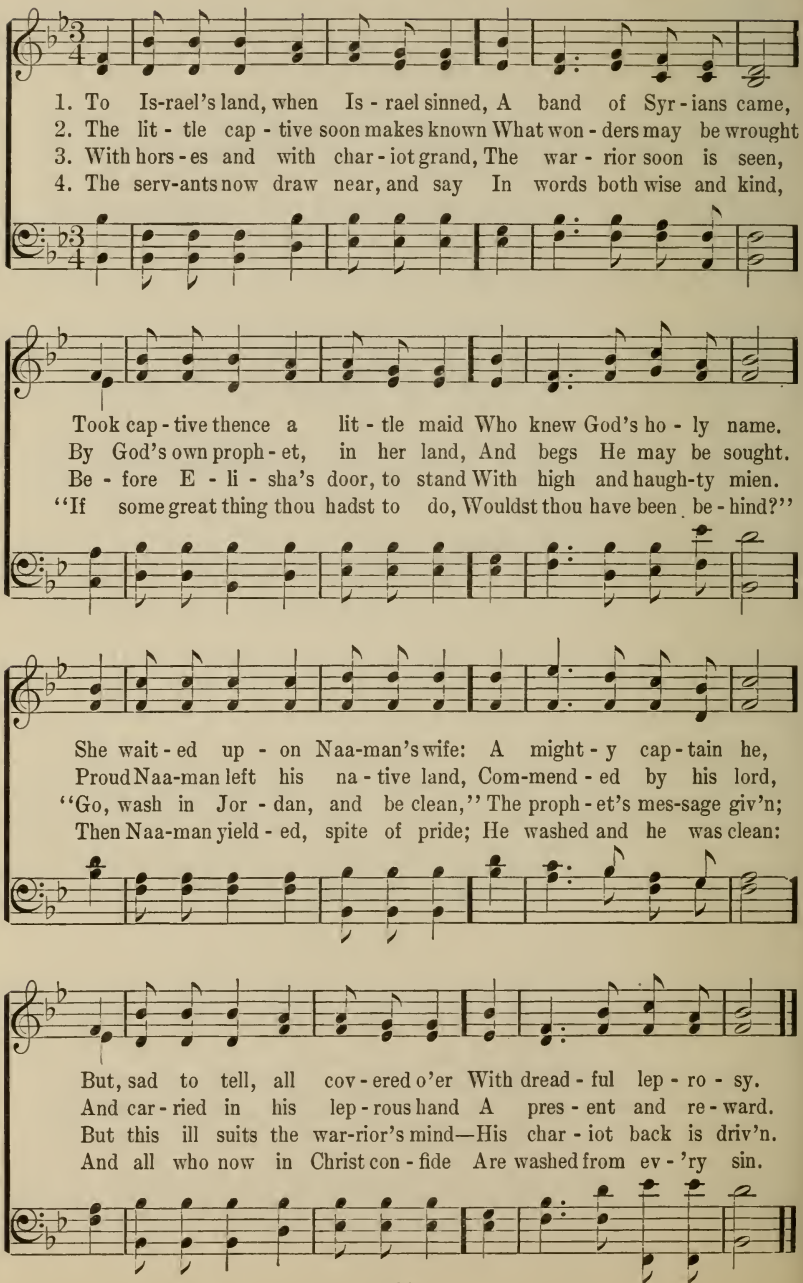
62 To Israel's Land, When Israel Sinned.

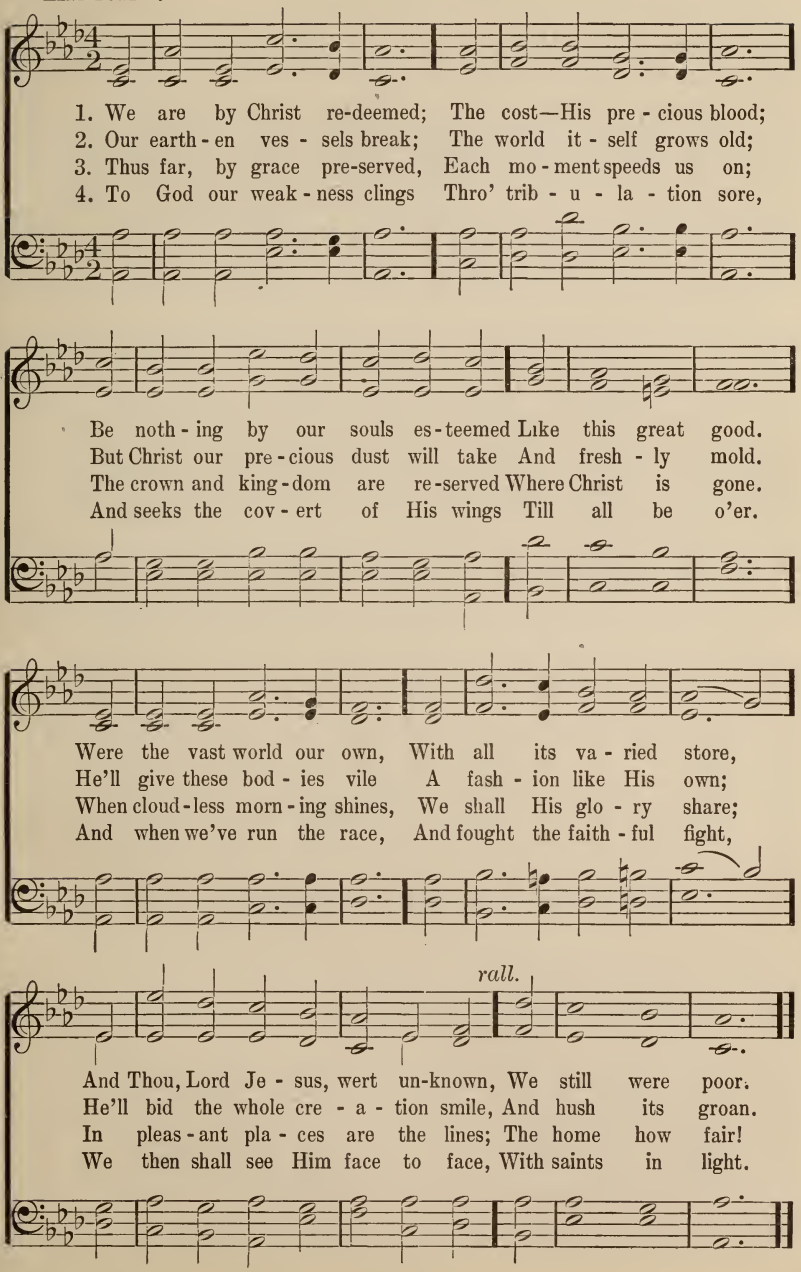
(Wilson. G. M. D.)


1. To Is-rael's land, when Is - rael sinned, A band of Syr - ians came,
2. The lit - tle cap - tive soon makes known What won - ders may be wrought
3. With hors - es and with char - iot grand, The war - rior soon is seen,
4. The serv-ants now draw near, and say In words both wise and kind,
Took cap - tive thence a lit - tle maid Who knew God's ho - ly name.
By God's own proph - et, in her land, And begs He may be sought.
Be - fore E - li - sha's door, to stand With high and haugh-ty mien.
"If some great thing thou hadst to do, Wouldst thou have been be - hind?"
She wait - ed up - on Naa-man's wife: A might - y cap - tain he,
Proud Naa-man left his na - tive land, Com-mend - ed by his lord,
"Go, wash in Jor - dan, and be clean," The proph - et's mes-sage giv'n;
Then Naa-man yield - ed, spite of pride; He washed and he was clean:
But, sad to tell, all cov - ered o'er With dread - ful lep - ro - sy.
And car - ried in his lep - rous hand A pres - ent and re - ward.
But this ill suits the war-rior's mind—His char - iot back is driv'n.
And all who now in Christ con - fide Are washed from ev - 'ry sin.

63 We Are By Christ Redeemed.

(Priory. 6. 6. 8. 4. D.)

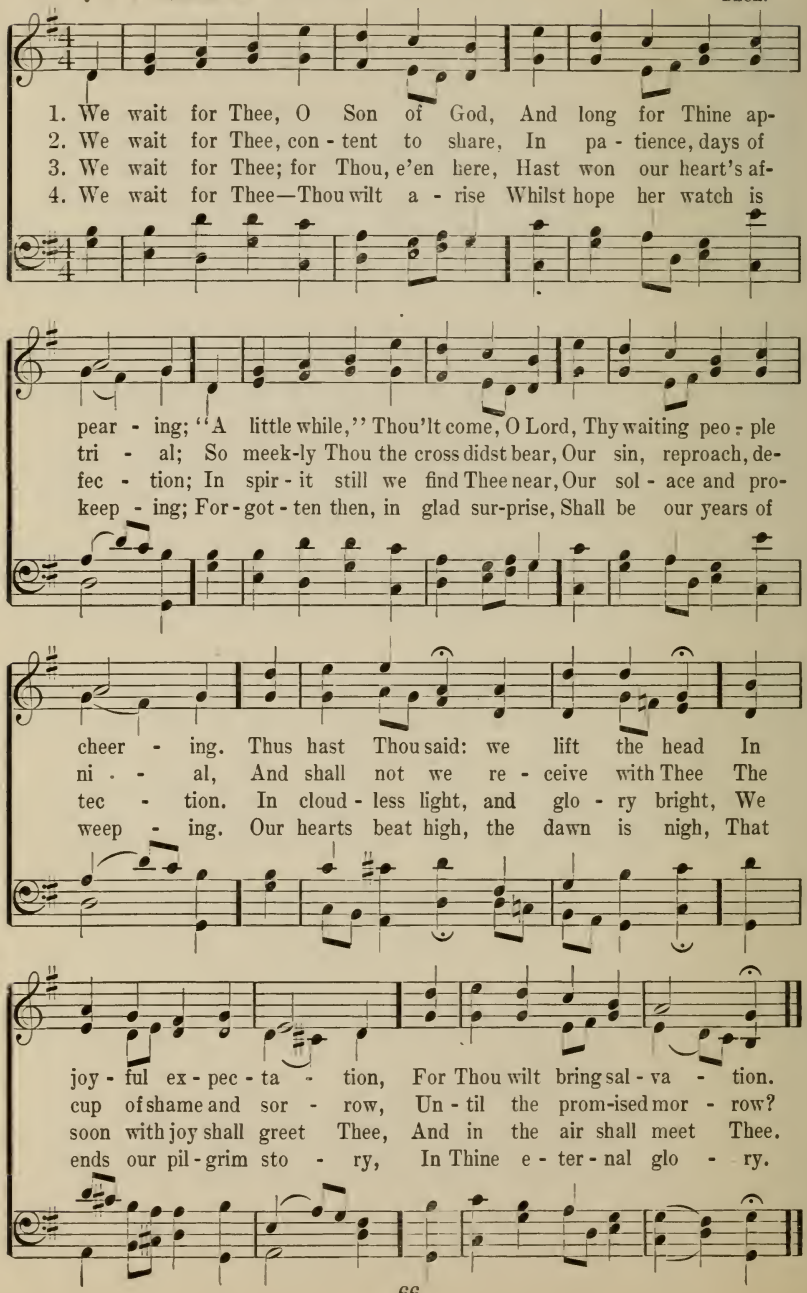
MARY BOWLEY.


1. We are by Christ re-deemed; The cost—His pre - cious blood;
2. Our earth - en ves - sels break; The world it - self grows old;
3. Thus far, by grace pre-served, Each mo - ment speeds us on;
4. To God our weak - ness clings Thro' trib - u - la - tion sore,
Be noth - ing by our souls es - teemed Like this great good.
But Christ our pre - cious dust will take And fresh - ly mold.
The crown and king - dom are re - served Where Christ is gone.
And seeks the cov - ert of His wings Till all be o'er.
Were the vast world our own, With all its va - ried store,
He'll give these bod - ies vile A fash - ion like His own;
When cloud - less morn - ing shines, We shall His glo - ry share;
And when we've run the race, And fought the faith - ful fight,
rall.
And Thou, Lord Je - sus, wert un-known, We still were poor.
He'll bid the whole cre - a - tion smile, And hush its groan.
In pleas - ant pla - ces are the lines; The home how fair!
We then shall see Him face to face, With saints in light.

64 We Wait For Thee, O Son of God.

(Expectation. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.)

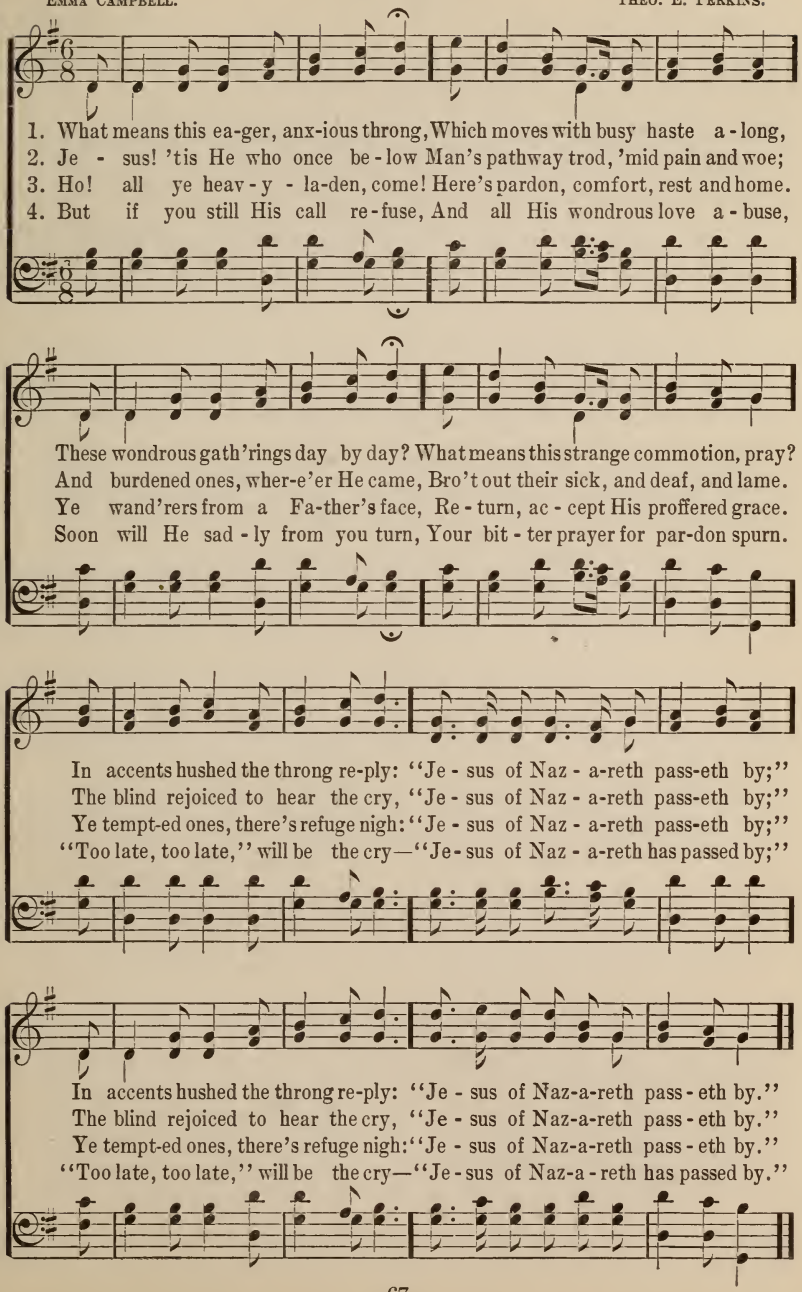
Tr. by H. K. Burlingham. Bach.


1. We wait for Thee, O Son of God, And long for Thine ap-
2. We wait for Thee, con - tent to share, In pa - tience, days of
3. We wait for Thee; for Thou, e'en here, Hast won our heart's af-
4. We wait for Thee—Thou wilt a - rise Whilst hope her watch is
pear - ing; "A little while," Thou'lt come, O Lord, Thy waiting peo - ple
tri - al; So meek-ly Thou the cross didst bear, Our sin, reproach, de-
fec - tion; In spir - it still we find Thee near, Our sol - ace and pro-
keep - ing; For - got - ten then, in glad sur-prise, Shall be our years of
cheer - ing. Thus hast Thou said: we lift the head In
ni - al, And shall not we re - ceive with Thee The
tec - tion. In cloud - less light, and glo - ry bright, We
weep - ing. Our hearts beat high, the dawn is nigh, That
joy - ful ex - pec - ta - tion, For Thou wilt bring sal - va - tion.
cup of shame and sor - row, Un - til the prom-ised mor - row?
soon with joy shall greet Thee, And in the air shall meet Thee.
ends our pil - grim sto - ry, In Thine e - ter - nal glo - ry.

65 Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

(P. M.)

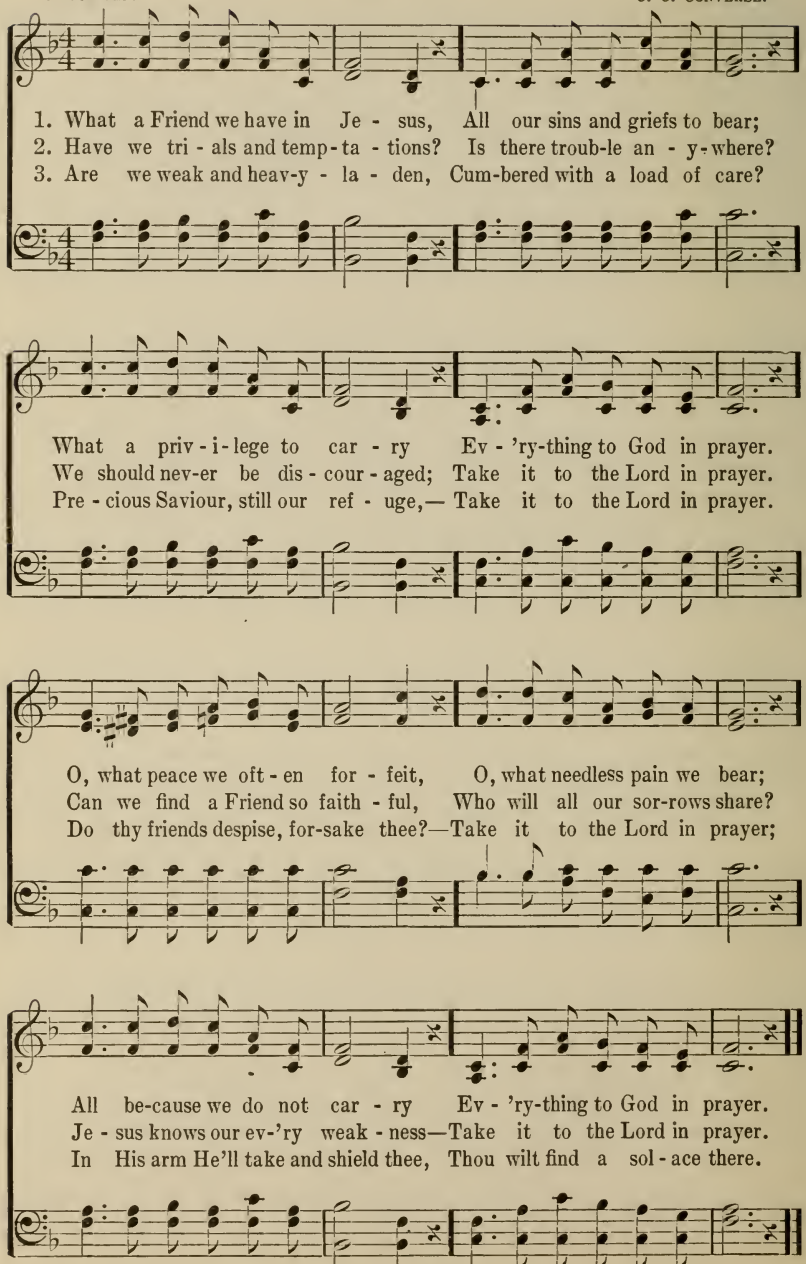
EMMA CAMPBELL. THEO. E. PERKINS.


1. What means this ea-ger, anx-ious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long,
2. Je - sus! 'tis He who once be-low Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
3. Ho! all ye heav-y - la-den, come! Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
4. But if you still His call re-fuse, And all His wondrous love a-buse,
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange commotion, pray?
And burdened ones, wher-e'er He came, Bro't out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
Ye wand'rers from a Fa-ther's face, Re-turn, ac-cept His proffered grace.
Soon will He sad-ly from you turn, Your bit-ter prayer for par-don spurn.
In accents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;"
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;"
Ye tempt-ed ones, there's refuge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;"
"Too late, too late," will be the cry—"Je-sus of Naz-a-reth has passed by;"
In accents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry, "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
Ye tempt-ed ones, there's refuge nigh: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."
"Too late, too late," will be the cry—"Je-sus of Naz-a-reth has passed by."

66 What a Friend We have in Jesus.

(Scriven. 8. 7. D.)

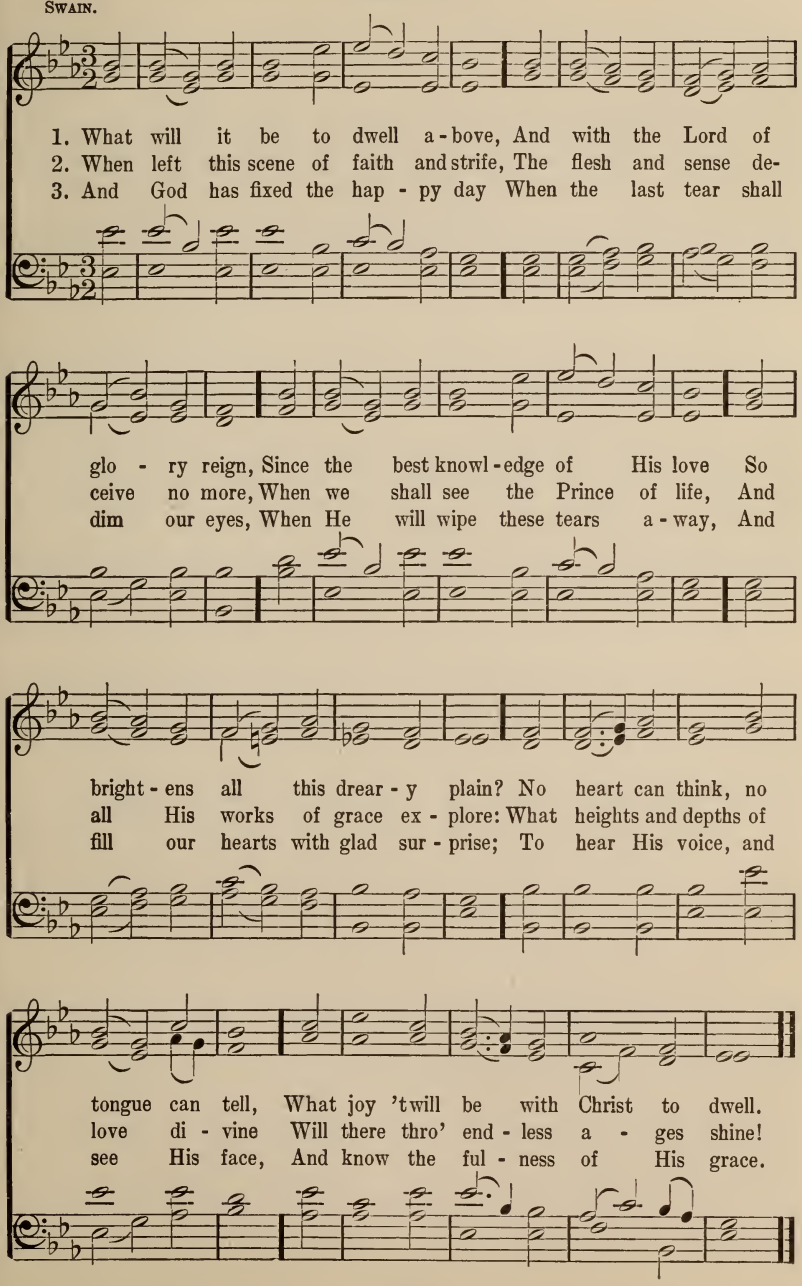
J. Scriven. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what needless pain we bear;
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee?—Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak - ness—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arm He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

67 What Will It Be to Dwell Above.

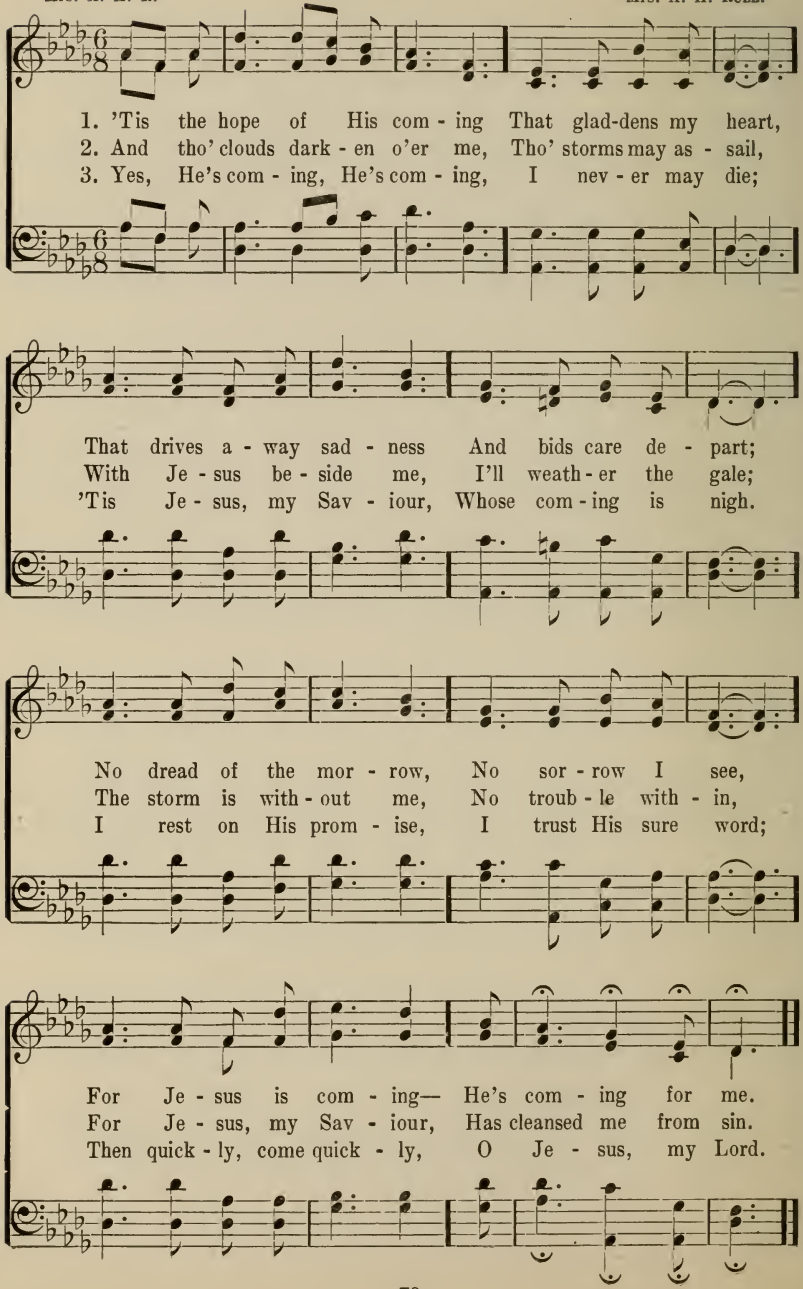
(Stella. 6—8s.)

SWAIN.


1. What will it be to dwell a-bove, And with the Lord of
2. When left this scene of faith and strife, The flesh and sense de-
3. And God has fixed the hap-py day When the last tear shall
glo-ry reign, Since the best knowl-edge of His love So
ceive no more, When we shall see the Prince of life, And
dim our eyes, When He will wipe these tears a-way, And
bright-ens all this drear-y plain? No heart can think, no
all His works of grace ex-plore: What heights and depths of
fill our hearts with glad sur-prise; To hear His voice, and
tongue can tell, What joy 'twill be with Christ to dwell.
love di-vine Will there thro' end-less a-ges shine!
see His face, And know the ful-ness of His grace.

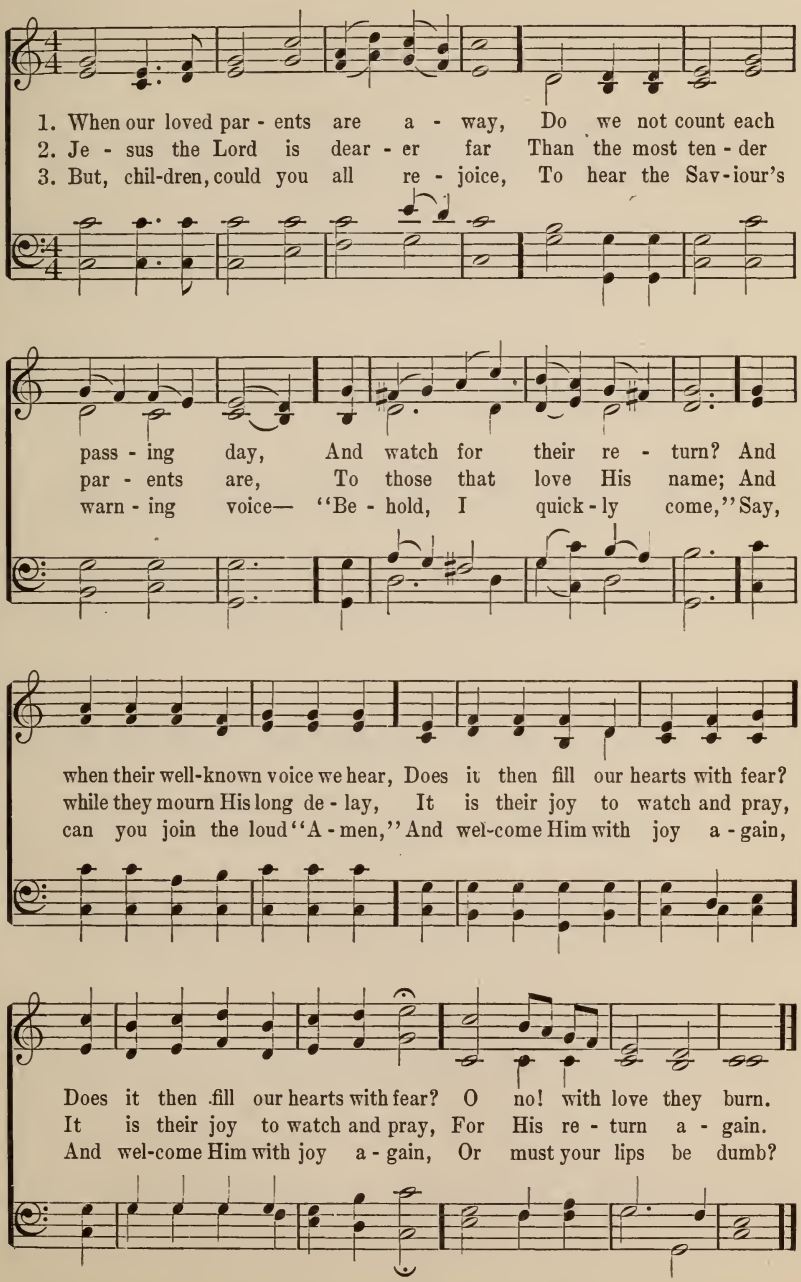
68 'Tis the Hope of His Coming.

(P. M.)

Mrs. A. H. R. Mrs. A. H. Rule.

1. 'Tis the hope of His com - ing That glad-dens my heart,
2. And tho' clouds dark - en o'er me, Tho' storms may as - sail,
3. Yes, He's com - ing, He's com - ing, I nev - er may die;
That drives a - way sad - ness And bids care de - part;
With Je - sus be - side me, I'll weath - er the gale;
'Tis Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Whose com - ing is nigh.
No dread of the mor - row, No sor - row I see,
The storm is with - out me, No troub - le with - in,
I rest on His prom - ise, I trust His sure word;
For Je - sus is com - ing— He's com - ing for me.
For Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Has cleansed me from sin.
Then quick - ly, come quick - ly, O Je - sus, my Lord.

69 When Our Loved Parents Are Away.

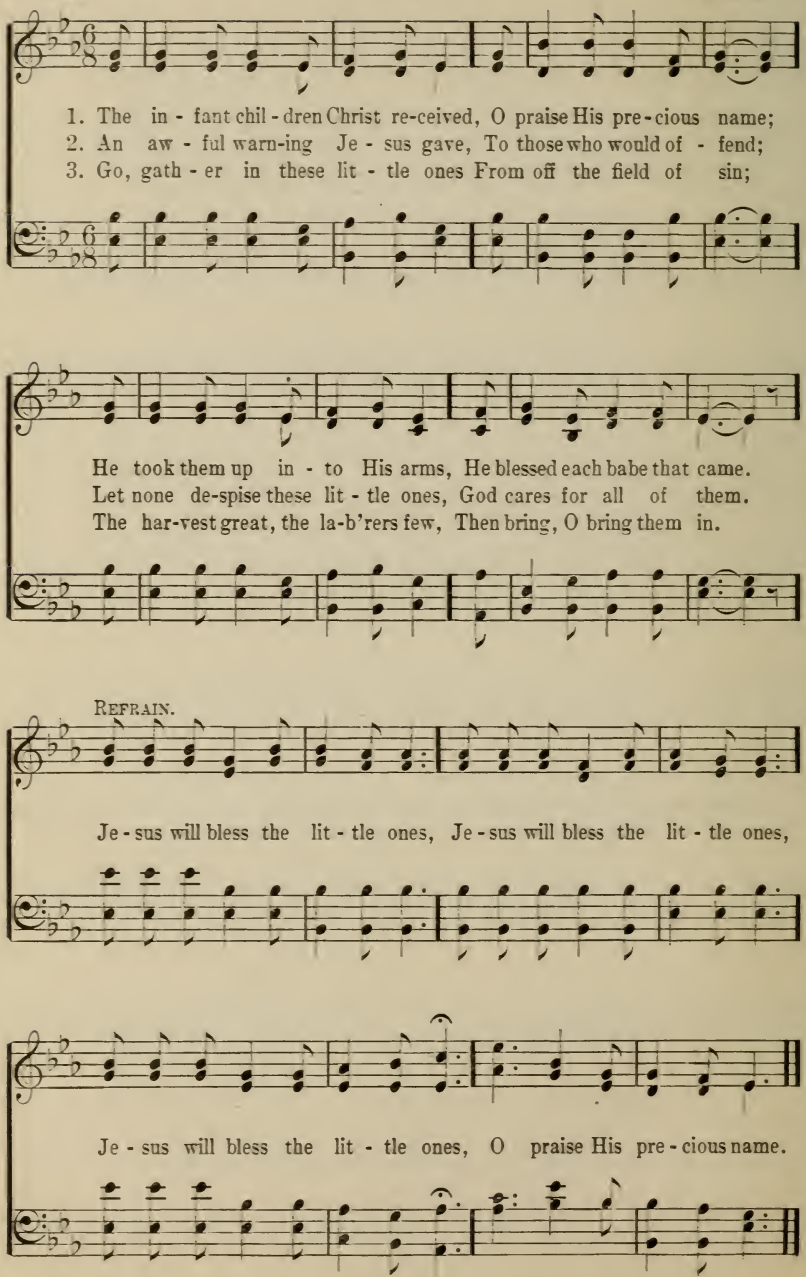
(Praise. 8. 8. 6. D.)


1. When our loved par - ents are a - way, Do we not count each
2. Je - sus the Lord is dear - er far Than the most ten - der
3. But, chil-dren, could you all re - joice, To hear the Sav-iour's
pass - ing day, And watch for their re - turn? And
par - ents are, To those that love His name; And
warn - ing voice— "Be - hold, I quick - ly come," Say,
when their well-known voice we hear, Does it then fill our hearts with fear?
while they mourn His long de - lay, It is their joy to watch and pray,
can you join the loud "A - men," And wel-come Him with joy a - gain,
Does it then fill our hearts with fear? O no! with love they burn.
It is their joy to watch and pray, For His re - turn a - gain.
And wel-come Him with joy a - gain, Or must your lips be dumb?

70 Jesus Will Bless the Little Ones.

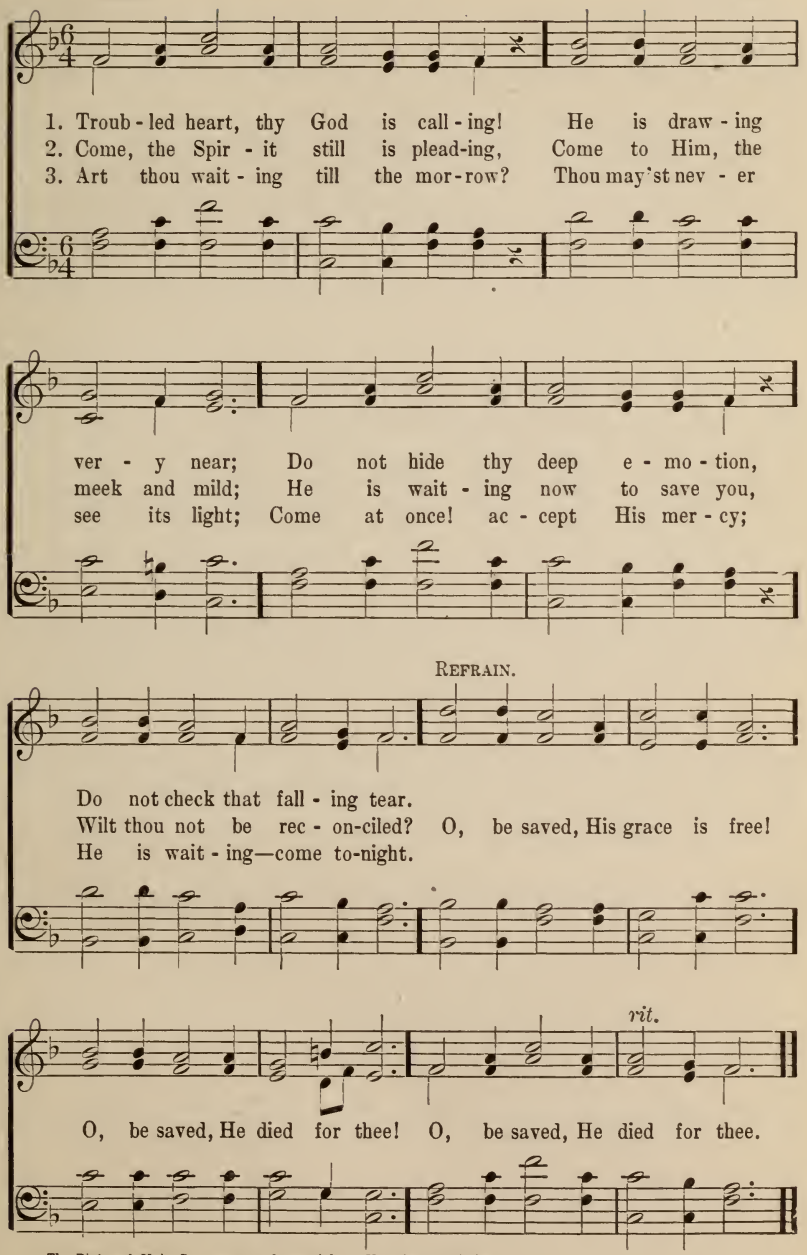
(P. M.)

JOHN. J. G. F.


1. The in - fant chil - dren Christ re-ceived, O praise His pre - cious name;
2. An aw - ful warn-ing Je - sus gave, To those who would of - fend;
3. Go, gath - er in these lit - tle ones From off the field of sin;
He took them up in - to His arms, He blessed each babe that came.
Let none de-spise these lit - tle ones, God cares for all of them.
The har-vest great, the la-b'rers few, Then bring, O bring them in.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones,
Je - sus will bless the lit - tle ones, O praise His pre - cious name.

71 He Died For Thee.

(P. M.)

F. J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL.

1. Troub - led heart, thy God is call - ing! He is draw - ing
2. Come, the Spir - it still is plead-ing, Come to Him, the
3. Art thou wait - ing till the mor-row? Thou may'st nev - er
ver - y near; Do not hide thy deep e - mo - tion,
meek and mild; He is wait - ing now to save you,
see its light; Come at once! ac - cept His mer - cy;
REFRAIN.
Do not check that fall - ing tear.
Wilt thou not be rec - on-ciled? O, be saved, His grace is free!
He is wait - ing—come to-night.
rit.
O, be saved, He died for thee! O, be saved, He died for thee.

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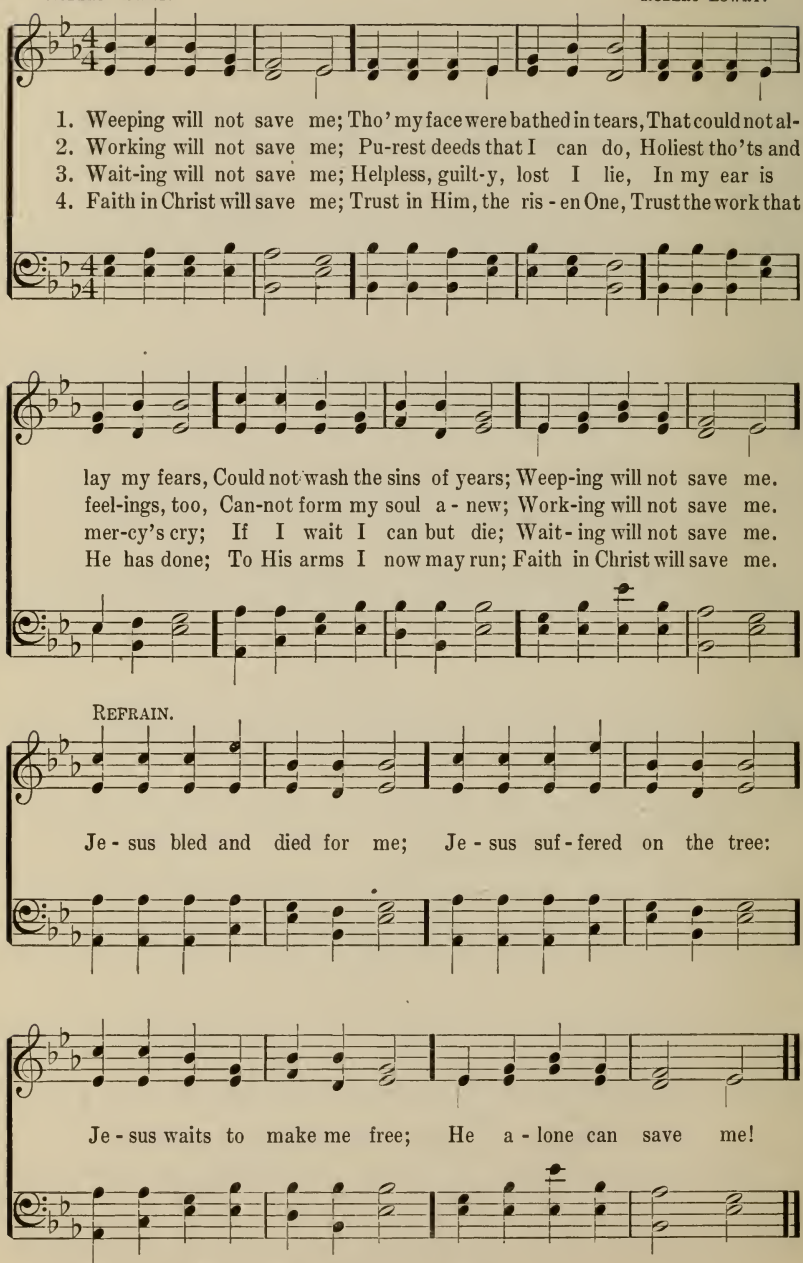
72 Weeping Will Not Save Me!

(P. M.)

ROBERT LOWRY. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. Weeping will not save me; Tho' my face were bathed in tears, That could not al-
2. Working will not save me; Pu-rest deeds that I can do, Holiest tho'ts and
3. Wait-ing will not save me; Helpless, guilt-y, lost I lie, In my ear is
4. Faith in Christ will save me; Trust in Him, the ris - en One, Trust the work that
lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years; Weep-ing will not save me.
feel-ings, too, Can-not form my soul a - new; Work-ing will not save me.
mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die; Wait - ing will not save me.
He has done; To His arms I now may run; Faith in Christ will save me.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus bled and died for me; Je - sus suf - fered on the tree:
Je - sus waits to make me free; He a - lone can save me!

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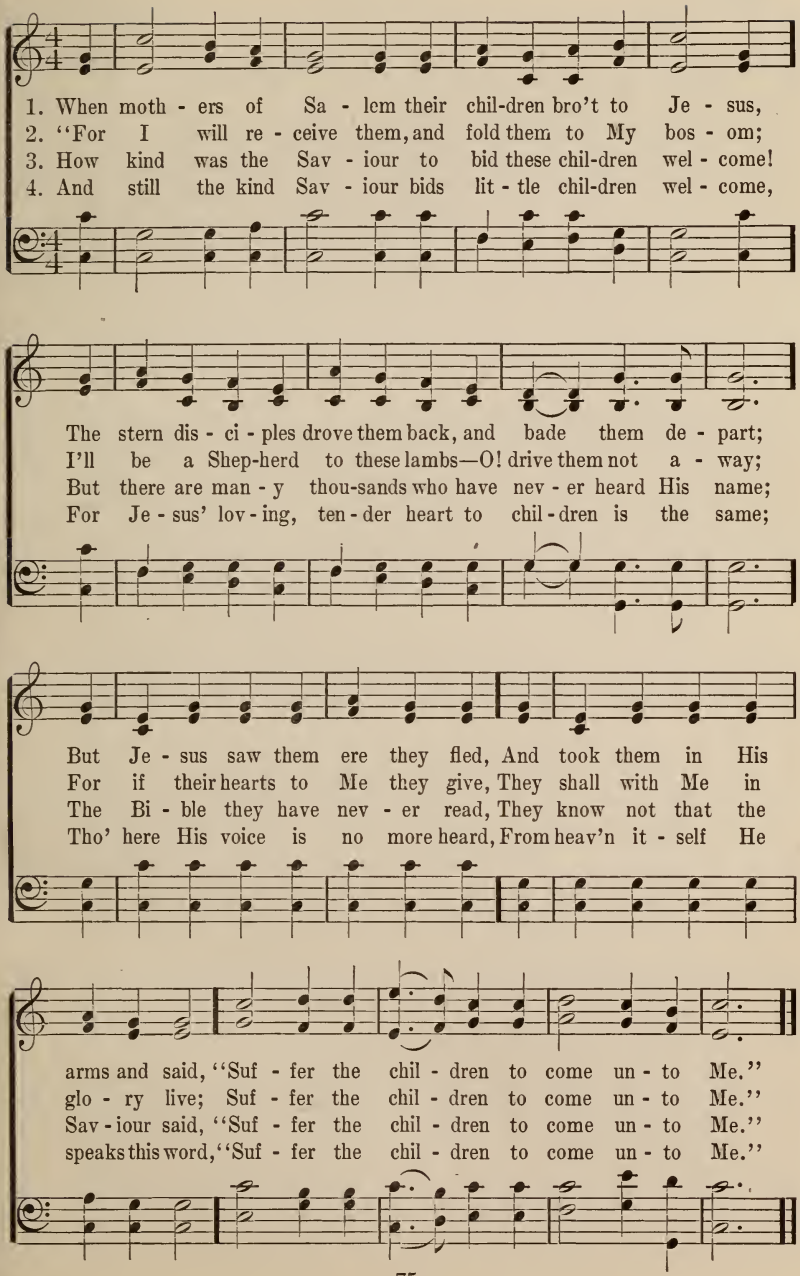
73 When Mothers of Salem.

(Benedictus. P. M.)

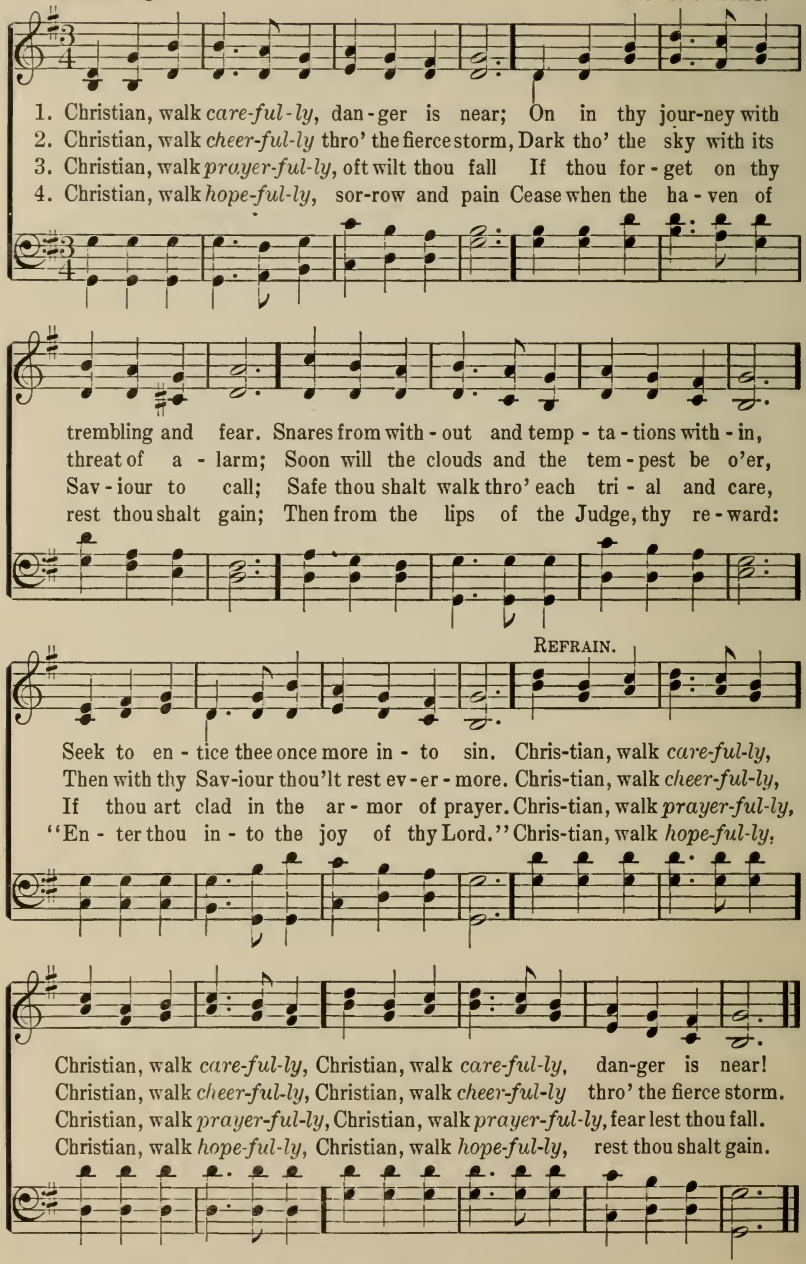
German.


1. When moth - ers of Sa - lem their chil-dren bro't to Je - sus,
2. "For I will re - ceive them, and fold them to My bos - om;
3. How kind was the Sav - iour to bid these chil-dren wel - come!
4. And still the kind Sav - iour bids lit - tle chil-dren wel - come,
The stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, and bade them de - part;
I'll be a Shep-herd to these lambs—O! drive them not a - way;
But there are man - y thou-sands who have nev - er heard His name;
For Je - sus' lov - ing, ten - der heart to chil - dren is the same;
But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And took them in His
For if their hearts to Me they give, They shall with Me in
The Bi - ble they have nev - er read, They know not that the
Tho' here His voice is no more heard, From heav'n it - self He
arms and said, "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me."
glo - ry live; Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me."
Sav - iour said, "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me."
speaks this word, "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me."

74 Christian, Walk Carefully.

(P. M.)

Words arranged. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Christian, walk *care-ful-ly*, dan-ger is near; On in thy jour-ney with
2. Christian, walk *cheer-ful-ly* thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the sky with its
3. Christian, walk *prayer-ful-ly*, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-get on thy
4. Christian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, sor-row and pain Cease when the ha-ven of
trembling and fear. Snares from with-out and temp-ta-tions with-in,
threat of a-larm; Soon will the clouds and the tem-pest be o'er,
Sav-iour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each tri-al and care,
rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the Judge, thy re-ward:
REFRAIN.
Seek to en-tice thee once more in-to sin. Chris-tian, walk *care-ful-ly*,
Then with thy Sav-iour thou'lt rest ev-er-more. Chris-tian, walk *cheer-ful-ly*,
If thou art clad in the ar-mor of prayer. Chris-tian, walk *prayer-ful-ly*,
"En-ter thou in-to the joy of thy Lord." Chris-tian, walk *hope-ful-ly*,
Christian, walk *care-ful-ly*, Christian, walk *care-ful-ly*, dan-ger is near!
Christian, walk *cheer-ful-ly*, Christian, walk *cheer-ful-ly* thro' the fierce storm.
Christian, walk *prayer-ful-ly*, Christian, walk *prayer-ful-ly*, fear lest thou fall.
Christian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, Christian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, rest thou shalt gain.

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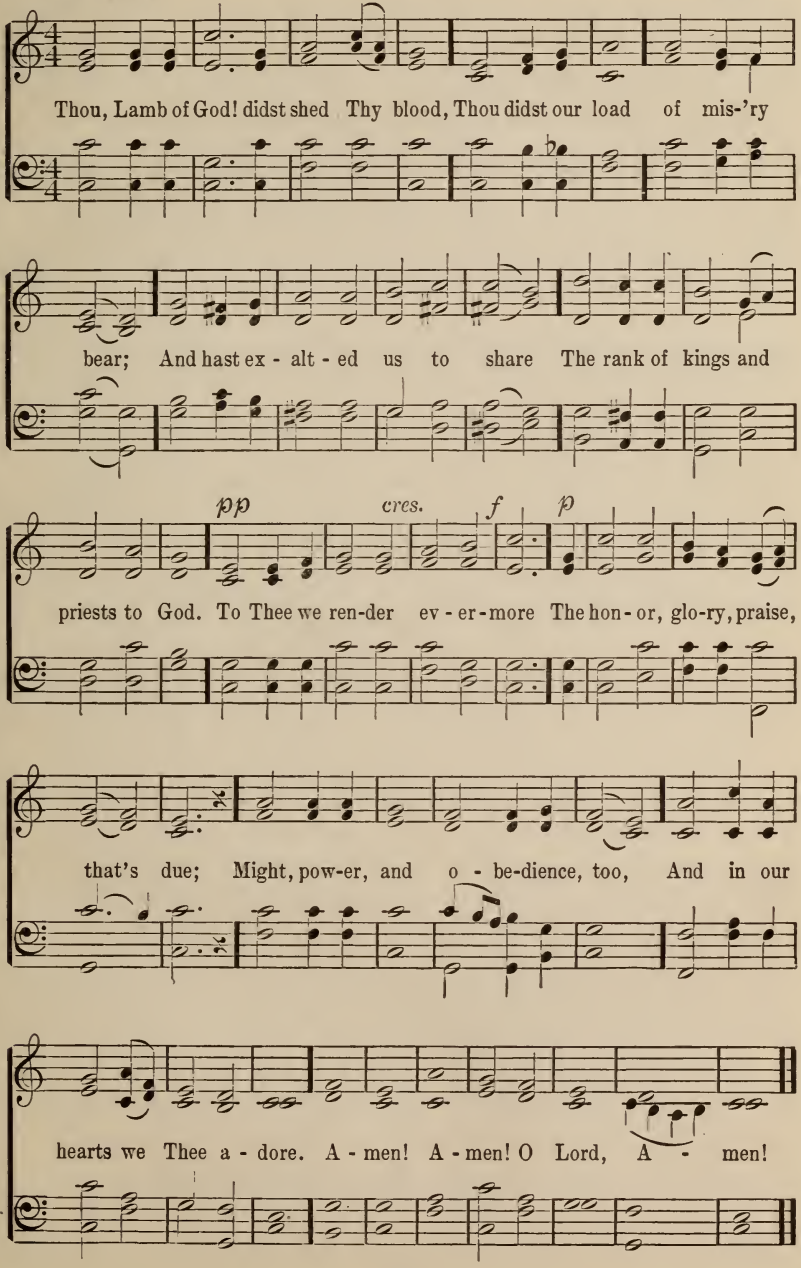
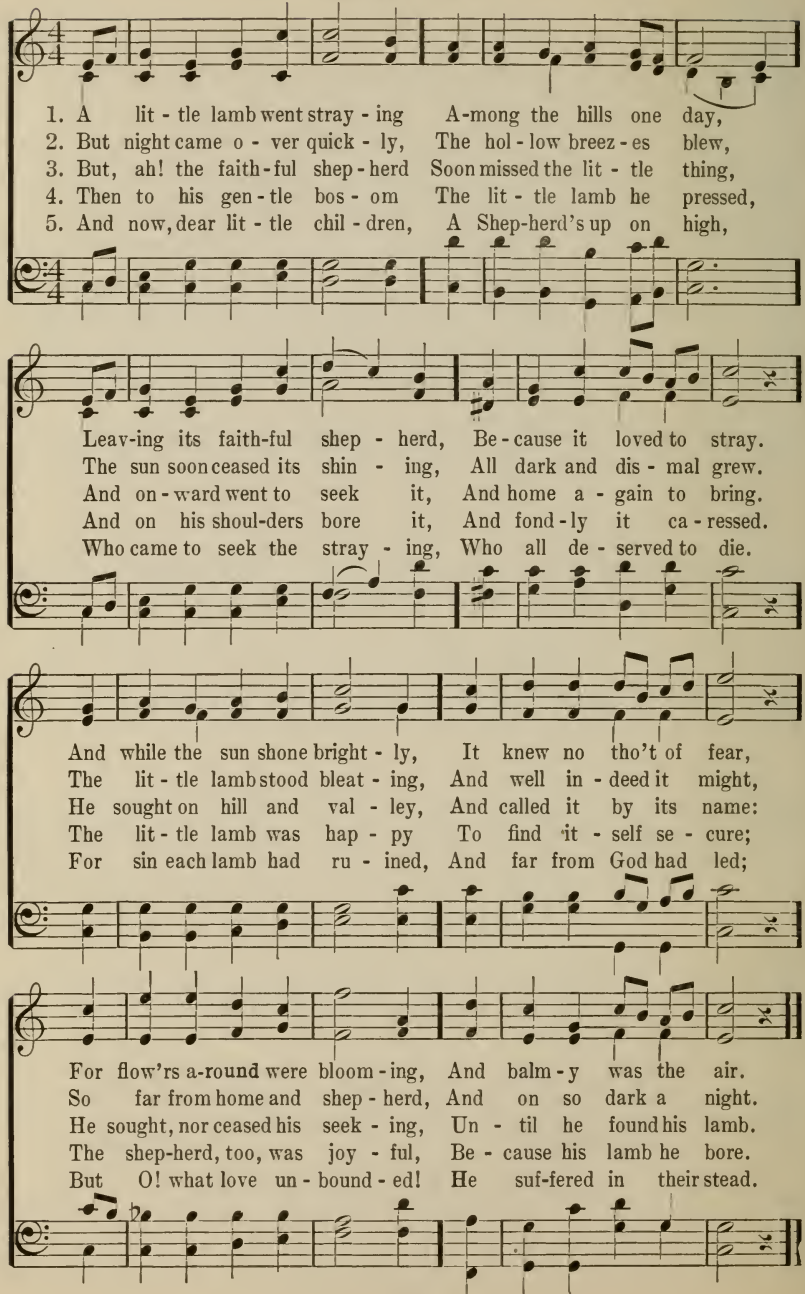
75 Thou, Lamb of God! Didst Shed Thy Blood.

(P. M.)

CÆSAR MALAN. French.

Thou, Lamb of God! didst shed Thy blood, Thou didst our load of mis-'ry
bear; And hast ex - alt - ed us to share The rank of kings and
pp
cres.
f
p
priests to God. To Thee we ren-der ev - er-more The hon - or, glo-ry, praise,
that's due; Might, pow-er, and o - be-dience, too, And in our
hearts we Thee a - dore. A - men! A - men! O Lord, A - men!

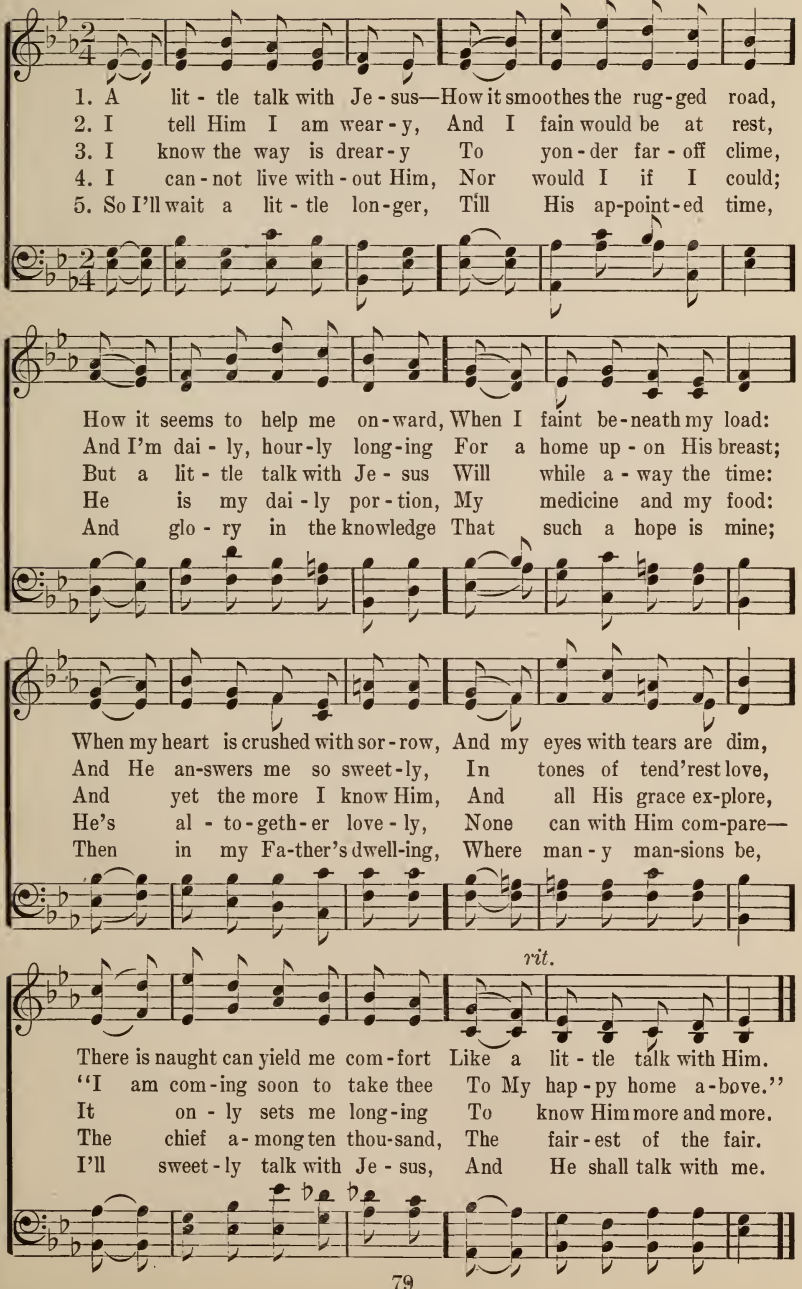
76 A Little Lamb Went Straying.

(Straying. 7. 6. D.)

1. A lit - tle lamb went stray - ing A-mong the hills one day,
2. But night came o - ver quick - ly, The hol - low breez - es blew,
3. But, ah! the faith - ful shep - herd Soon missed the lit - tle thing,
4. Then to his gen - tle bos - om The lit - tle lamb he pressed,
5. And now, dear lit - tle chil - dren, A Shep-herd's up on high,
Leav-ing its faith-ful shep - herd, Be - cause it loved to stray.
The sun soon ceased its shin - ing, All dark and dis - mal grew.
And on - ward went to seek it, And home a - gain to bring.
And on his shoul-ders bore it, And fond - ly it ca - ressed.
Who came to seek the stray - ing, Who all de - served to die.
And while the sun shone bright - ly, It knew no tho't of fear,
The lit - tle lamb stood bleat - ing, And well in - deed it might,
He sought on hill and val - ley, And called it by its name:
The lit - tle lamb was hap - py To find it - self se - cure;
For sin each lamb had ru - ined, And far from God had led;
For flow'rs a-round were bloom - ing, And balm - y was the air.
So far from home and shep - herd, And on so dark a night.
He sought, nor ceased his seek - ing, Un - til he found his lamb.
The shep-herd, too, was joy - ful, Be - cause his lamb he bore.
But O! what love un - bound - ed! He suf-fered in their stead.

77 A Little Talk With Jesus.

(P. M.)

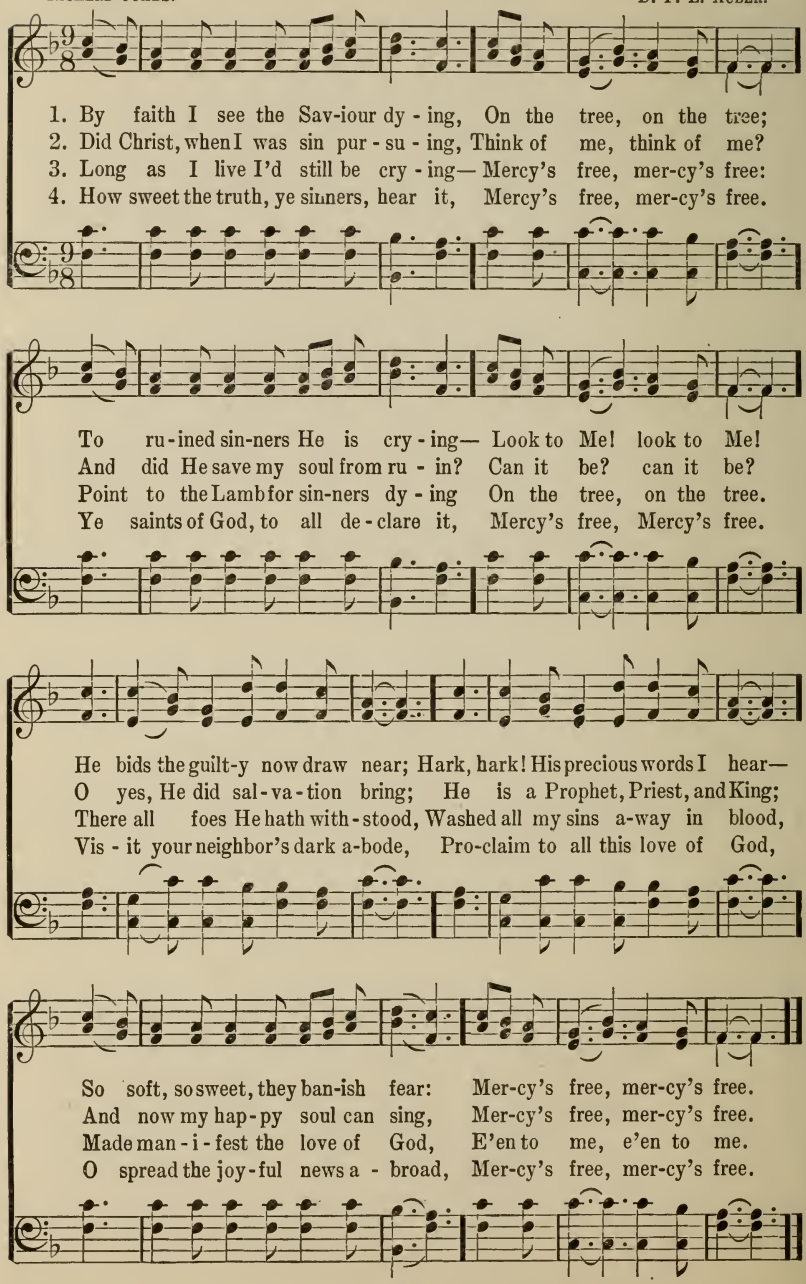
R. L. Allan. H. Hankinson.


1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus—How it smoothes the rug-ged road,
2. I tell Him I am wear - y, And I fain would be at rest,
3. I know the way is drear - y To yon - der far - off clime,
4. I can - not live with - out Him, Nor would I if I could;
5. So I'll wait a lit - tle lon-ger, Till His ap-point-ed time,
How it seems to help me on-ward, When I faint be-neath my load:
And I'm dai - ly, hour-ly long-ing For a home up - on His breast;
But a lit - tle talk with Je - sus Will while a - way the time:
He is my dai - ly por - tion, My medicine and my food:
And glo - ry in the knowledge That such a hope is mine;
When my heart is crushed with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are dim,
And He an-swers me so sweet-ly, In tones of tend'rest love,
And yet the more I know Him, And all His grace ex-plore,
He's al - to-geth-er love - ly, None can with Him com-pare—
Then in my Fa-ther's dwell-ing, Where man - y man-sions be,
rit.
There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
"I am com - ing soon to take thee To My hap - py home a-bove."
It on - ly sets me long-ing To know Him more and more.
The chief a - mong ten thou-sand, The fair - est of the fair.
I'll sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And He shall talk with me.

78 By Faith I See the Saviour Dying.

(Mercy's Free. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.)

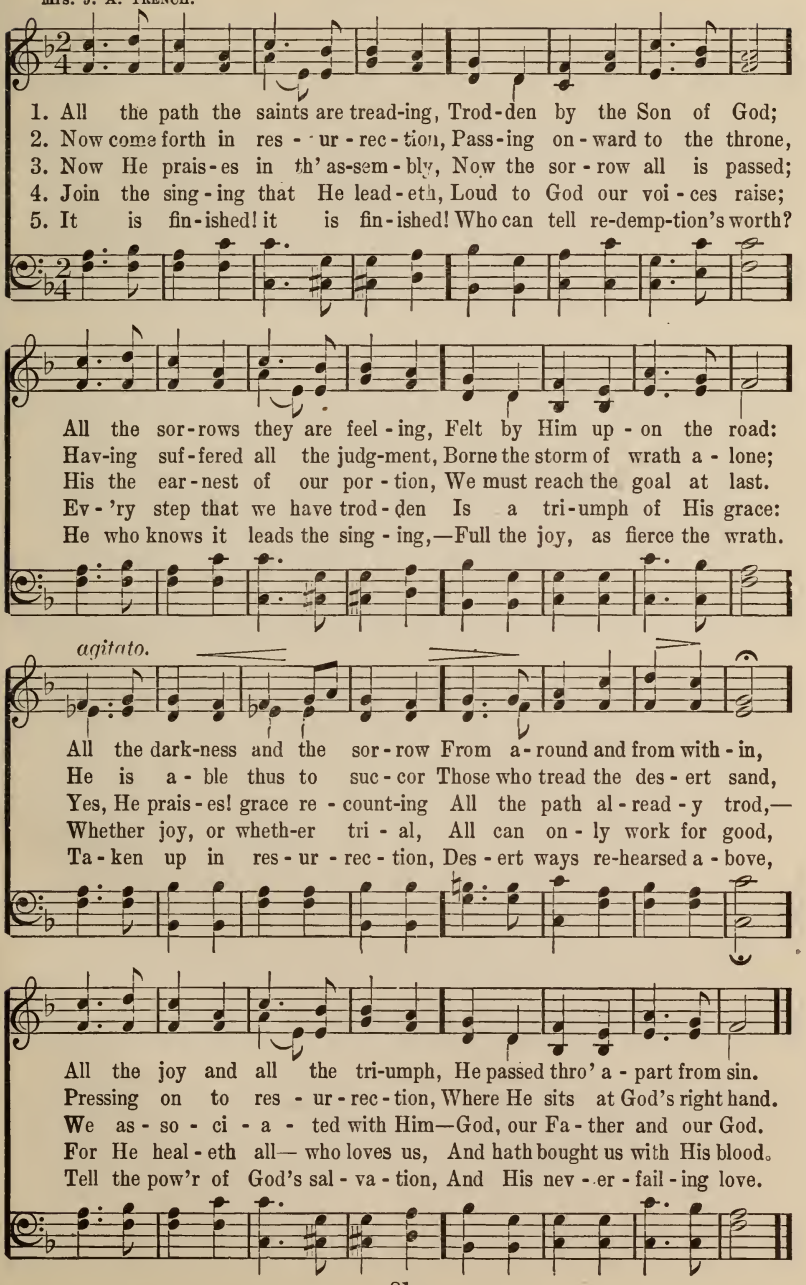
RICHARD JUKES. D. F. E. AUBER.


1. By faith I see the Sav-iour dy - ing, On the tree, on the tree;
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Think of me, think of me?
3. Long as I live I'd still be cry - ing— Mercy's free, mer-cy's free:
4. How sweet the truth, ye sinners, hear it, Mercy's free, mer-cy's free.
To ru-ined sin-ners He is cry - ing— Look to Me! look to Me!
And did He save my soul from ru - in? Can it be? can it be?
Point to the Lamb for sin-ners dy - ing On the tree, on the tree.
Ye saints of God, to all de - clare it, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.
He bids the guilt-y now draw near; Hark, hark! His precious words I hear—
O yes, He did sal-va-tion bring; He is a Prophet, Priest, and King;
There all foes He hath with - stood, Washed all my sins a-way in blood,
Vis - it your neighbor's dark a-bode, Pro-claim to all this love of God,
So soft, so sweet, they ban-ish fear: Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.
And now my hap - py soul can sing, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.
Made man - i - fest the love of God, E'en to me, e'en to me.
O spread the joy-ful news a - broad, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.

79 All the Path the Saints Are Treading.

(Gloaming. 8. 7. D.)

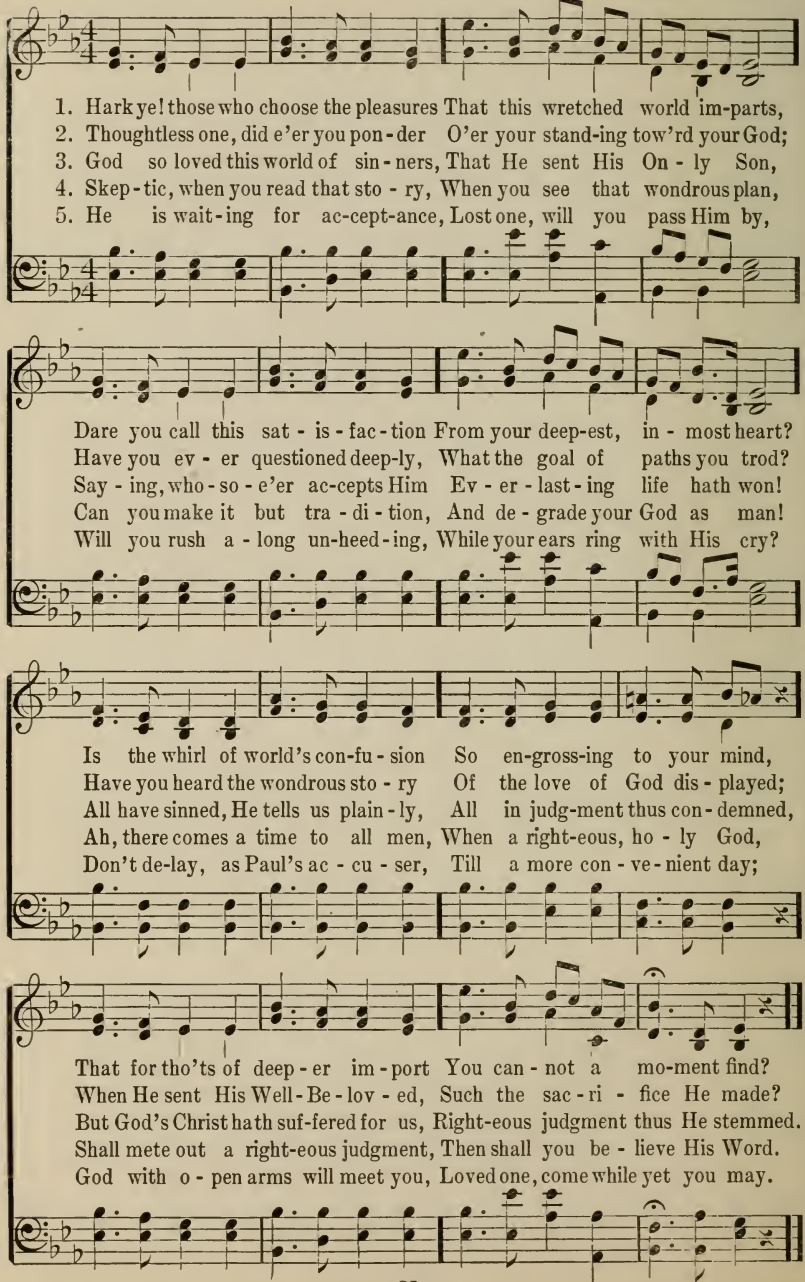
Mrs. J. A. TRENCH.


1. All the path the saints are tread-ing, Trod-den by the Son of God;
2. Now come forth in res-ur-rec-tion, Pass-ing on-ward to the throne,
3. Now He prais-es in th' as-sem-bly, Now the sor-row all is passed;
4. Join the sing-ing that He lead-eth, Loud to God our voi-ces raise;
5. It is fin-ished! it is fin-ished! Who can tell re-demp-tion's worth?
All the sor-rows they are feel-ing, Felt by Him up-on the road:
Hav-ing suf-fered all the judg-ment, Borne the storm of wrath a-lone;
His the ear-nest of our por-tion, We must reach the goal at last.
Ev-'ry step that we have trod-den Is a tri-umph of His grace:
He who knows it leads the sing-ing,—Full the joy, as fierce the wrath.
agitato.
All the dark-ness and the sor-row From a-round and from with-in,
He is a-ble thus to suc-cor Those who tread the des-ert sand,
Yes, He prais-es! grace re-count-ing All the path al-read-y trod,—
Whether joy, or wheth-er tri-al, All can on-ly work for good,
Ta-ken up in res-ur-rec-tion, Des-ert ways re-hearsed a-bove,
All the joy and all the tri-umph, He passed thro' a-part from sin.
Pressing on to res-ur-rec-tion, Where He sits at God's right hand.
We as-so-ci-a-ted with Him—God, our Fa-ther and our God.
For He heal-eth all— who loves us, And hath bought us with His blood.
Tell the pow'r of God's sal-va-tion, And His nev-er-fail-ing love.

80 Hark Ye! Those Who Choose the Pleasures.

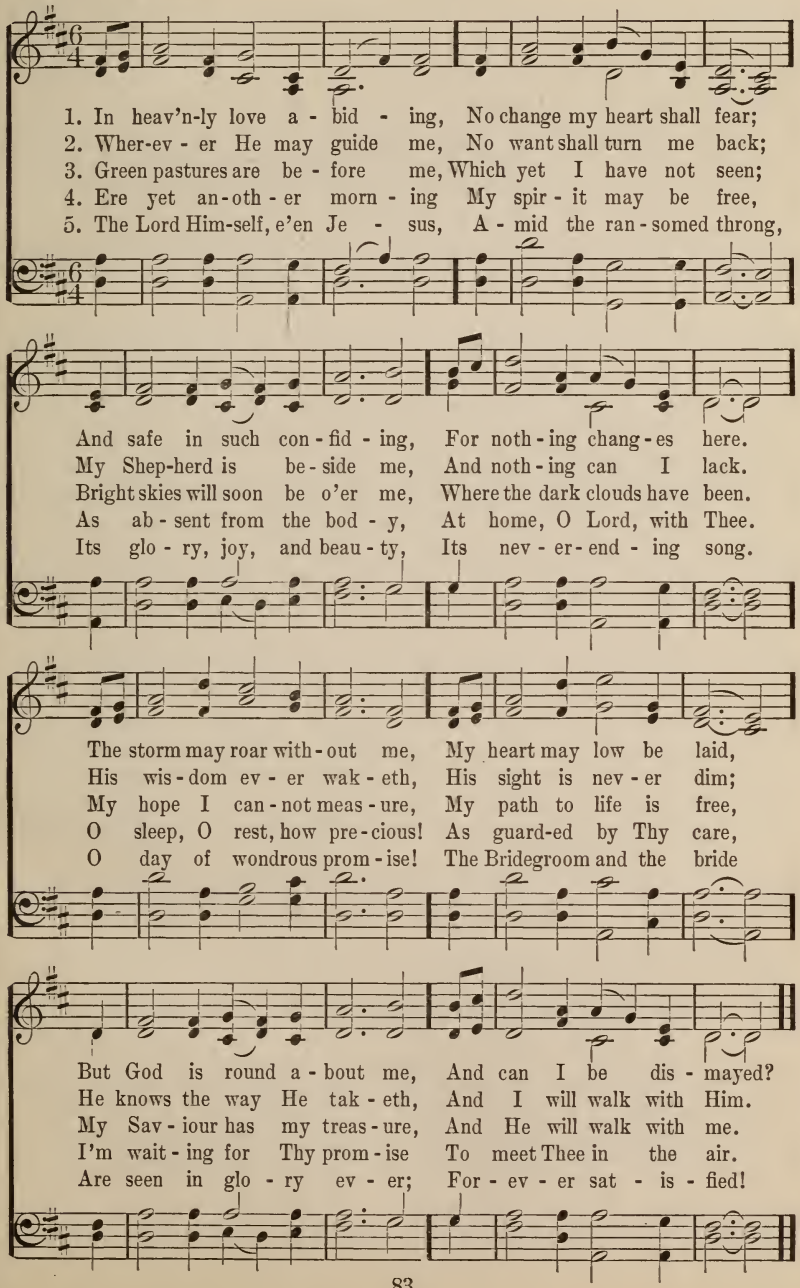
(Bayley. 8. 7. D.)

J. P. Holbrook. Arr.


1. Hark ye! those who choose the pleasures That this wretched world im-parts,
2. Thoughtless one, did e'er you pon-der O'er your stand-ing tow'rd your God;
3. God so loved this world of sin-ners, That He sent His On-ly Son,
4. Skep-tic, when you read that sto-ry, When you see that wondrous plan,
5. He is wait-ing for ac-cept-ance, Lost one, will you pass Him by,
Dare you call this sat-is-fac-tion From your deep-est, in-most heart?
Have you ev-er questioned deep-ly, What the goal of paths you trod?
Say-ing, who-so-e'er ac-cepts Him Ev-er-last-ing life hath won!
Can you make it but tra-di-tion, And de-grade your God as man!
Will you rush a-long un-heed-ing, While your ears ring with His cry?
Is the whirl of world's con-fu-sion So en-gross-ing to your mind,
Have you heard the wondrous sto-ry Of the love of God dis-played;
All have sinned, He tells us plain-ly, All in judg-ment thus con-demned,
Ah, there comes a time to all men, When a right-eous, ho-ly God,
Don't de-lay, as Paul's ac-cu-ser, Till a more con-ve-nient day;
That for tho'ts of deep-er im-port You can-not a mo-ment find?
When He sent His Well-Be-lov-ed, Such the sac-ri-fice He made?
But God's Christ hath suf-fered for us, Right-eous judgment thus He stemmed.
Shall mete out a right-eous judgment, Then shall you be-lieve His Word.
God with o-pen arms will meet you, Loved one, come while yet you may.

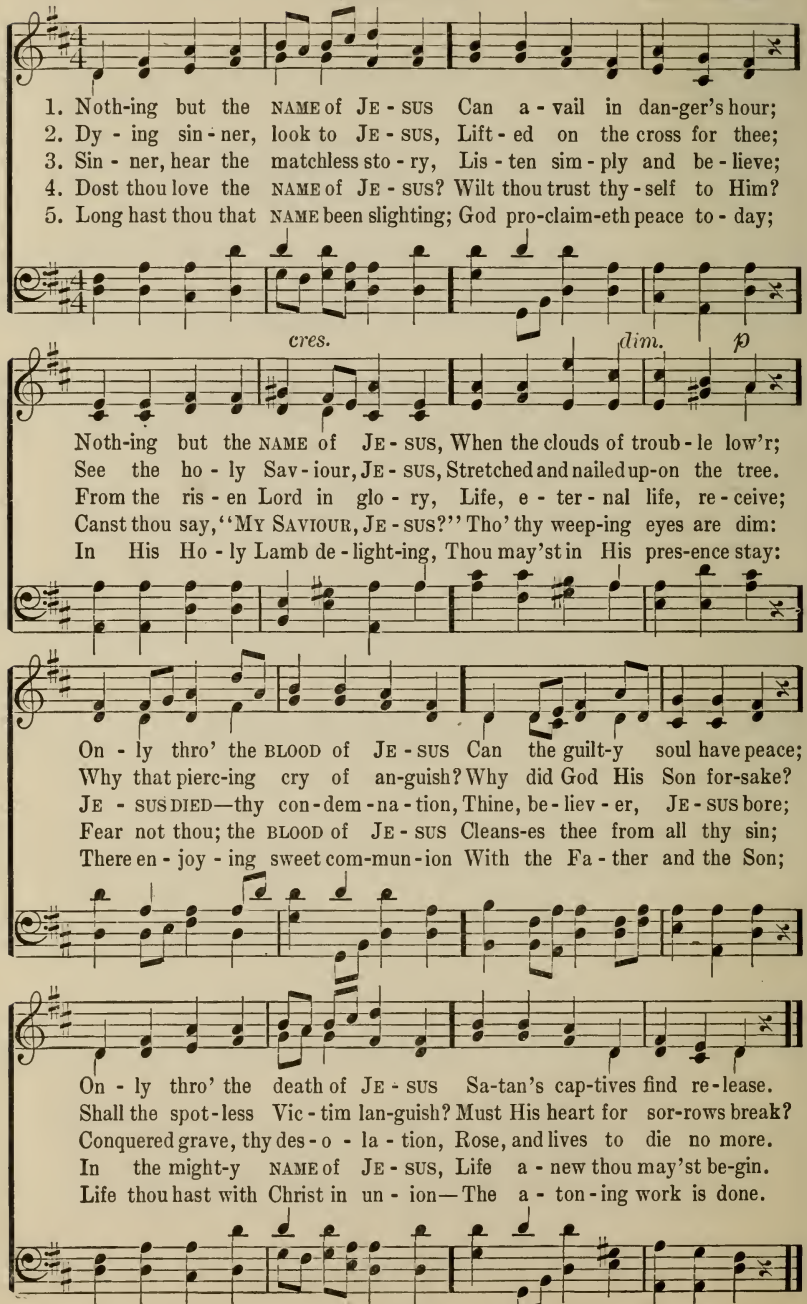
81 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

(Confidence. 7. 6. D.)

Miss A. L. Waring.

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
2. Wher-ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;
4. Ere yet an-oth - er morn - ing My spir - it may be free,
5. The Lord Him-self, e'en Je - sus, A - mid the ran - somed throng,
And safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
My Shep-herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been.
As ab - sent from the bod - y, At home, O Lord, with Thee.
Its glo - ry, joy, and beau - ty, Its nev - er - end - ing song.
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free,
O sleep, O rest, how pre - cious! As guard-ed by Thy care,
O day of wondrous prom - ise! The Bridegroom and the bride
But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.
I'm wait - ing for Thy prom - ise To meet Thee in the air.
Are seen in glo - ry ev - er; For - ev - er sat - is - fied!

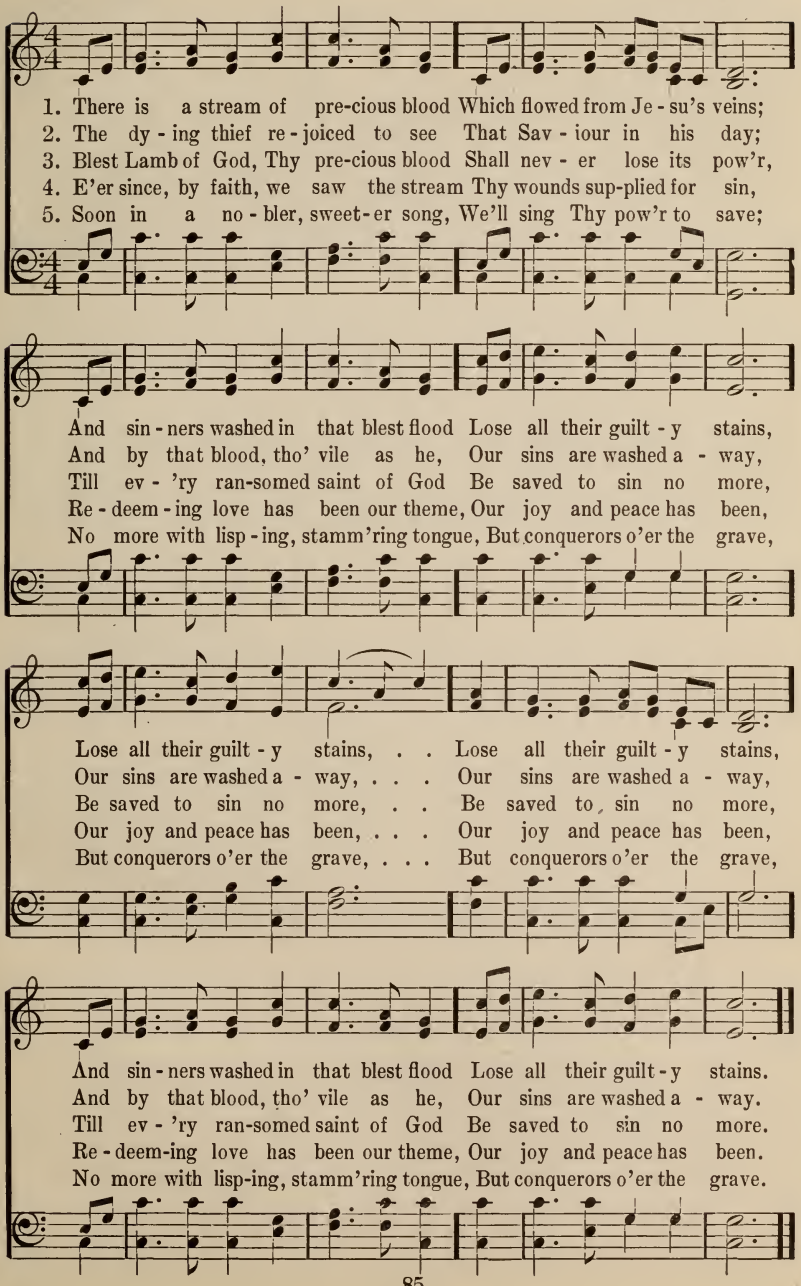
82 Nothing But the Name of Jesus.

(Thorens. 8. 7.) Miss THORENS.

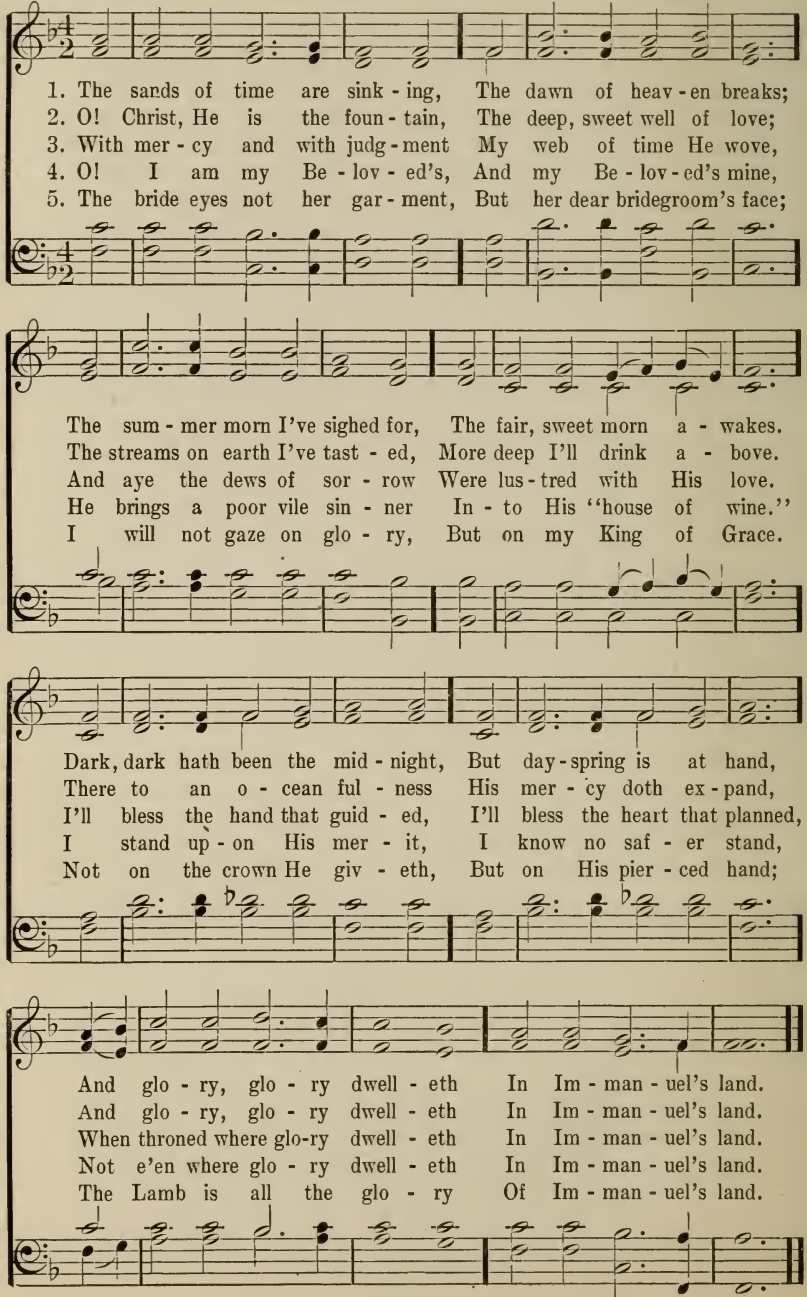

1. Noth-ing but the NAME of JE - SUS Can a - vail in dan-ger's hour;
2. Dy - ing sin - ner, look to JE - SUS, Lift - ed on the cross for thee;
3. Sin - ner, hear the matchless sto - ry, Lis - ten sim - ply and be - lieve;
4. Dost thou love the NAME of JE - SUS? Wilt thou trust thy - self to Him?
5. Long hast thou that NAME been slighting; God pro-claim-eth peace to - day;
cres.
dim.
p
Noth-ing but the NAME of JE - SUS, When the clouds of troub - le low'r;
See the ho - ly Sav - iour, JE - SUS, Stretched and nailed up-on the tree.
From the ris - en Lord in glo - ry, Life, e - ter - nal life, re - ceive;
Canst thou say, "MY SAVIOUR, JE - SUS?" Tho' thy weep-ing eyes are dim:
In His Ho - ly Lamb de - light-ing, Thou may'st in His pres-ence stay:
On - ly thro' the BLOOD of JE - SUS Can the guilt-y soul have peace;
Why that pierc-ing cry of an-guish? Why did God His Son for-sake?
JE - SUS DIED—thy con-dem - na - tion, Thine, be - liev - er, JE - SUS bore;
Fear not thou; the BLOOD of JE - SUS Cleans-es thee from all thy sin;
There en - joy - ing sweet com-mun - ion With the Fa - ther and the Son;
On - ly thro' the death of JE - SUS Sa-tan's cap-tives find re - lease.
Shall the spot - less Vic - tim lan-guish? Must His heart for sor-rows break?
Conquered grave, thy des - o - la - tion, Rose, and lives to die no more.
In the might-y NAME of JE - SUS, Life a - new thou may'st be-gin.
Life thou hast with Christ in un - ion—The a - ton - ing work is done.

83 There Is a Stream of Precious Blood.

(Gowper. G. M.)

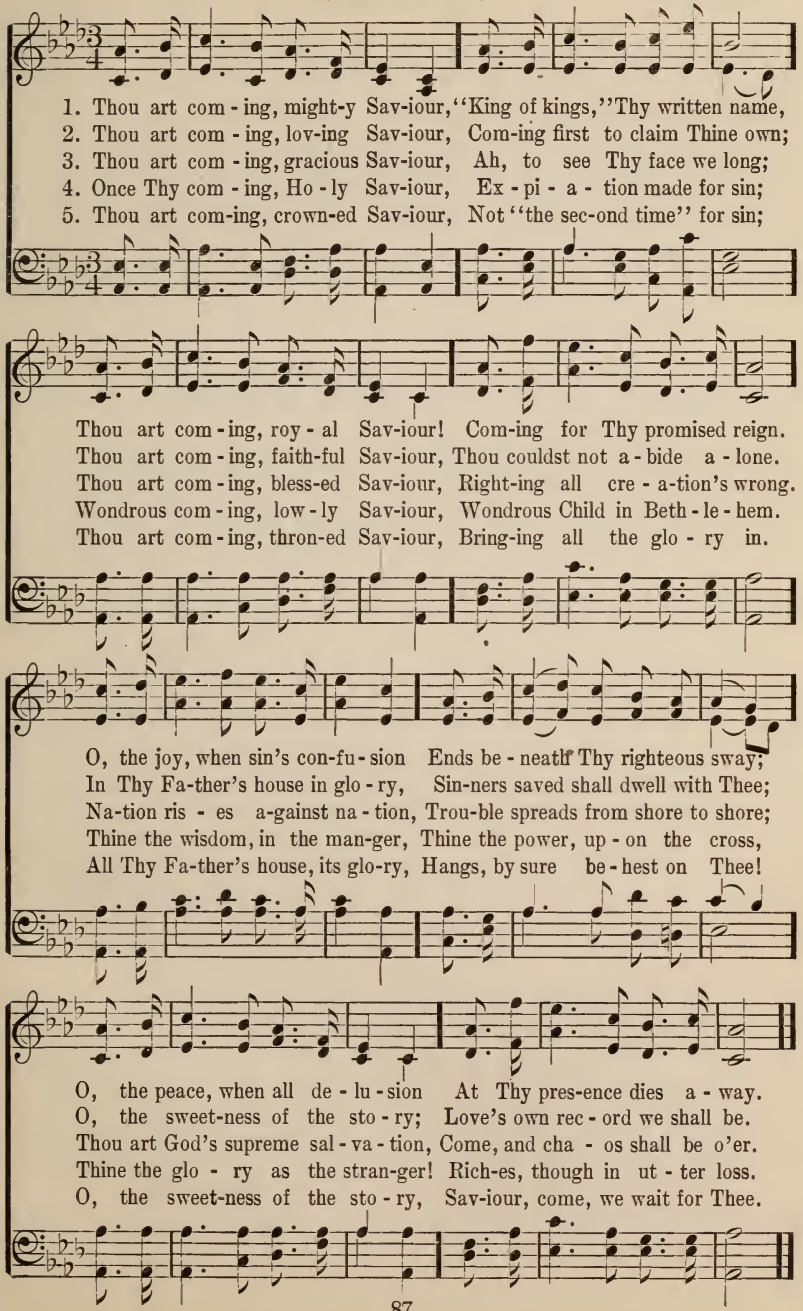
Wm. Cowper. Dr. Lowell Mason.

1. There is a stream of pre-cious blood Which flowed from Je - su's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That Sav - iour in his day;
3. Blest Lamb of God, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, we saw the stream Thy wounds sup-plied for sin,
5. Soon in a no - bler, sweet-er song, We'll sing Thy pow'r to save;
And sin - ners washed in that blest flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,
And by that blood, tho' vile as he, Our sins are washed a - way,
Till ev - 'ry ran-somed saint of God Be saved to sin no more,
Re - deem - ing love has been our theme, Our joy and peace has been,
No more with lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue, But conquerors o'er the grave,
Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . Lose all their guilt - y stains,
Our sins are washed a - way, . . . Our sins are washed a - way,
Be saved to sin no more, . . Be saved to sin no more,
Our joy and peace has been, . . . Our joy and peace has been,
But conquerors o'er the grave, . . . But conquerors o'er the grave,
And sin - ners washed in that blest flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And by that blood, tho' vile as he, Our sins are washed a - way.
Till ev - 'ry ran-somed saint of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re - deem-ing love has been our theme, Our joy and peace has been.
No more with lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue, But conquerors o'er the grave.

84 The Sands of Time Are Sinking.

Mrs. Cousins. (Rutherford. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.) Chretien Urhan.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. O! Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love;
3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
4. O! I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine,
5. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bridegroom's face;
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
And aye the dews of sor - row Were lus - tred with His love.
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."
I will not gaze on glo - ry, But on my King of Grace.
Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no saf - er stand,
Not on the crown He giv - eth, But on His pier - ced hand;
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
When throned where glo-ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

85 Thou Art Coming, Mighty Saviour.

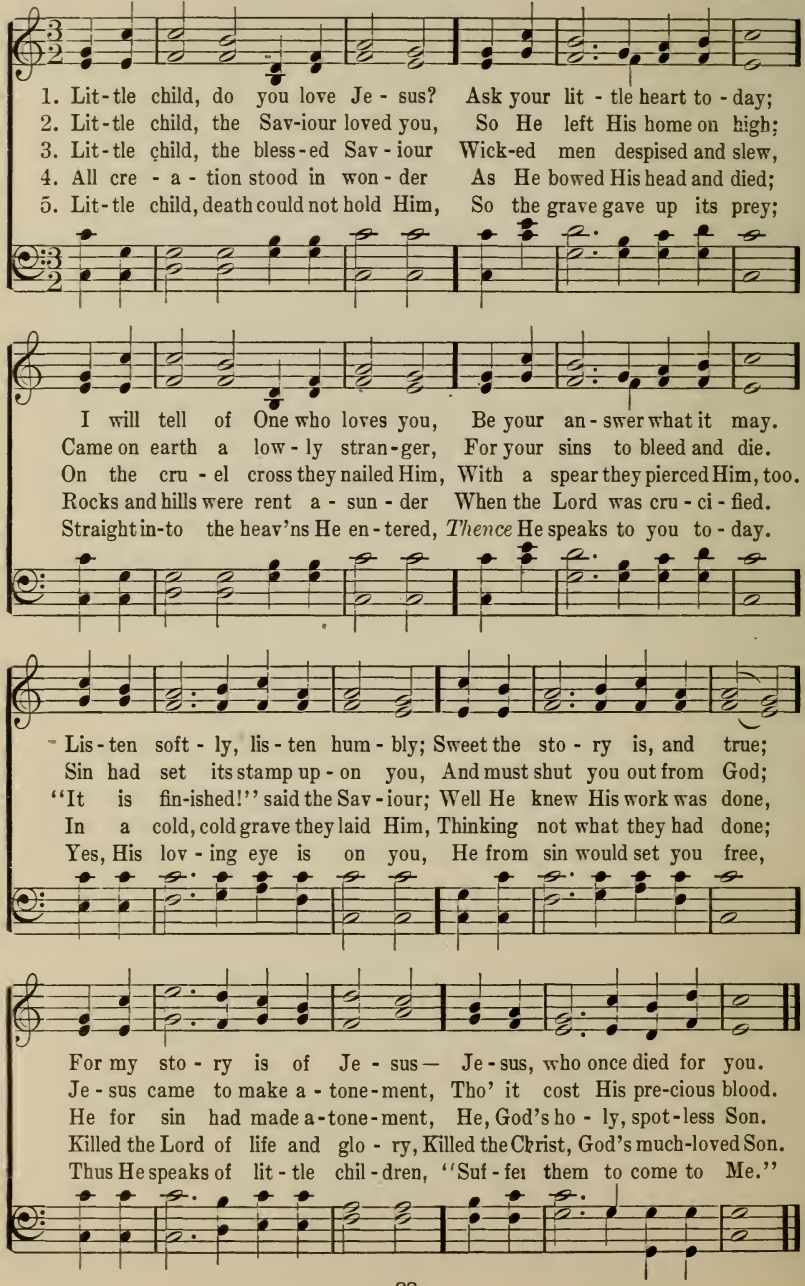
(Autumn. 8. 7. D.) F. H. Barthelemon.


1. Thou art com - ing, might-y Sav-iour, "King of kings," Thy written name,
2. Thou art com - ing, lov-ing Sav-iour, Com-ing first to claim Thine own;
3. Thou art com - ing, gracious Sav-iour, Ah, to see Thy face we long;
4. Once Thy com - ing, Ho - ly Sav-iour, Ex - pi - a - tion made for sin;
5. Thou art com-ing, crown-ed Sav-iour, Not "the sec-ond time" for sin;
Thou art com - ing, roy - al Sav-iour! Com-ing for Thy promised reign.
Thou art com - ing, faith-ful Sav-iour, Thou couldst not a - bide a - lone.
Thou art com - ing, bless-ed Sav-iour, Right-ing all cre - a-tion's wrong.
Wondrous com - ing, low - ly Sav-iour, Wondrous Child in Beth - le - hem.
Thou art com - ing, thron-ed Sav-iour, Bring-ing all the glo - ry in.
O, the joy, when sin's con-fu - sion Ends be - neath Thy righteous sway;
In Thy Fa-ther's house in glo - ry, Sin-ners saved shall dwell with Thee;
Na-tion ris - es a-gainst na - tion, Trou-ble spreads from shore to shore;
Thine the wisdom, in the man-ger, Thine the power, up - on the cross,
All Thy Fa-ther's house, its glo-ry, Hangs, by sure be - hest on Thee!
O, the peace, when all de - lu - sion At Thy pres-ence dies a - way.
O, the sweet-ness of the sto - ry; Love's own rec - ord we shall be.
Thou art God's supreme sal - va - tion, Come, and cha - os shall be o'er.
Thine the glo - ry as the stran-ger! Rich-es, though in ut - ter loss.
O, the sweet-ness of the sto - ry, Sav-iour, come, we wait for Thee.

86 Little Child, Do You Love Jesus?

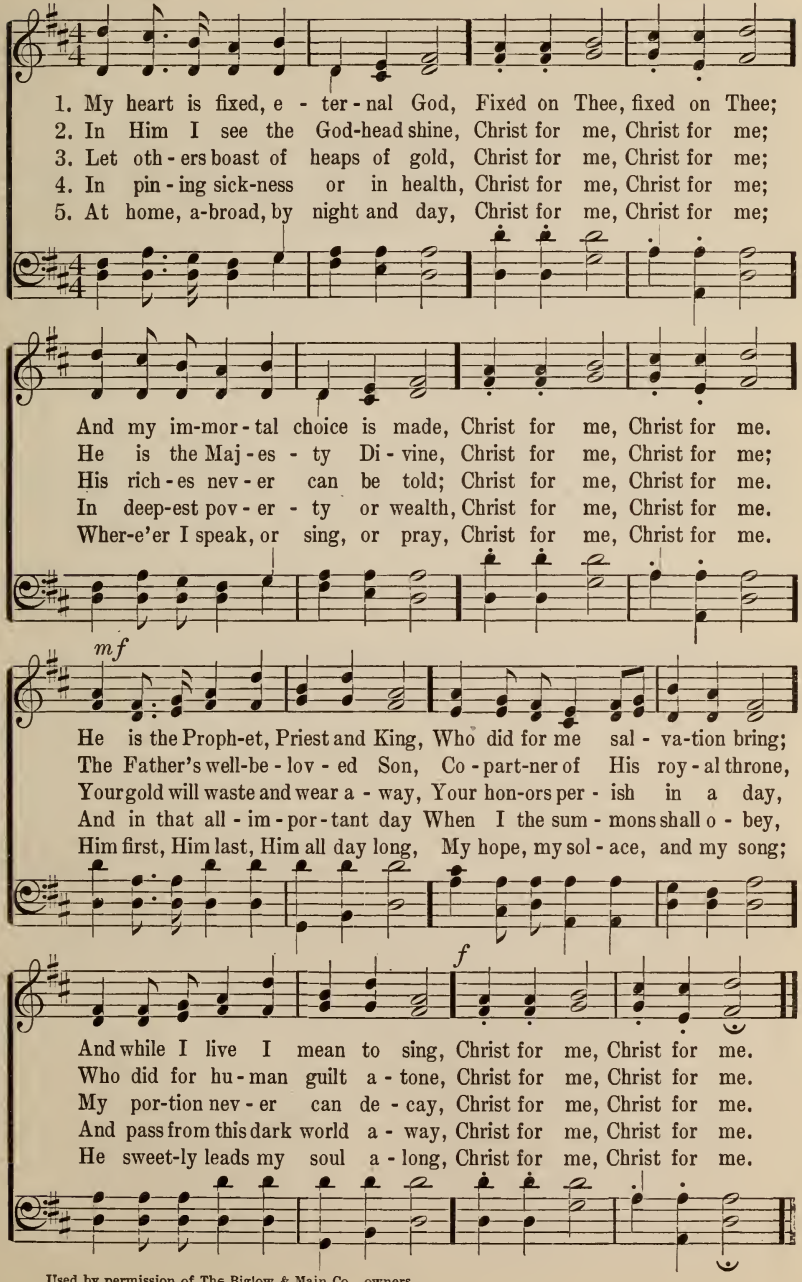
(Humility. 8. 7. D.)

German.


1. Lit-tle child, do you love Je-sus? Ask your lit-tle heart to-day;
2. Lit-tle child, the Sav-iour loved you, So He left His home on high;
3. Lit-tle child, the bless-ed Sav-iour Wick-ed men despised and slew,
4. All cre-a-tion stood in won-der As He bowed His head and died;
5. Lit-tle child, death could not hold Him, So the grave gave up its prey;
I will tell of One who loves you, Be your an-swer what it may.
Came on earth a low-ly stran-ger, For your sins to bleed and die.
On the cru-el cross they nailed Him, With a spear they pierced Him, too.
Rocks and hills were rent a-sun-der When the Lord was cru-ci-fied.
Straight in-to the heav'ns He en-tered, *Thence* He speaks to you to-day.
Lis-ten soft-ly, lis-ten hum-bly; Sweet the sto-ry is, and true;
Sin had set its stamp up-on you, And must shut you out from God;
"It is fin-ished!" said the Sav-iour; Well He knew His work was done,
In a cold, cold grave they laid Him, Thinking not what they had done;
Yes, His lov-ing eye is on you, He from sin would set you free,
For my sto-ry is of Je-sus— Je-sus, who once died for you.
Je-sus came to make a-tone-ment, Tho' it cost His pre-cious blood.
He for sin had made a-tone-ment, He, God's ho-ly, spot-less Son.
Killed the Lord of life and glo-ry, Killed the Christ, God's much-loved Son.
Thus He speaks of lit-tle chil-dren, "Suf-fer them to come to Me."

87 My heart is fixed, Eternal God.

Moderato—bold. (Christ For Me. 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. 8. 6.) R. Geo. Halls.


1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fixed on Thee, fixed on Thee;
2. In Him I see the God-head shine, Christ for me, Christ for me;
3. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me, Christ for me;
4. In pin - ing sick-ness or in health, Christ for me, Christ for me;
5. At home, a-broad, by night and day, Christ for me, Christ for me;
And my im-mor - tal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me.
He is the Maj - es - ty Di - vine, Christ for me, Christ for me;
His rich - es nev - er can be told; Christ for me, Christ for me.
In deep-est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me, Christ for me.
Wher-e'er I speak, or sing, or pray, Christ for me, Christ for me.
mf
He is the Proph-et, Priest and King, Who did for me sal - va-tion bring;
The Father's well-be - lov - ed Son, Co - part-ner of His roy - al throne,
Your gold will waste and wear a - way, Your hon-ors per - ish in a day,
And in that all - im - por - tant day When I the sum - mons shall o - bey,
Him first, Him last, Him all day long, My hope, my sol - ace, and my song;
f
And while I live I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me.
Who did for hu - man guilt a - tone, Christ for me, Christ for me.
My por-tion nev - er can de - cay, Christ for me, Christ for me.
And pass from this dark world a - way, Christ for me, Christ for me.
He sweet-ly leads my soul a - long, Christ for me, Christ for me.

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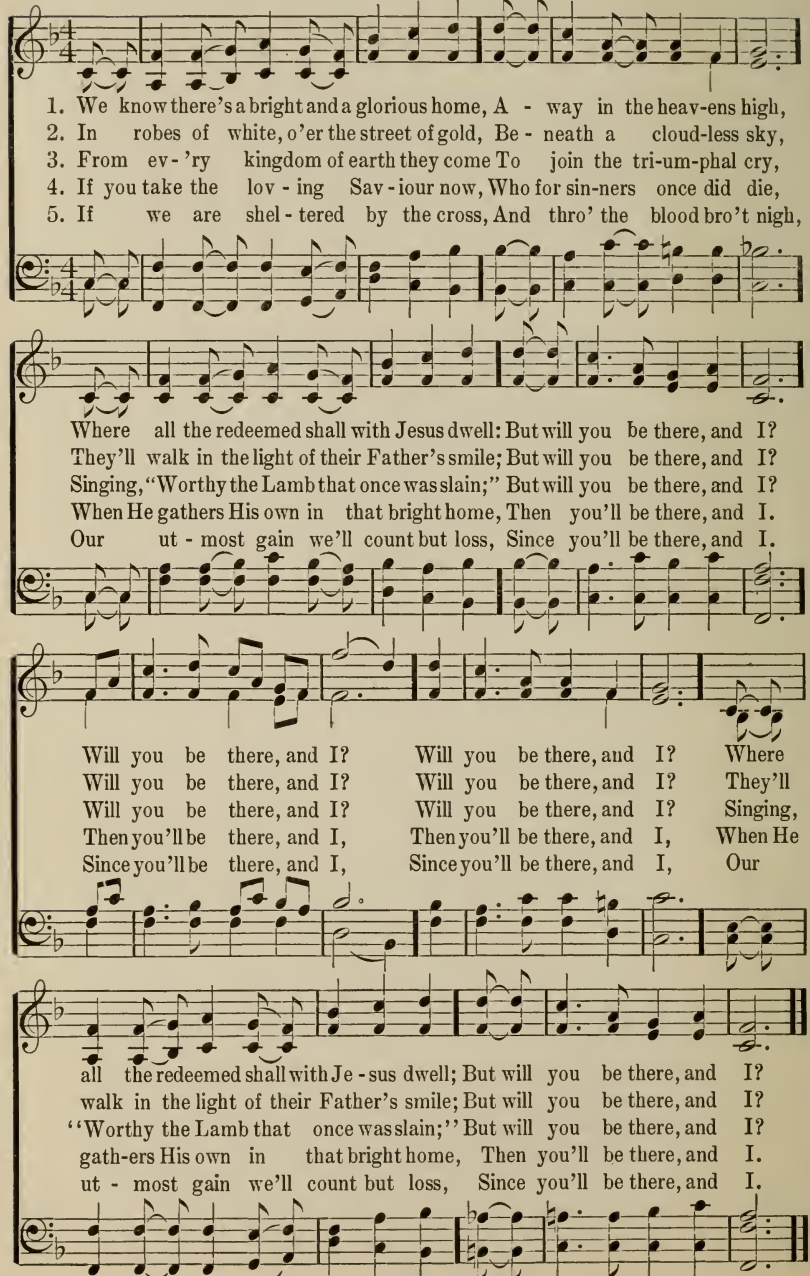
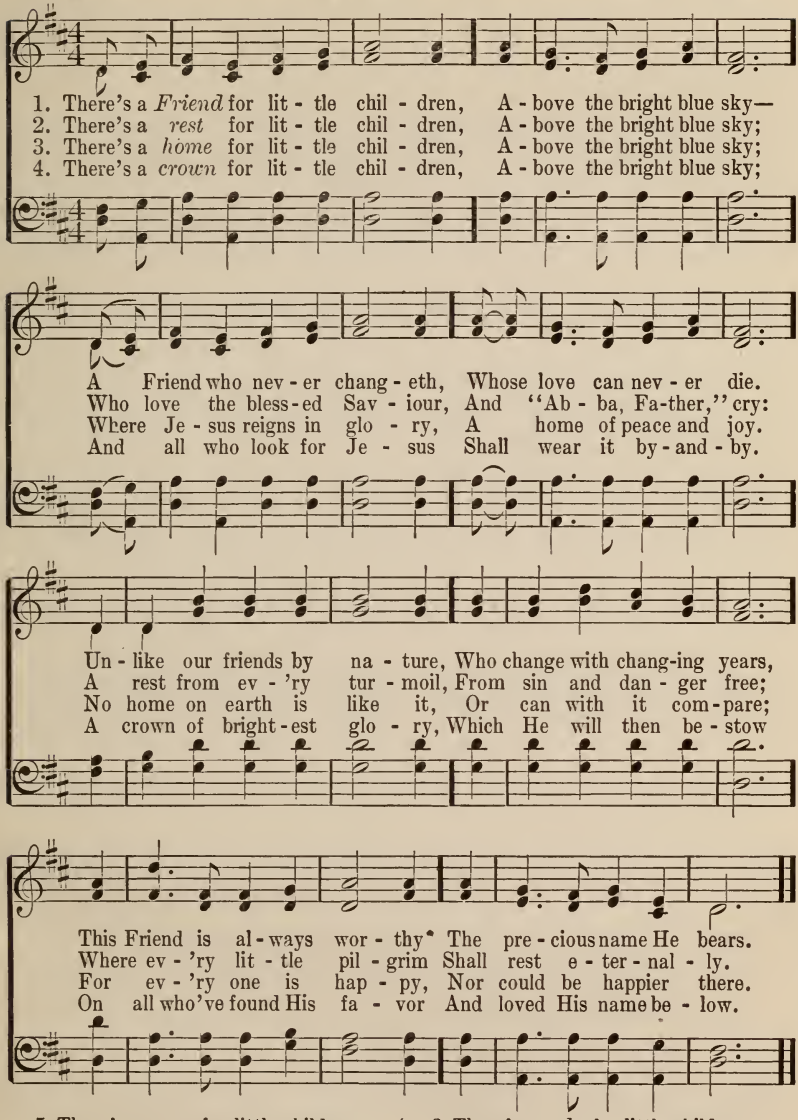
88 We Know There's a Bright and a Glorious Home.

(P. M.)

1. We know there's a bright and a glorious home, A - way in the heav-ens high,
2. In robes of white, o'er the street of gold, Be - neath a cloud-less sky,
3. From ev - 'ry kingdom of earth they come To join the tri-um-phal cry,
4. If you take the lov - ing Sav - iour now, Who for sin-ners once did die,
5. If we are shel - tered by the cross, And thro' the blood bro't nigh,
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell: But will you be there, and I?
They'll walk in the light of their Father's smile; But will you be there, and I?
Singing, "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain;" But will you be there, and I?
When He gathers His own in that bright home, Then you'll be there, and I.
Our ut - most gain we'll count but loss, Since you'll be there, and I.
Will you be there, and I? Will you be there, and I? Where
Will you be there, and I? Will you be there, and I? They'll
Will you be there, and I? Will you be there, and I? Singing,
Then you'll be there, and I, Then you'll be there, and I, When He
Since you'll be there, and I, Since you'll be there, and I, Our
all the redeemed shall with Je - sus dwell; But will you be there, and I?
walk in the light of their Father's smile; But will you be there, and I?
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain;" But will you be there, and I?
gath-ers His own in that bright home, Then you'll be there, and I.
ut - most gain we'll count but loss, Since you'll be there, and I.

89 There's a Friend For Little Children.

A. MIDLANE. (Watcher. 7. 6. D.) EDWARD L. WHITE.

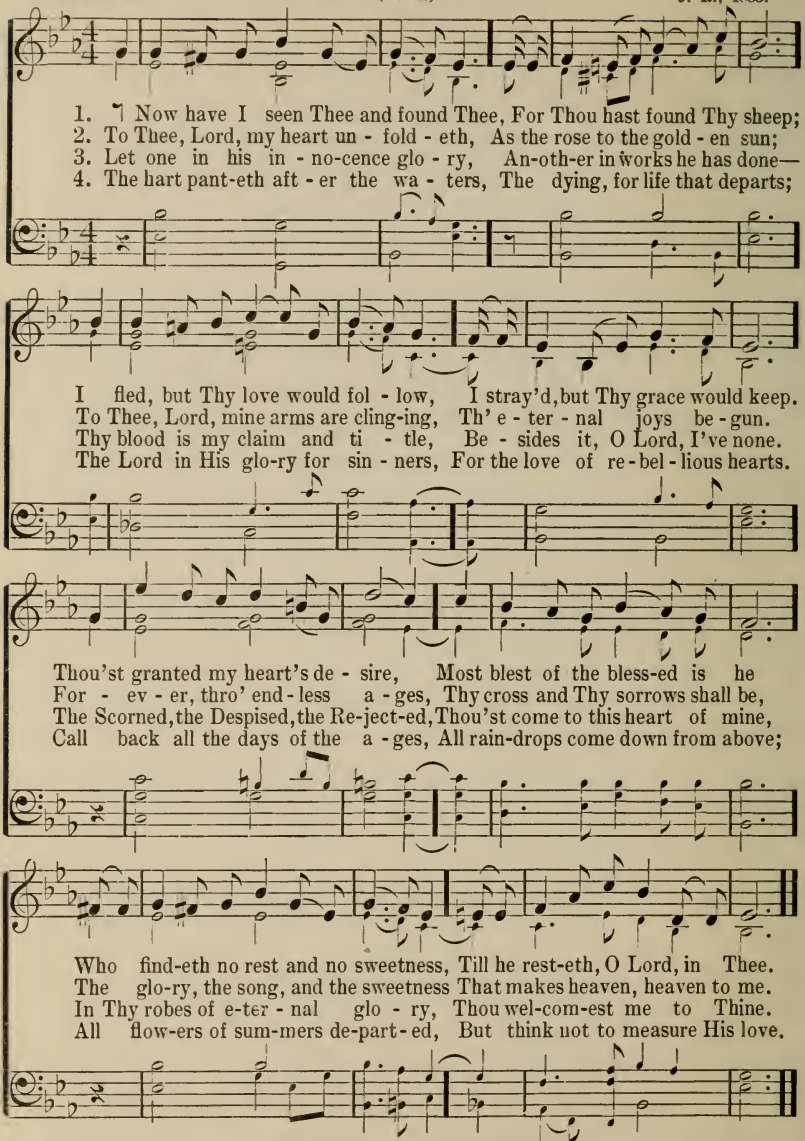

1. There's a *Friend* for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky—
2. There's a *rest* for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky;
3. There's a *home* for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky;
4. There's a *crown* for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky;
A Friend who nev - er chang - eth, Whose love can nev - er die.
Who love the bless - ed Sav - iour, And "Ab - ba, Fa-ther," cry:
Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy.
And all who look for Je - sus Shall wear it by - and - by.
Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang-ing years,
A rest from ev - 'ry tur - moil, From sin and dan - ger free;
No home on earth is like it, Or can with it com - pare;
A crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which He will then be - stow
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The pre - cious name He bears.
Where ev - 'ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor could be happier there.
On all who've found His fa - vor And loved His name be - low.

5 There's a *song* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky—
A song that will not weary,
Though sung eternally;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as *Saviour*,
But worship Him as *King*.

6 There's a *robe* for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;
And a *harp* of sweetest music,
And a *palm* of victory;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
O, come, dear little children,
That all may be your own.

A Praise Song.

HENRY SUSO. (P. M.) J. R., 1885.

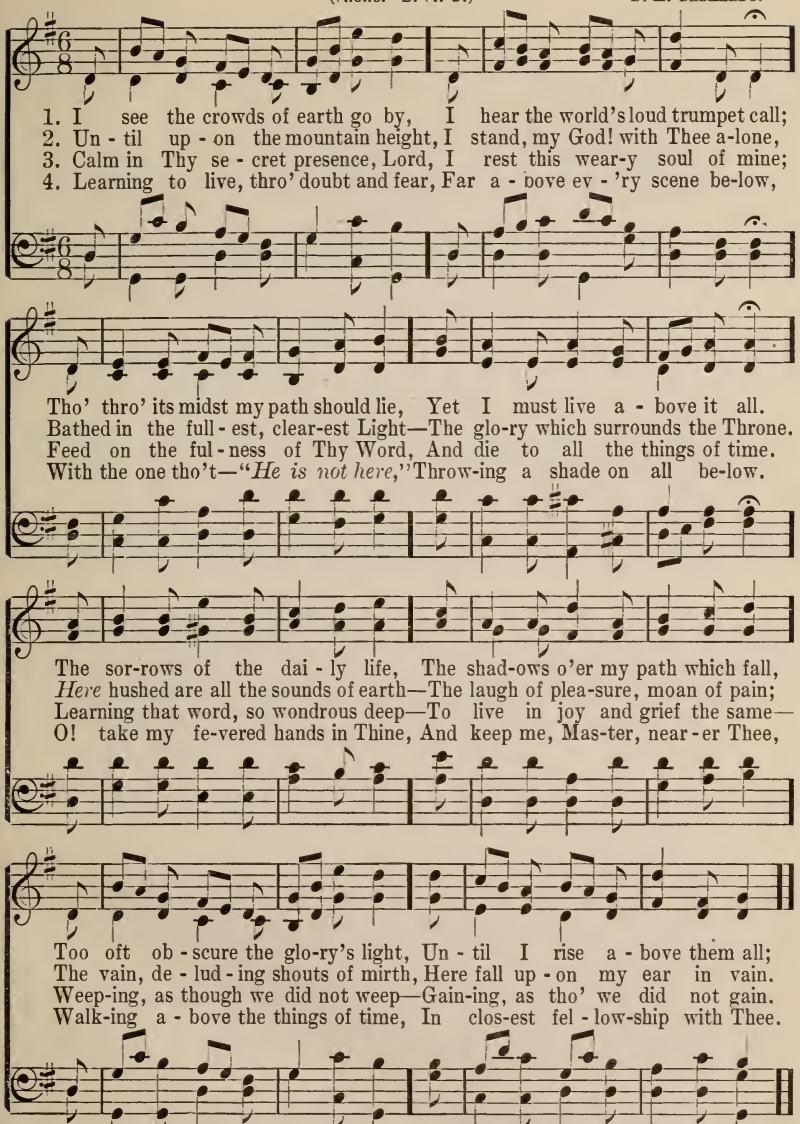

1. Now have I seen Thee and found Thee, For Thou hast found Thy sheep;
2. To Thee, Lord, my heart un - fold - eth, As the rose to the gold - en sun;
3. Let one in his in - no-cence glo - ry, An-oth-er in works he has done—
4. The hart pant-eth aft - er the wa - ters, The dying, for life that departs;
I fled, but Thy love would fol - low, I stray'd, but Thy grace would keep.
To Thee, Lord, mine arms are cling-ing, Th' e - ter - nal joys be - gun.
Thy blood is my claim and ti - tle, Be - sides it, O Lord, I've none.
The Lord in His glo-ry for sin - ners, For the love of re - bel - lious hearts.
Thou'st granted my heart's de - sire, Most blest of the bless-ed is he
For - ev - er, thro' end - less a - ges, Thy cross and Thy sorrows shall be,
The Scorned, the Despised, the Re-ject-ed, Thou'st come to this heart of mine,
Call back all the days of the a - ges, All rain-drops come down from above;
Who find-eth no rest and no sweetness, Till he rest-eth, O Lord, in Thee.
The glo-ry, the song, and the sweetness That makes heaven, heaven to me.
In Thy robes of e-ter - nal glo - ry, Thou wel-com-est me to Thine.
All flow-ers of sum-mers de-part - ed, But think not to measure His love.

5 Behold Him, O soul, where He told it,
Pale, bleeding, and bearing thy sin;
He, knocking, said, "Open, beloved,
I pray thee to let Me come in!
Behold, I have borne all the judgment,
Thy sins, O beloved, are gone;
Forgotten, forgotten forever,
If sought for, God findeth not one.

6 "Behold, with what labor I won thee,
Behold in My hands and My feet,
The tale of My measureless sorrow—
Of love that made sorrow so sweet.
A flax-thread in oceans of fire
How soon swallowed up would it be;
Yet sooner in oceans of mercy,
THE SINNER THAT COMETH TO ME."

91 I See the Crowds of Earth Go By.

(Alone. L. M. D.) B. H. GEBHARDT.

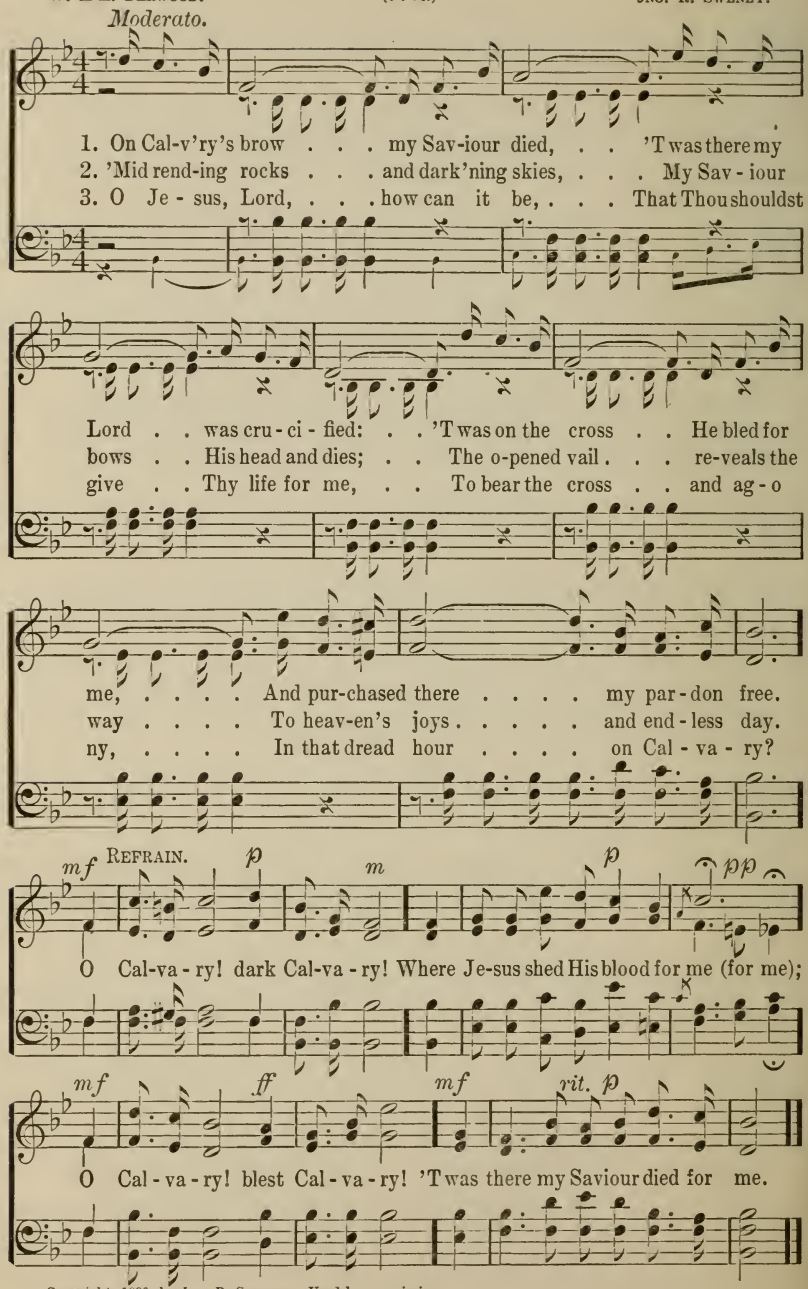

1. I see the crowds of earth go by, I hear the world's loud trumpet call;
2. Un - til up - on the mountain height, I stand, my God! with Thee a-lone,
3. Calm in Thy se - cret presence, Lord, I rest this wear-y soul of mine;
4. Learning to live, thro' doubt and fear, Far a - bove ev - 'ry scene be-low,
Tho' thro' its midst my path should lie, Yet I must live a - bove it all.
Bathed in the full - est, clear-est Light—The glo-ry which surrounds the Throne.
Feed on the ful - ness of Thy Word, And die to all the things of time.
With the one tho't—"*He is not here,*" Throw-ing a shade on all be-low.
The sor-rows of the dai - ly life, The shad-ows o'er my path which fall,
Here hushed are all the sounds of earth—The laugh of plea-sure, moan of pain;
Learning that word, so wondrous deep—To live in joy and grief the same—
O! take my fe-vered hands in Thine, And keep me, Mas-ter, near - er Thee,
Too oft ob - scure the glo-ry's light, Un - til I rise a - bove them all;
The vain, de - lud - ing shouts of mirth, Here fall up - on my ear in vain.
Weep-ing, as though we did not weep—Gain-ing, as tho' we did not gain.
Walk-ing a - bove the things of time, In clos-est fel - low-ship with Thee.

5 With Thee, above the clouds and gloom
That shade and dim this lower life;
Walking with Thee—with Thee alone—
Above the storm, above the strife.
The child of God *must* walk alone,
If he would live and walk with Thee;
And only to such hearts are known
The joys of Thy blest company.

6 Along with Thee, O Master! where
The light of *earthly* glory dies;
Misunderstood by all, I dare
To do what *Thine* own heart will prize.
Such be my path through life down here—
One long, close, lonely walk with Thee;
Until, past every doubt and fear,
Thy face in light above I see.

Calvary.

W. M'K. Darwood. (P. M.) Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. On Cal-v'ry's brow . . . my Sav-iour died, . . 'T was there my
2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks . . . and dark'ning skies, . . . My Sav - iour
3. O Je - sus, Lord, . . . how can it be, . . . That Thou shouldst
Lord . . was cru - ci - fied: . . 'T was on the cross . . He bled for
bows . . His head and dies; . . The o-pened vail . . . re-veals the
give . . Thy life for me, . . To bear the cross . . and ag - o
me, ... And pur-chased there . . . . my par - don free.
way . . . . To heav-en's joys . . . . . and end - less day.
ny, ... In that dread hour . . . . on Cal - va - ry?
mf Refrain. p m p pp
O Cal-va - ry! dark Cal-va - ry! Where Je-sus shed His blood for me (for me);
mf ff mf rit. p
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'T was there my Saviour died for me.

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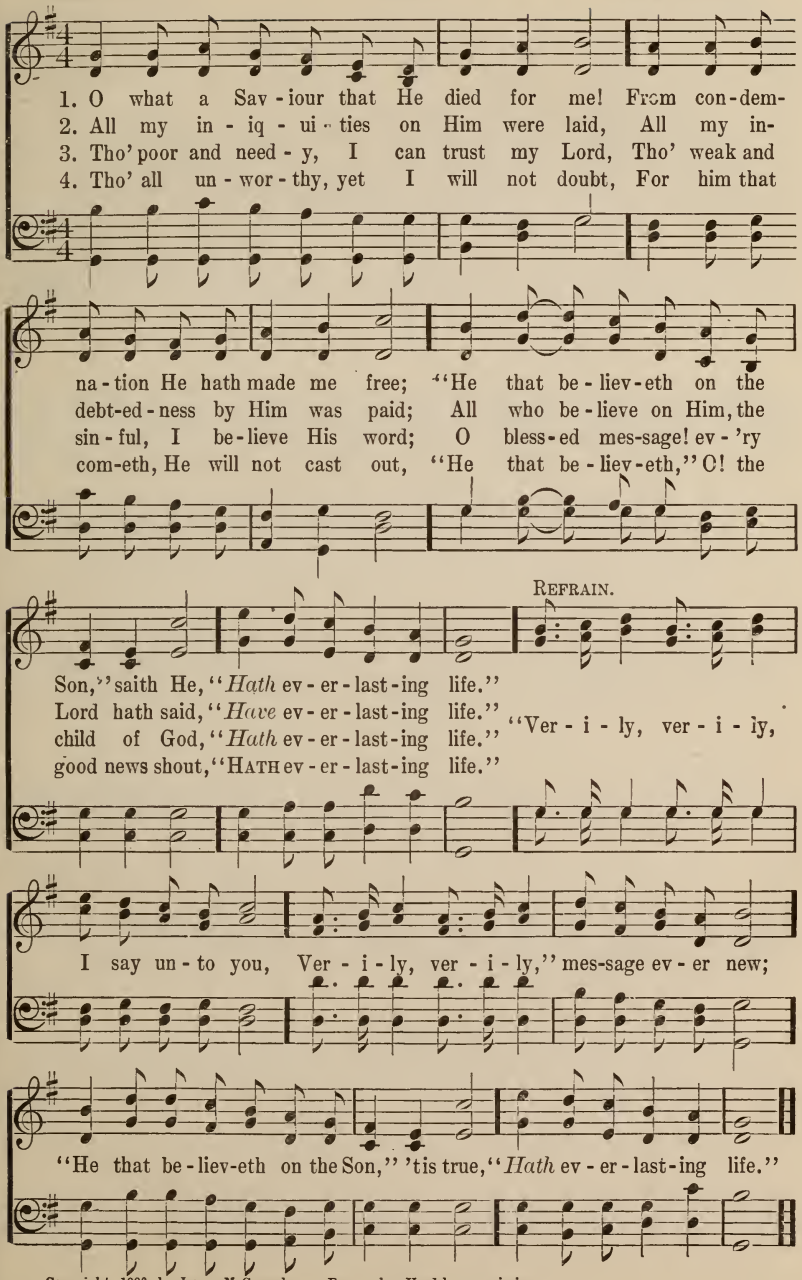
Verily, Verily.

JAMES McGRANAHAN. (P. M.) JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. O what a Sav - iour that He died for me! From con-dem-
2. All my in - iq - ui - ties on Him were laid, All my in-
3. Tho' poor and need - y, I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
4. Tho' all un - wor - thy, yet I will not doubt, For him that
na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the
debt-ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the
sin - ful, I be - lieve His word; O bless - ed mes-sage! ev - 'ry
com-eth, He will not cast out, "He that be - liev - eth," O! the
REFRAIN.
Son," saith He, "*Hath* ev - er - last - ing life."
Lord hath said, "*Have* ev - er - last - ing life."
child of God, "*Hath* ev - er - last - ing life."
good news shout, "HATH ev - er - last - ing life."
"Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,
I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly," mes-sage ev - er new;
"He that be - liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "*Hath* ev - er - last - ing life."

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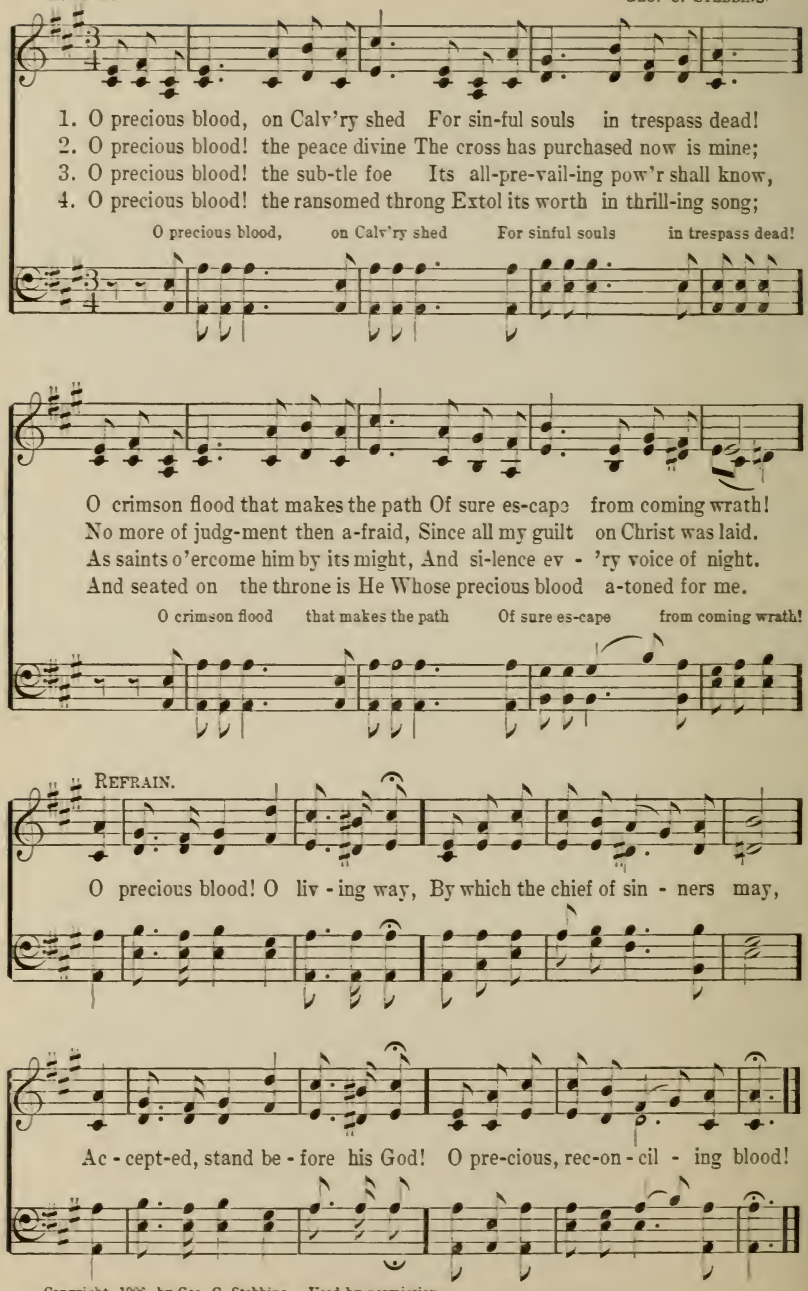
O Precious Blood.

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS


1. O precious blood, on Calv'ry shed For sin-ful souls in trespass dead!
2. O precious blood! the peace divine The cross has purchased now is mine;
3. O precious blood! the sub-tle foe Its all-pre-vail-ing pow'r shall know,
4. O precious blood! the ransomed throng Extol its worth in thrill-ing song;
O precious blood, on Calv'ry shed For sinful souls in trespass dead!
O crimson flood that makes the path Of sure es-cape from coming wrath!
No more of judg-ment then a-fraid, Since all my guilt on Christ was laid.
As saints o'ercome him by its might, And si-lence ev - 'ry voice of night.
And seated on the throne is He Whose precious blood a-toned for me.
O crimson flood that makes the path Of sure es-cape from coming wrath!
REFRAIN.
O precious blood! O liv - ing way, By which the chief of sin - ners may,
Ac - cept-ed, stand be - fore his God! O pre-cious, rec-on - cil - ing blood!

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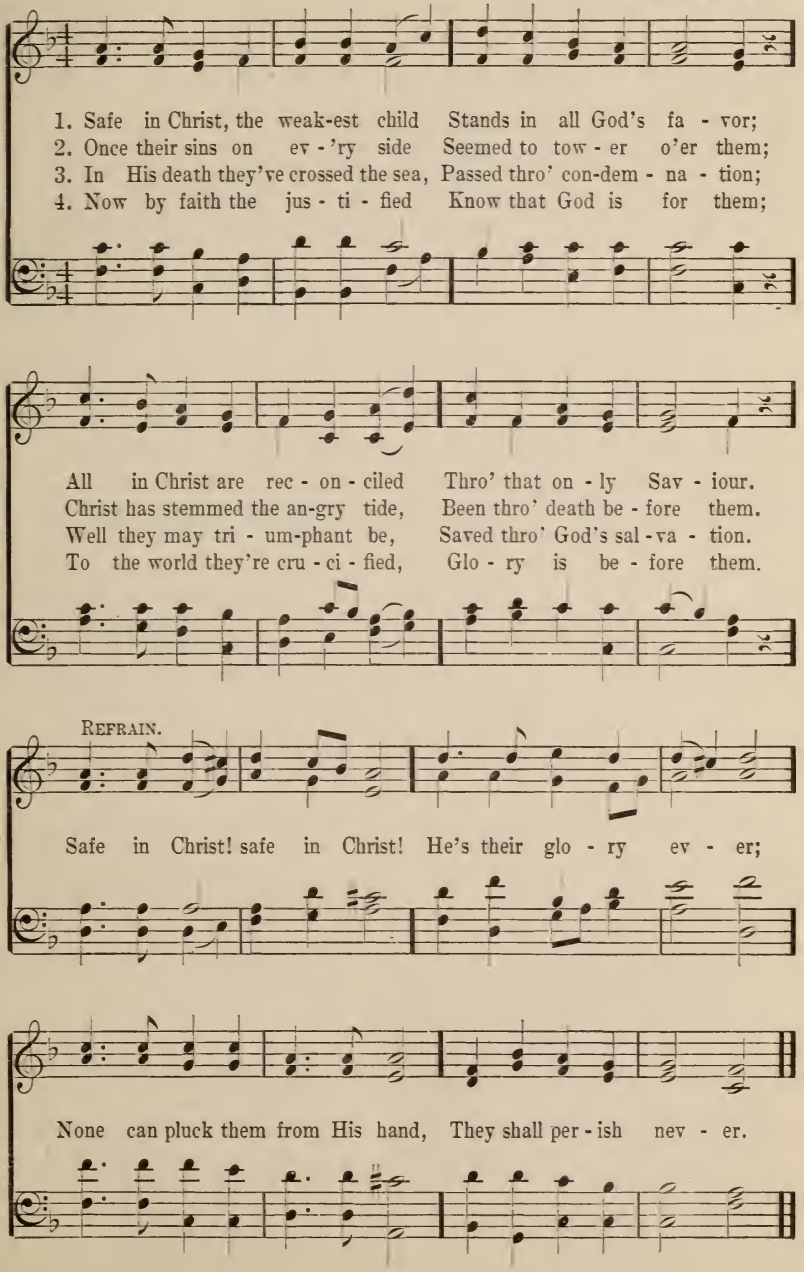
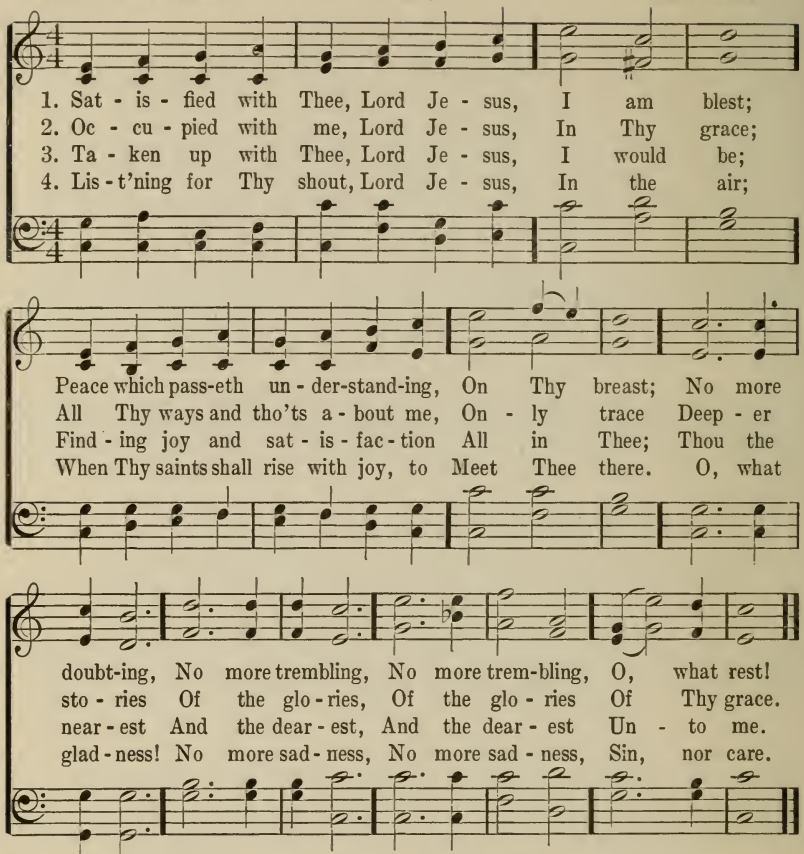
95 Safe in Christ, the Weakest Child.

(Faith. P. M.)

Dr. S. S. Wesley.


1. Safe in Christ, the weak-est child Stands in all God's fa - vor;
2. Once their sins on ev - 'ry side Seemed to tow - er o'er them;
3. In His death they've crossed the sea, Passed thro' con-dem - na - tion;
4. Now by faith the jus - ti - fied Know that God is for them;
All in Christ are rec - on - ciled Thro' that on - ly Sav - iour.
Christ has stemmed the an-gry tide, Been thro' death be - fore them.
Well they may tri - um-phant be, Saved thro' God's sal - va - tion.
To the world they're cru - ci - fied, Glo - ry is be - fore them.
Refrain.
Safe in Christ! safe in Christ! He's their glo - ry ev - er;
None can pluck them from His hand, They shall per - ish nev - er.

Satisfied With Thee.

Miss C. A. Wellesley. (P. M.) Mrs. E. Milne.

1. Sat - is - fied with Thee, Lord Je - sus, I am blest;
2. Oc - cu - pied with me, Lord Je - sus, In Thy grace;
3. Ta - ken up with Thee, Lord Je - sus, I would be;
4. Lis - t'ning for Thy shout, Lord Je - sus, In the air;
Peace which pass-eth un - der-stand-ing, On Thy breast; No more
All Thy ways and tho'ts a - bout me, On - ly trace Deep - er
Find - ing joy and sat - is - fac - tion All in Thee; Thou the
When Thy saints shall rise with joy, to Meet Thee there. O, what
doubt-ing, No more trembling, No more trem-bling, O, what rest!
sto - ries Of the glo - ries, Of the glo - ries Of Thy grace.
near - est And the dear - est, And the dear - est Un - to me.
glad - ness! No more sad - ness, No more sad - ness, Sin, nor care.

5 Longing for the Bride, Lord Jesus,
Of Thy heart;
To be with Thee in the glory,
Where Thou art.
Love so groundless,
Grace so boundless,
Grace so boundless
Wins my heart.

6 When Thy blood-bought church, Lord Jesus,
Is complete;
When each soul is safely landed
At Thy feet;
What a story
In the glory,
In the glory
She'll repeat.

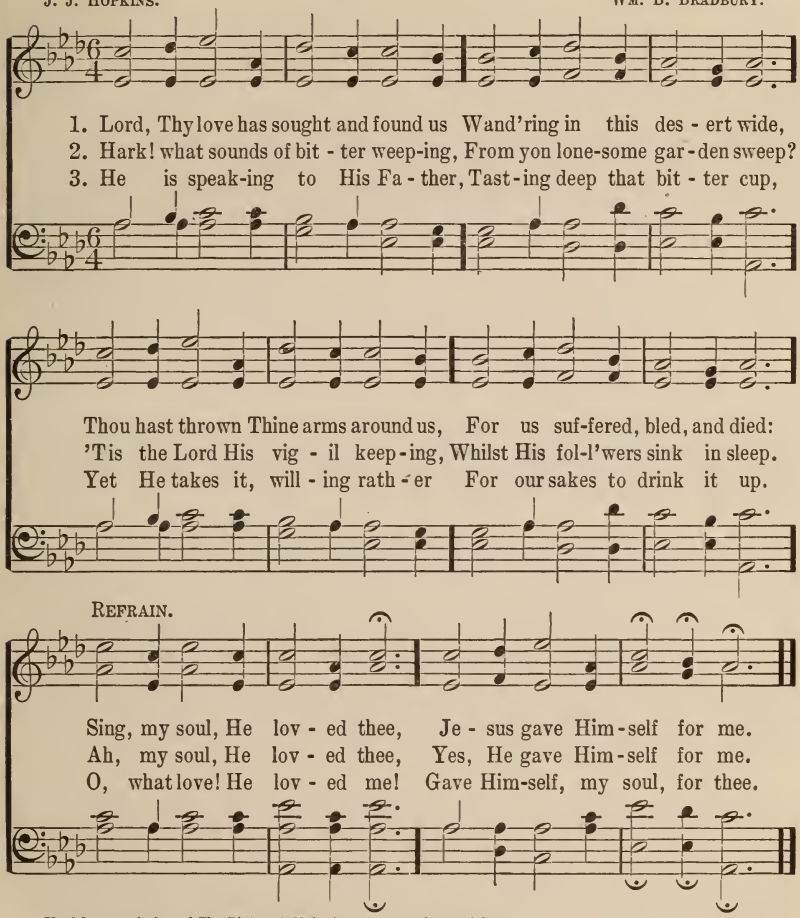
7 O, to praise Thee there, Lord Jesus,
Evermore!
O, to grieve and wander from Thee
Nevermore!
Earth's sad story
Closed in glory,
Closed in glory,
On yon shore.

8 Then Thy church will be, Lord Jesus,
The display
Of God's richest grace and kindness
In that day;
Marking pages,
Wondrous stages,
Wondrous stages,
O'er earth's way.

97 Lord, Thy Love has Sought and Found Us.

(Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.)

J. J. HOPKINS. WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Lord, Thy love has sought and found us Wand'ring in this des - ert wide,
2. Hark! what sounds of bit - ter weep-ing, From yon lone-some gar - den sweep?
3. He is speak-ing to His Fa - ther, Tast - ing deep that bit - ter cup,
Thou hast thrown Thine arms around us, For us suf-fered, bled, and died:
'Tis the Lord His vig - il keep - ing, Whilst His fol-l'wers sink in sleep.
Yet He takes it, will - ing rath - er For our sakes to drink it up.
REFRAIN.
Sing, my soul, He lov - ed thee, Je - sus gave Him - self for me.
Ah, my soul, He lov - ed thee, Yes, He gave Him - self for me.
O, what love! He lov - ed me! Gave Him-self, my soul, for thee.

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4 Then that closing scene of anguish;
All God's waves and billows roll
Over Him; there left to languish
On the cross, to save my soul.
Matchless love! how vast! how free!
Jesus gave Himself for me.

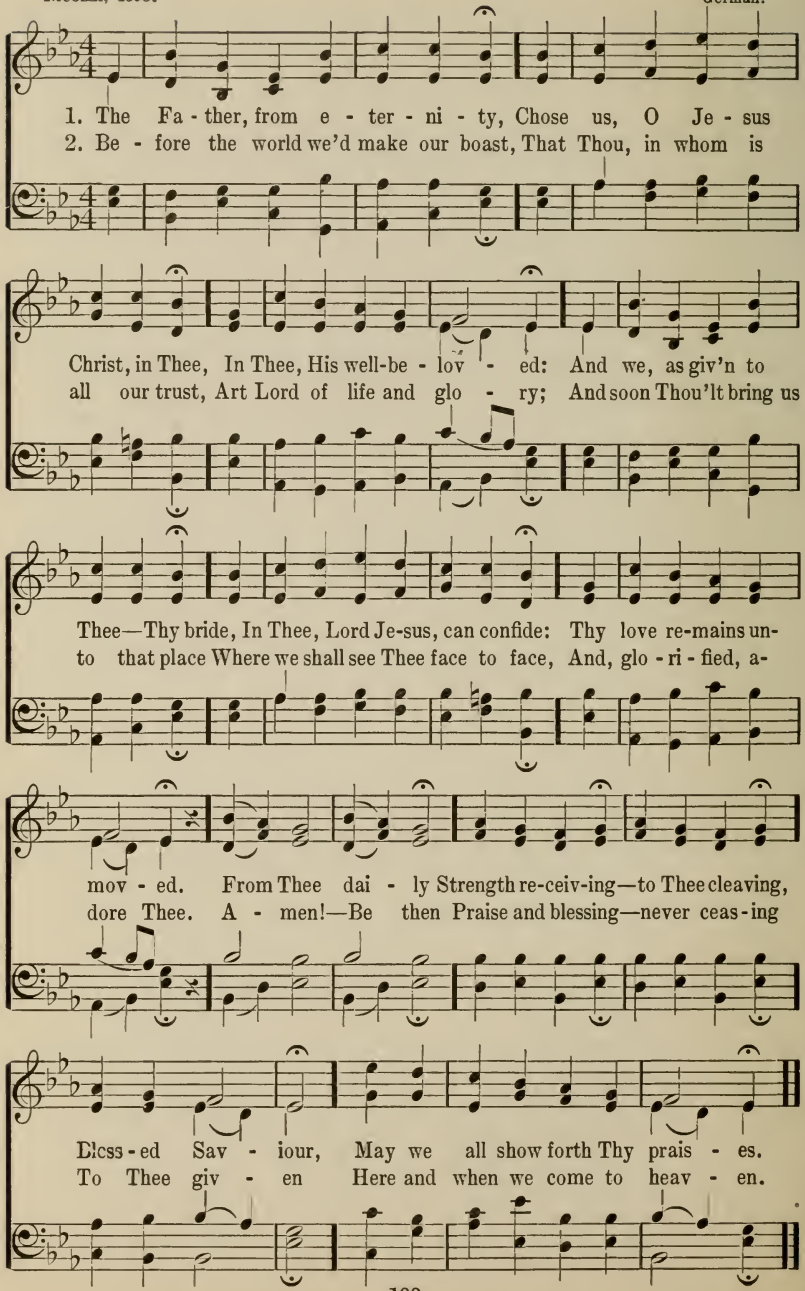
5 Hark again! His cries are waking
Echoes on dark Calvary's hill;
God, my God, art Thou forsaking
Him who always did Thy will?
Ah, my soul, it was for thee;
Yes, He gave Himself for me.

6 Lord, we joy, Thy toils are ended,
Glad Thy suffering time is o'er;
To Thy Father's throne ascended,
There Thou liv'st, to die no more.
Yes, my soul, He lives for thee,
He who gave Himself for me.

7 Lord, we worship and adore Thee
For Thy rich, Thy matchless grace;
Perfect soon in joy before Thee,
We shall see Thee face to face.
Yet e'en now our song shall be,
Jesus gave Himself for me.

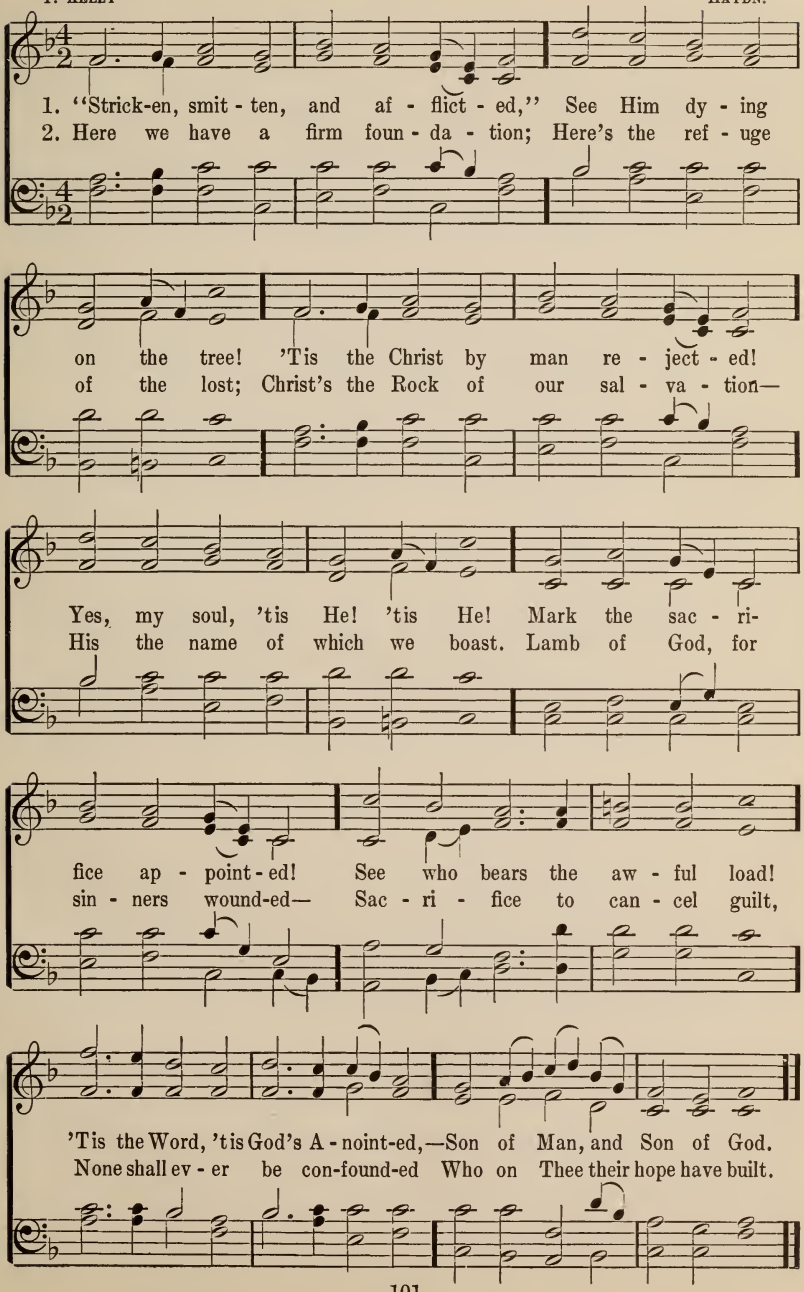
The Father, From Eternity.

(P. M.)

NICOLAI, 1598. German.

1. The Fa - ther, from e - ter - ni - ty, Chose us, O Je - sus
2. Be - fore the world we'd make our boast, That Thou, in whom is
Christ, in Thee, In Thee, His well-be - lov - ed: And we, as giv'n to
all our trust, Art Lord of life and glo - ry; And soon Thou'lt bring us
Thee—Thy bride, In Thee, Lord Je-sus, can confide: Thy love re-mains un-
to that place Where we shall see Thee face to face, And, glo - ri - fied, a-
mov - ed. From Thee dai - ly Strength re-ceiv-ing—to Thee cleaving,
dore Thee. A - men!—Be then Praise and blessing—never ceas - ing
Bless - ed Sav - iour, May we all show forth Thy prais - es.
To Thee giv - en Here and when we come to heav - en.

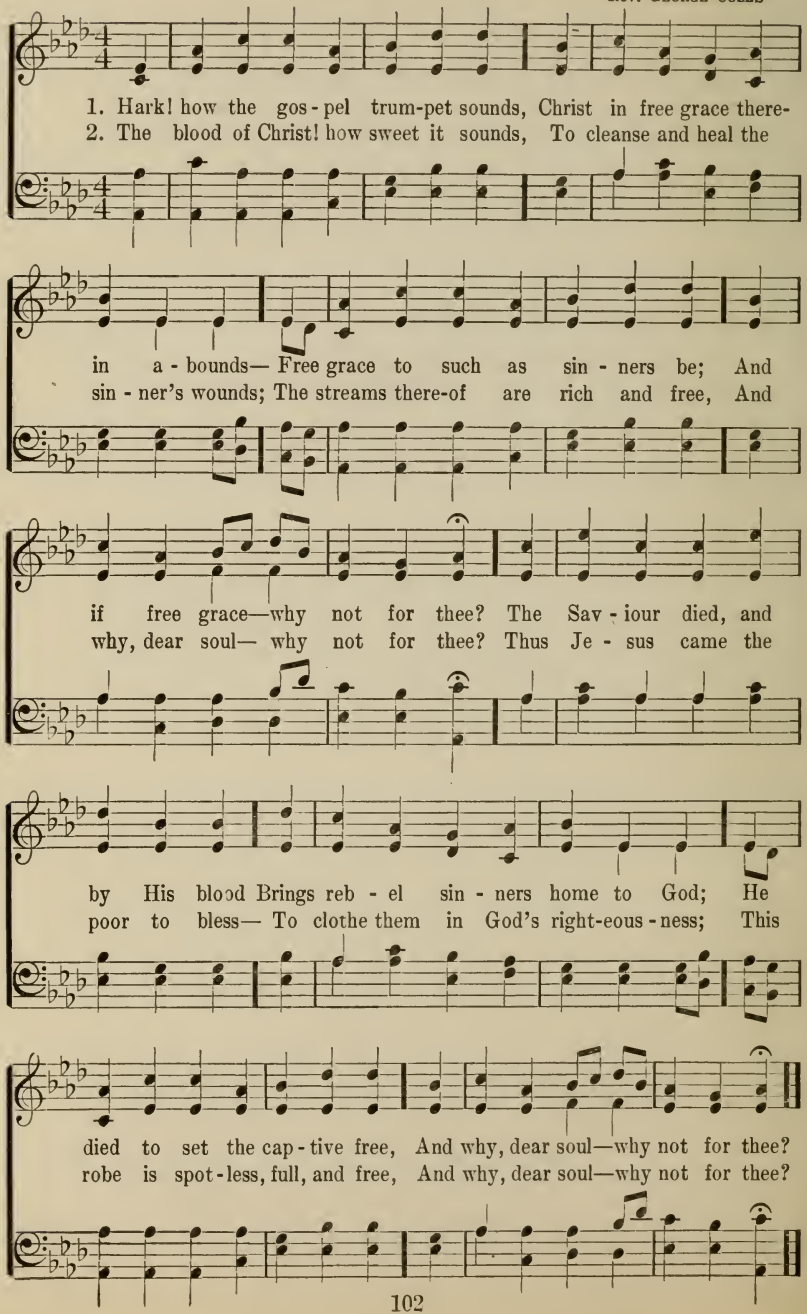
99 "Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted."

(Austria 8. 7. D.)

T. KELLY HAYDN.

1. "Strick-en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed," See Him dy - ing
2. Here we have a firm foun - da - tion; Here's the ref - uge
on the tree! 'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed!
of the lost; Christ's the Rock of our sal - va - tion—
Yes, my soul, 'tis He! 'tis He! Mark the sac - ri-
His the name of which we boast. Lamb of God, for
fice ap - point - ed! See who bears the aw - ful load!
sin - ners wound-ed— Sac - ri - fice to can - cel guilt,
'Tis the Word, 'tis God's A - noint-ed,—Son of Man, and Son of God.
None shall ev - er be con-found-ed Who on Thee their hope have built.

100 Hark! How the Gospel Trumpet Sounds.

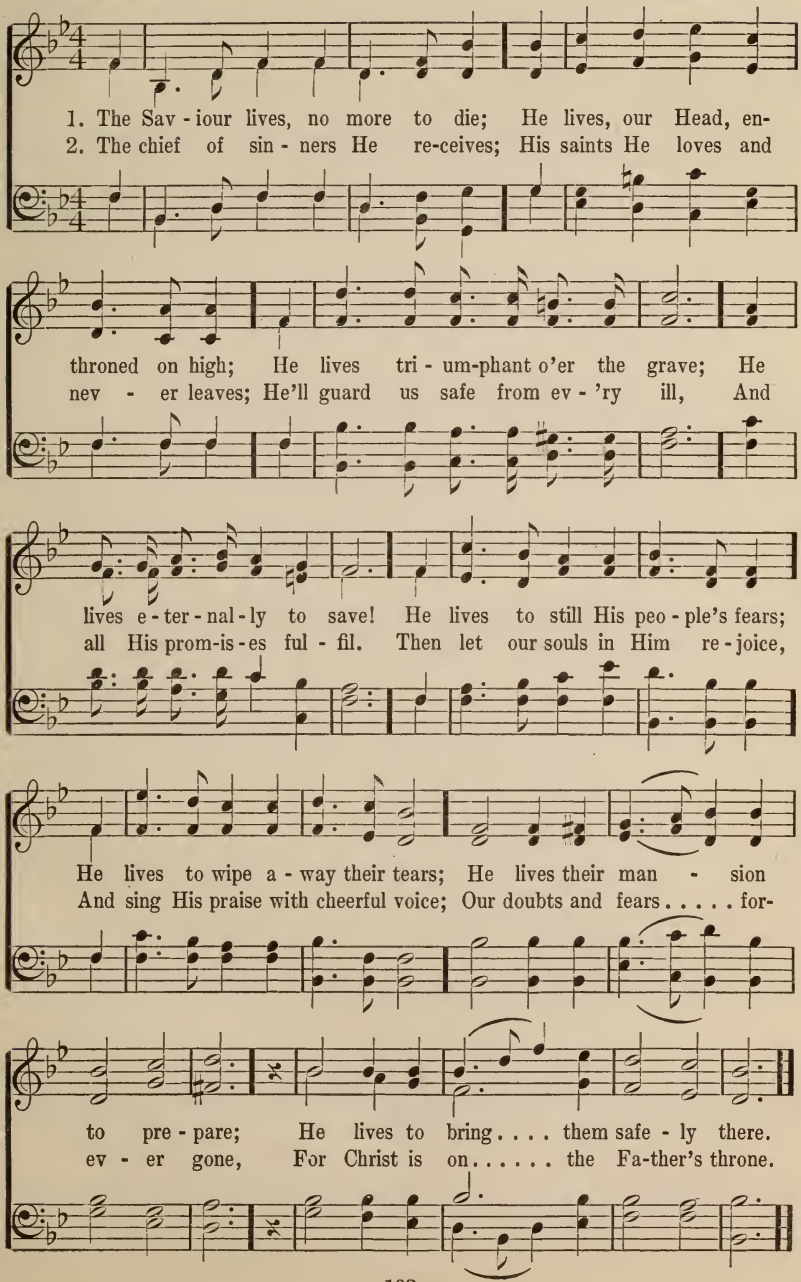
(Duane Street. L. M. D.)

Rev. GEORGE COLES

1. Hark! how the gos - pel trum-pet sounds, Christ in free grace there-
2. The blood of Christ! how sweet it sounds, To cleanse and heal the
in a - bounds— Free grace to such as sin - ners be; And
sin - ner's wounds; The streams there-of are rich and free, And
if free grace—why not for thee? The Sav - iour died, and
why, dear soul— why not for thee? Thus Je - sus came the
by His blood Brings reb - el sin - ners home to God; He
poor to bless— To clothe them in God's right-eous - ness; This
died to set the cap - tive free, And why, dear soul—why not for thee?
robe is spot - less, full, and free, And why, dear soul—why not for thee?

101 The Saviour Lives, No More to Die.

(Rhine 8 D.)

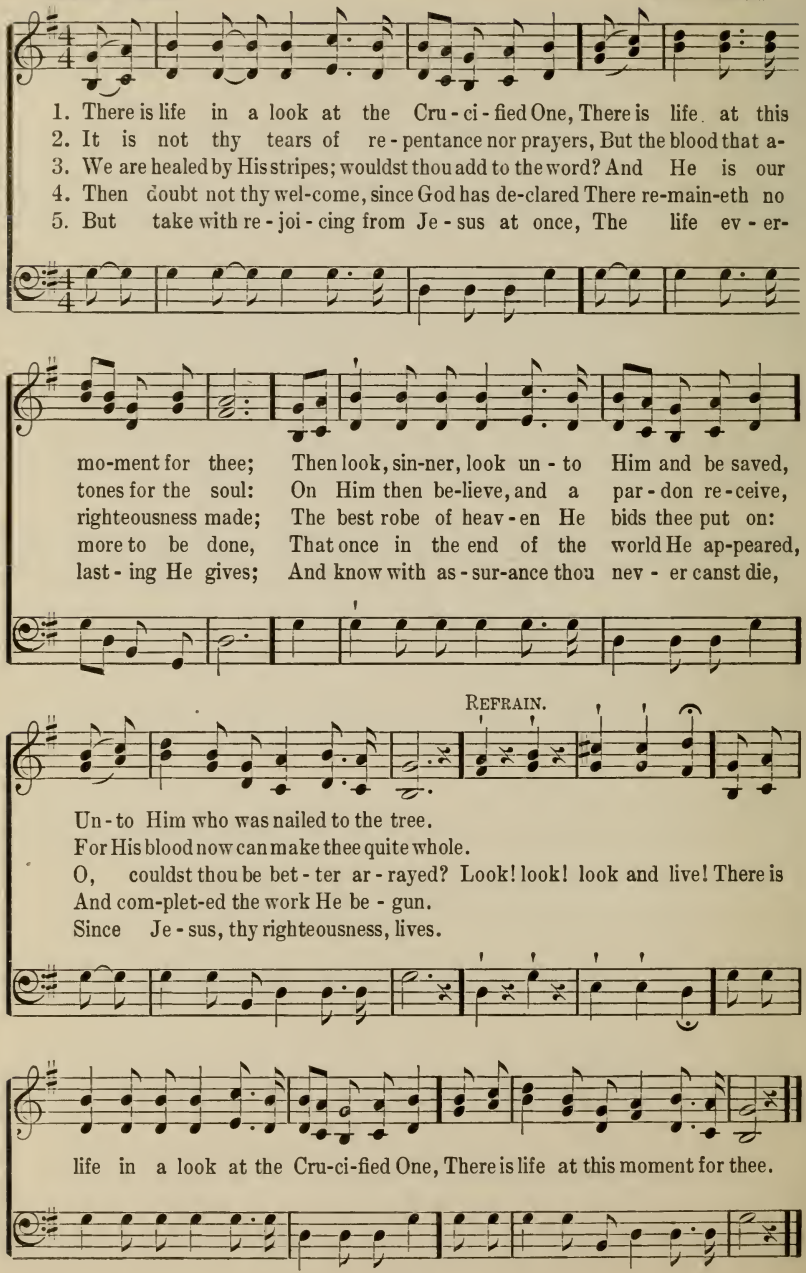
SAMUEL MEDLEY. KARL WILHELM. ARR.


1. The Sav - iour lives, no more to die; He lives, our Head, en-
2. The chief of sin - ners He re-ceives; His saints He loves and
throned on high; He lives tri - um-phant o'er the grave; He
nev - er leaves; He'll guard us safe from ev - 'ry ill, And
lives e - ter - nal - ly to save! He lives to still His peo - ple's fears;
all His prom-is-es ful - fil. Then let our souls in Him re - joice,
He lives to wipe a - way their tears; He lives their man - sion
And sing His praise with cheerful voice; Our doubts and fears . . . . . for-
to pre - pare; He lives to bring . . . . them safe - ly there.
ev - er gone, For Christ is on . . . . . the Fa-ther's throne.

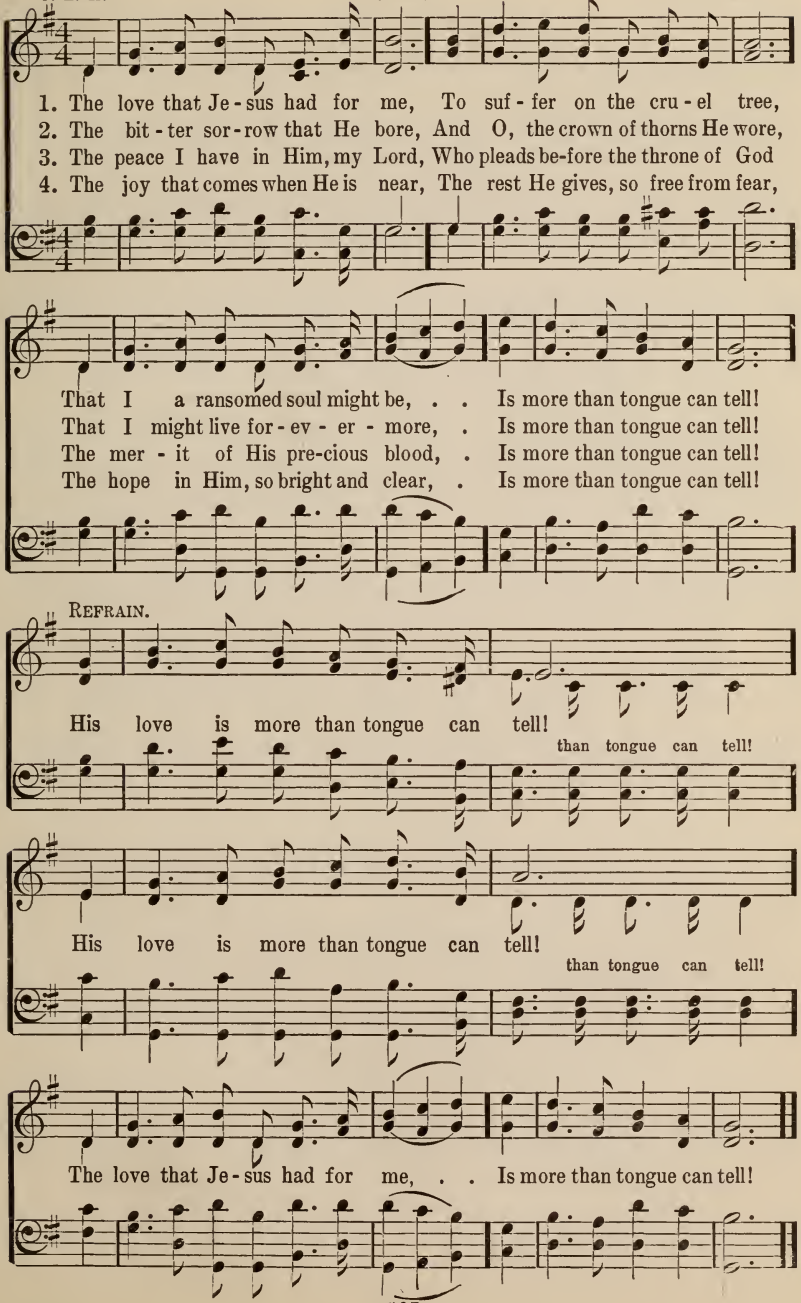
102 There Is Life In a Look.

(P. M.)

AMELIA M. HULL. E. G. TAYLOR.

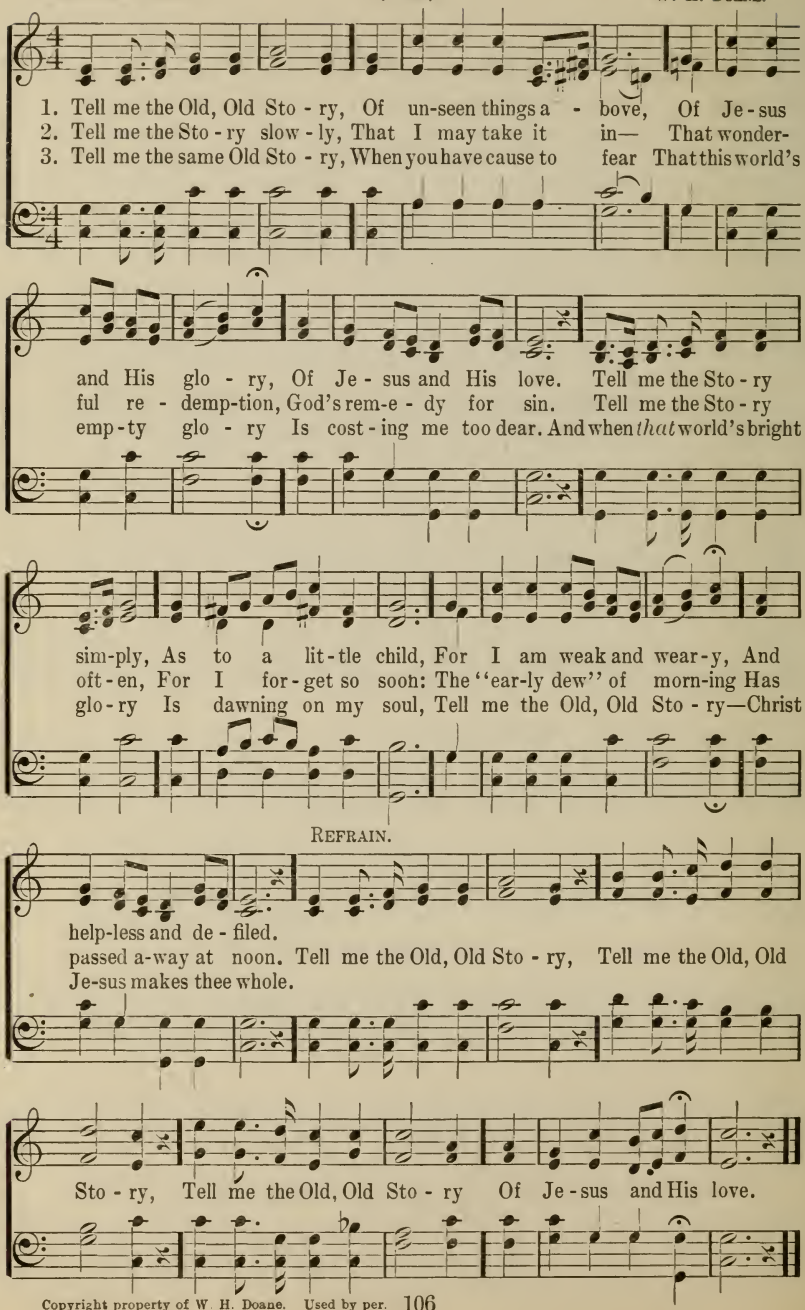

1. There is life in a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this
2. It is not thy tears of re - pentance nor prayers, But the blood that a-
3. We are healed by His stripes; wouldst thou add to the word? And He is our
4. Then doubt not thy wel-come, since God has de-clared There re-main-eth no
5. But take with re - joi - cing from Je - sus at once, The life ev - er-
mo-ment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un - to Him and be saved,
tones for the soul: On Him then be-lieve, and a par - don re - ceive,
righteousness made; The best robe of heav - en He bids thee put on:
more to be done, That once in the end of the world He ap-peared,
last - ing He gives; And know with as - sur-ance thou nev - er canst die,
REFRAIN.
Un - to Him who was nailed to the tree.
For His blood now can make thee quite whole.
O, couldst thou be bet - ter ar - rayed? Look! look! look and live! There is
And com-plet-ed the work He be - gun.
Since Je - sus, thy righteousness, lives.
life in a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is life at this moment for thee.

103 More Than Tongue Can Tell.

J. E. H. (P. M.) J. E. Hall.

1. The love that Je - sus had for me, To suf - fer on the cru - el tree,
2. The bit - ter sor - row that He bore, And O, the crown of thorns He wore,
3. The peace I have in Him, my Lord, Who pleads be-fore the throne of God
4. The joy that comes when He is near, The rest He gives, so free from fear,
That I a ransomed soul might be, . . Is more than tongue can tell!
That I might live for - ev - er - more, . Is more than tongue can tell!
The mer - it of His pre-cious blood, . Is more than tongue can tell!
The hope in Him, so bright and clear, . Is more than tongue can tell!
Refrain.
His love is more than tongue can tell!
than tongue can tell!
His love is more than tongue can tell!
than tongue can tell!
The love that Je - sus had for me, . . Is more than tongue can tell!

104 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Miss Kate Hankey. (P. M.) W. H. Doane.


1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That wonder-
3. Tell me the same Old Sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear. And when *that* world's bright
sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child, For I am weak and wear-y, And
oft-en, For I for-get so soon: The "ear-ly dew" of morn-ing Has
glo-ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry—Christ
Refrain.
help-less and de - filed.
passed a-way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
Je-sus makes thee whole.
Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

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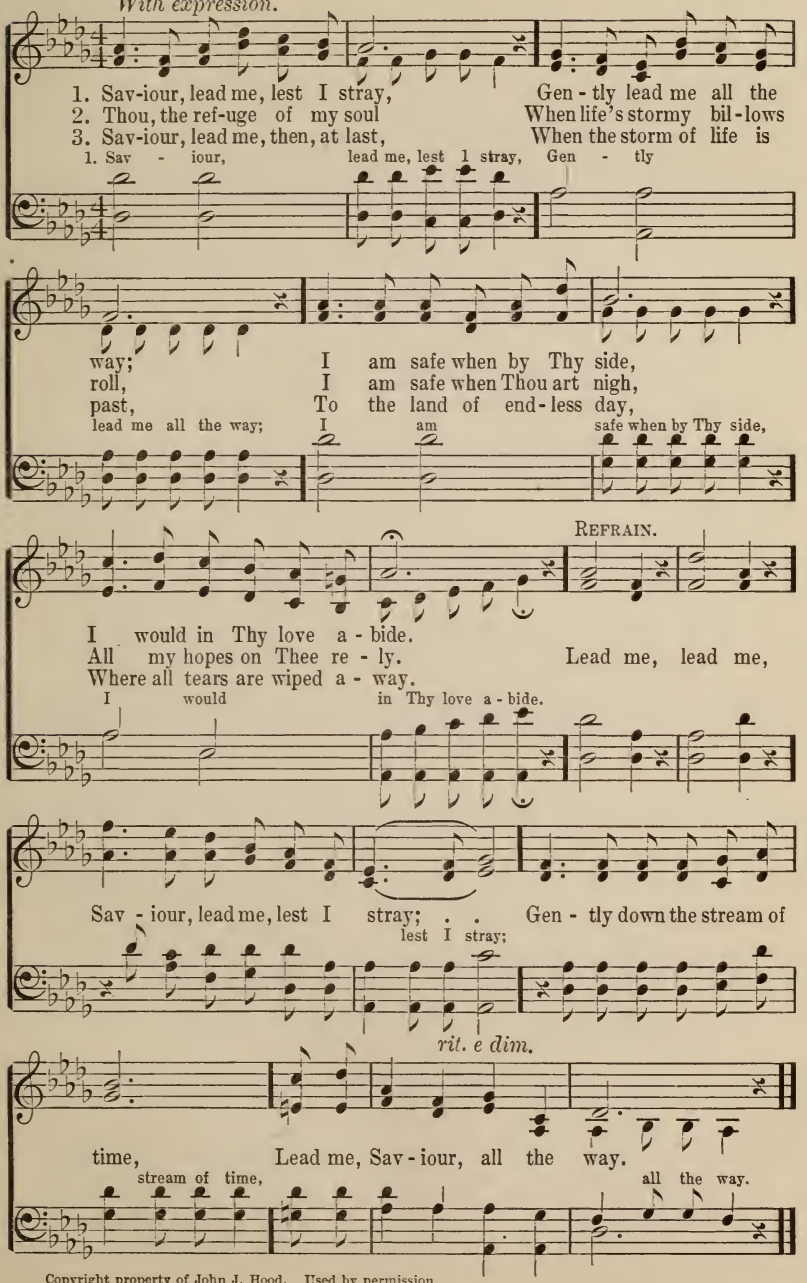
105 Lead Me, Saviour.

F. M. D. (P. M.) FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the
2. Thou, the ref-uge of my soul When life's stormy bil-lows
3. Sav-iour, lead me, then, at last, When the storm of life is
1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly
way; I am safe when by Thy side,
roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
past, To the land of end-less day,
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
REFRAIN.
I would in Thy love a-bide.
All my hopes on Thee re-ly. Lead me, lead me,
Where all tears are wiped a-way.
I would in Thy love a-bide.
Sav-iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . Gen-tly down the stream of
lest I stray;
rit. e dim.
time, Lead me, Sav-iour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

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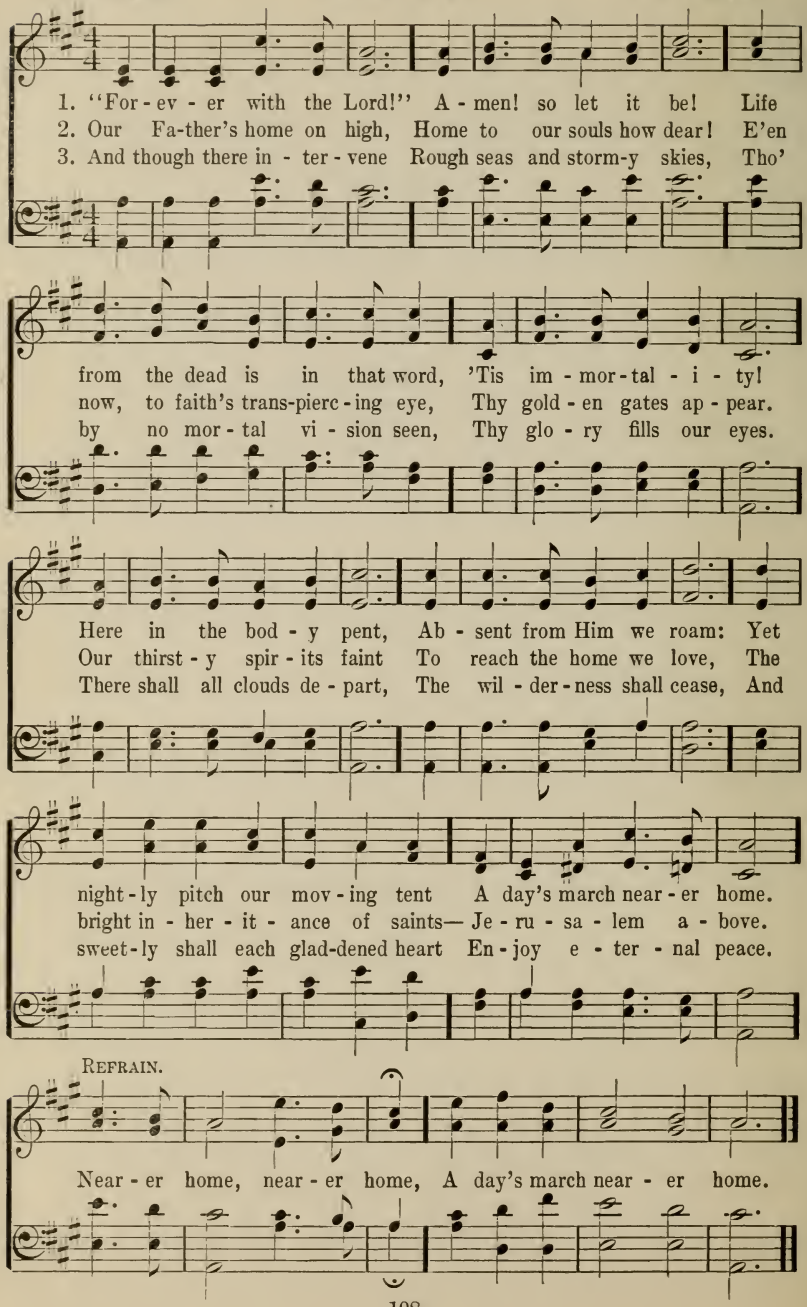
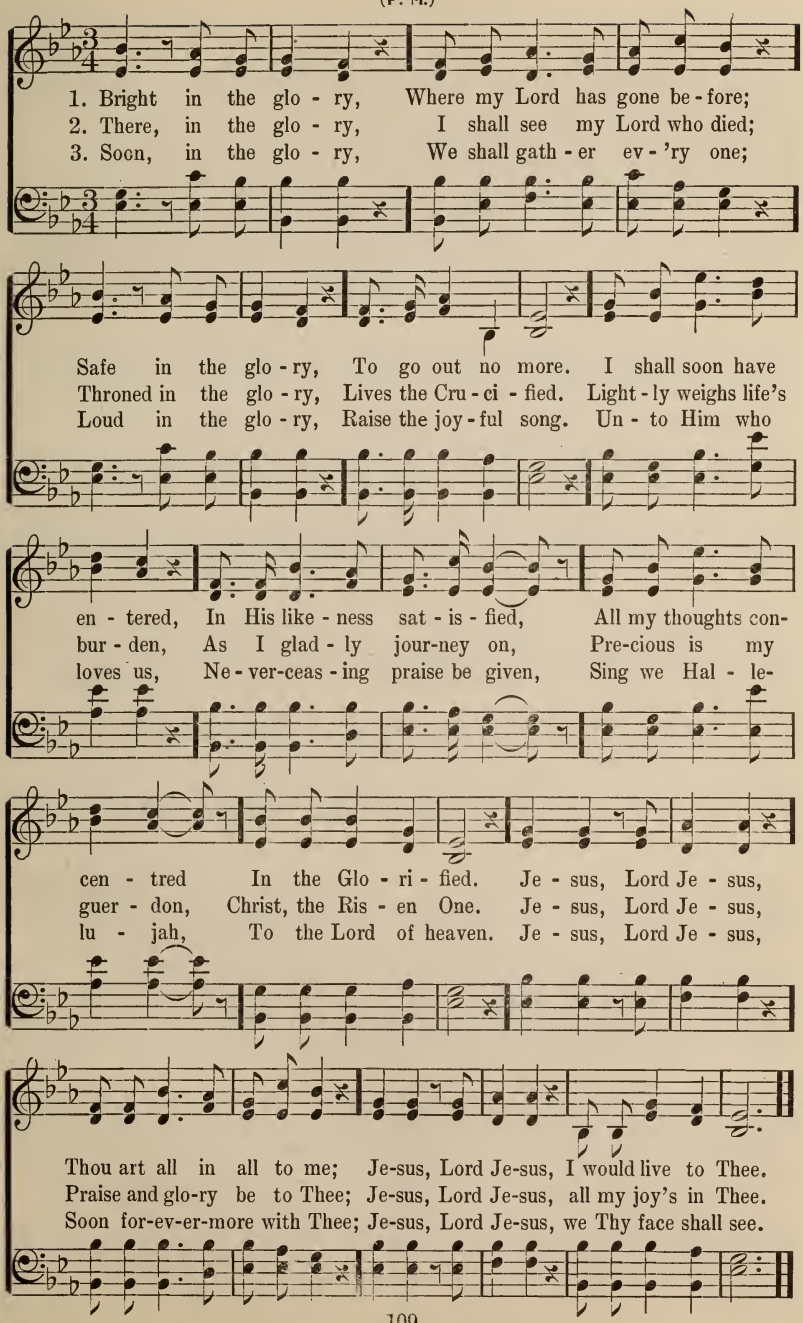
"Forever With the Lord!"

J. MONTGOMERY. (Pilgrim. S. M. D.) I. B. WOODBURY

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life
2. Our Fa-ther's home on high, Home to our souls how dear! E'en
3. And though there in - ter - vene Rough seas and storm-y skies, Tho'
from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty!
now, to faith's trans-pierc - ing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap - pear.
by no mor - tal vi - sion seen, Thy glo - ry fills our eyes.
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him we roam: Yet
Our thirst - y spir - its faint To reach the home we love, The
There shall all clouds de - part, The wil - der - ness shall cease, And
night - ly pitch our mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.
bright in - her - it - ance of saints— Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.
sweet - ly shall each glad-dened heart En - joy e - ter - nal peace.
REFRAIN.
Near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

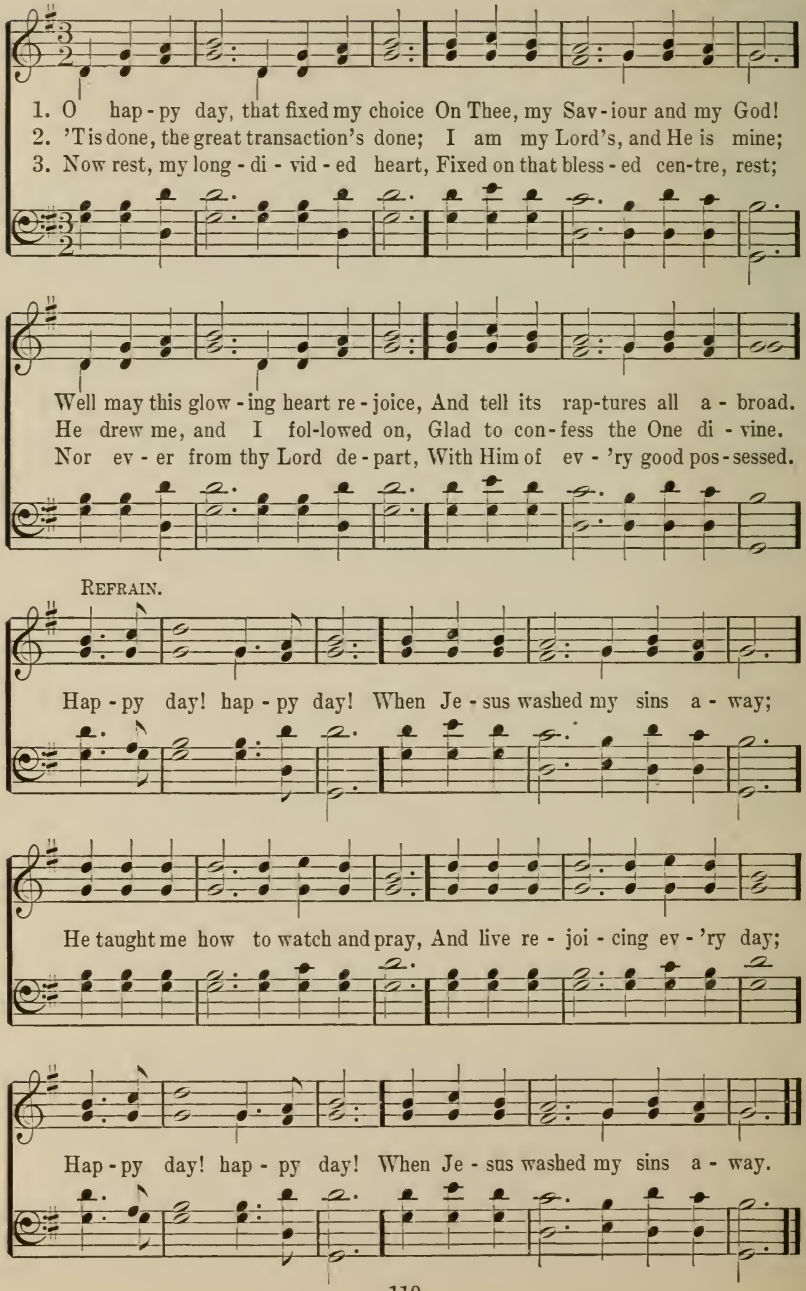
Bright in the Glory.

(P. M.)

1. Bright in the glo - ry, Where my Lord has gone be - fore;
2. There, in the glo - ry, I shall see my Lord who died;
3. Soon, in the glo - ry, We shall gath - er ev - 'ry one;
Safe in the glo - ry, To go out no more. I shall soon have
Throned in the glo - ry, Lives the Cru - ci - fied. Light - ly weighs life's
Loud in the glo - ry, Raise the joy - ful song. Un - to Him who
en - tered, In His like - ness sat - is - fied, All my thoughts con-
bur - den, As I glad - ly jour-ney on, Pre-cious is my
loves us, Ne - ver-ceas - ing praise be given, Sing we Hal - le-
cen - tred In the Glo - ri - fied. Je - sus, Lord Je - sus,
guer - don, Christ, the Ris - en One. Je - sus, Lord Je - sus,
lu - jah, To the Lord of heaven. Je - sus, Lord Je - sus,
Thou art all in all to me; Je-sus, Lord Je-sus, I would live to Thee.
Praise and glo-ry be to Thee; Je-sus, Lord Je-sus, all my joy's in Thee.
Soon for-ev-er-more with Thee; Je-sus, Lord Je-sus, we Thy face shall see.

108 O happy Day, That fixed My Choice.

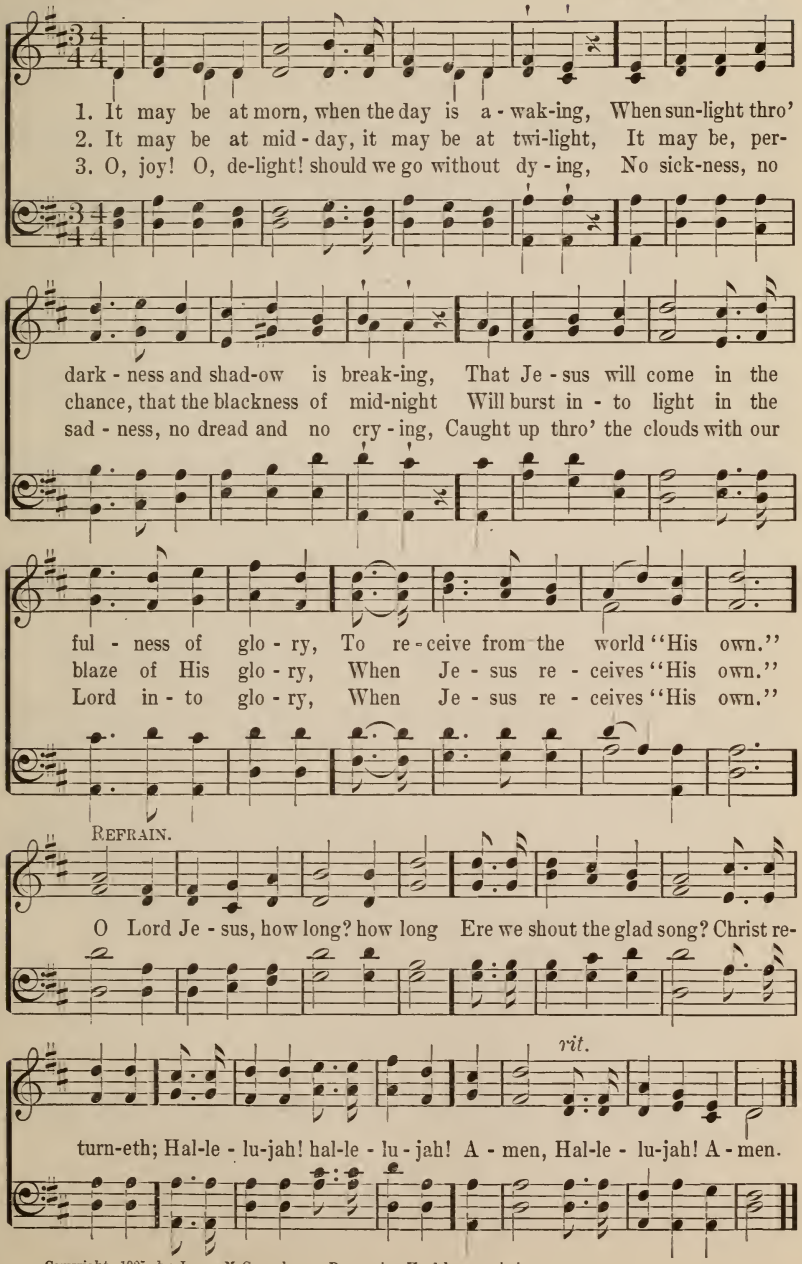
(P. M.)

P. Doddridge. From E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
2. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
3. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on that bless - ed cen-tre, rest;
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Glad to con - fess the One di - vine.
Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good pos - sessed.
Refrain.
Hap - py day! hap - py day! When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joi - cing ev - 'ry day;
Hap - py day! hap - py day! When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

109 Christ Returneth.

(P. M.)

H L. Turner. James McGranahan.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - wak-ing, When sun-light thro'
2. It may be at mid - day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
3. O, joy! O, de-light! should we go without dy - ing, No sick-ness, no
dark - ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je - sus will come in the
chance, that the blackness of mid-night Will burst in - to light in the
sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our
ful - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."
blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
Refrain.
O Lord Je - sus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-
rit.
turn-eth; Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! A - men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A - men.

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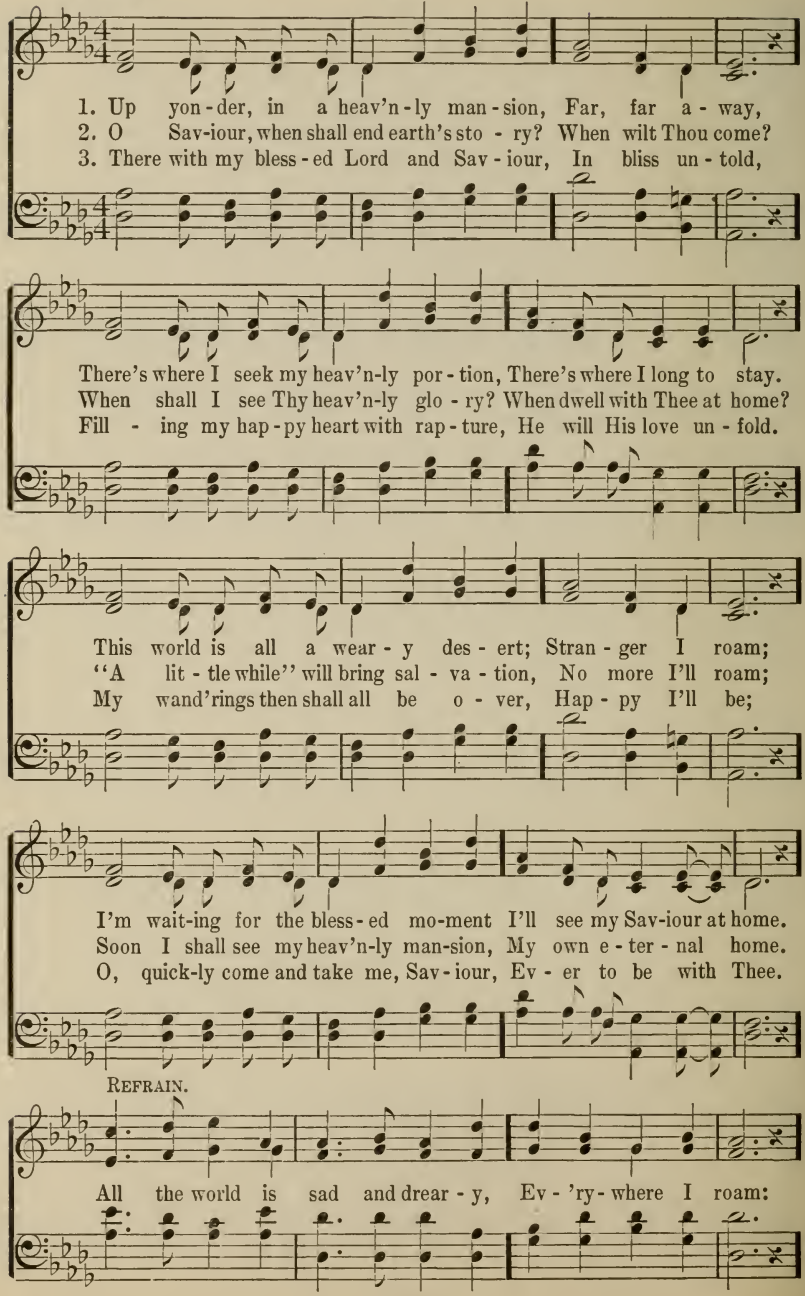
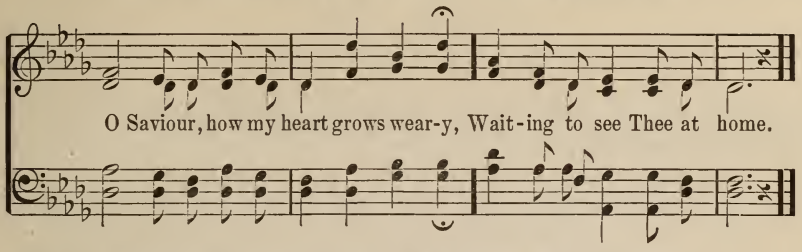
110 Up Yonder, In a Heavenly Mansion.

A. H. Rule. (P. M.)

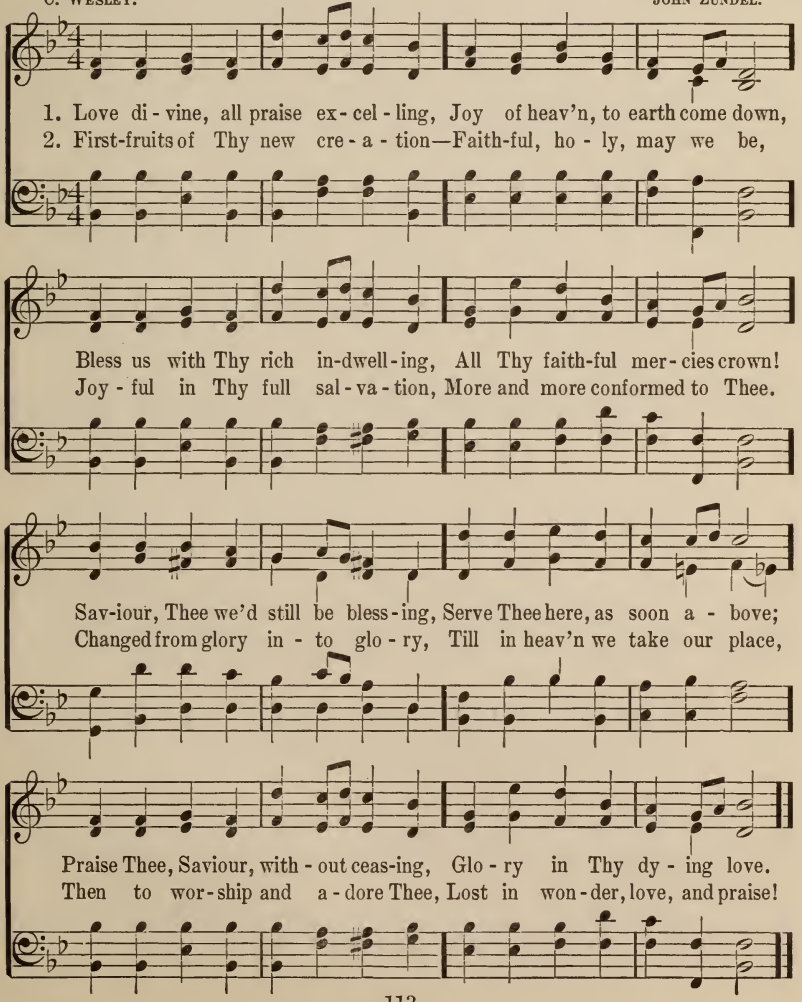

1. Up yon-der, in a heav'n-ly man-sion, Far, far a-way,
2. O Sav-iour, when shall end earth's sto-ry? When wilt Thou come?
3. There with my bless-ed Lord and Sav-iour, In bliss un-told,
There's where I seek my heav'n-ly por-tion, There's where I long to stay.
When shall I see Thy heav'n-ly glo-ry? When dwell with Thee at home?
Fill-ing my hap-py heart with rap-ture, He will His love un-fold.
This world is all a wear-y des-ert; Stran-ger I roam;
"A lit-tle while" will bring sal-va-tion, No more I'll roam;
My wand'rings then shall all be o-ver, Hap-py I'll be;
I'm wait-ing for the bless-ed mo-ment I'll see my Sav-iour at home.
Soon I shall see my heav'n-ly man-sion, My own e-ter-nal home.
O, quick-ly come and take me, Sav-iour, Ev-er to be with Thee.
Refrain.
All the world is sad and drear-y, Ev-'ry-where I roam:

Up Yonder, In a Heavenly Mansion.



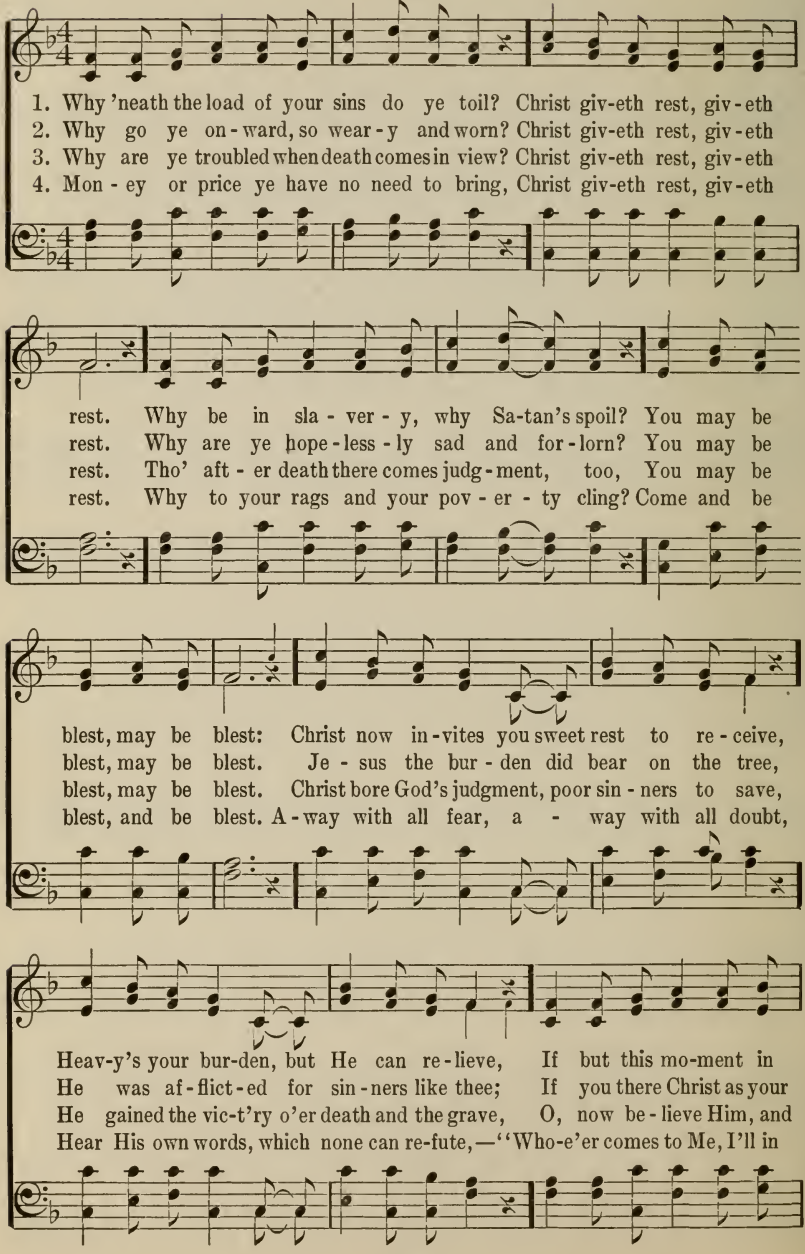
111 Love Divine, All Praise Excelling.

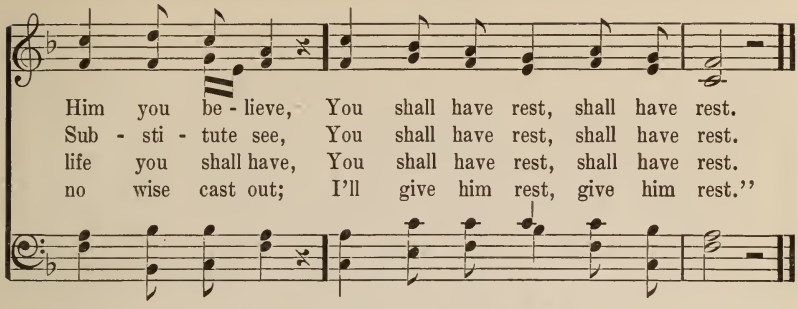
(8. 7. D.)

C. Wesley. John Zundel.

1. Love di-vine, all praise ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
2. First-fruits of Thy new cre-a-tion—Faith-ful, ho-ly, may we be,
Bless us with Thy rich in-dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown!
Joy-ful in Thy full sal-va-tion, More and more conformed to Thee.
Sav-iour, Thee we'd still be bless-ing, Serve Thee here, as soon a-bove;
Changed from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
Praise Thee, Saviour, with-out ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy dy-ing love.
Then to wor-ship and a-dore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise!

112 Why 'Neath the Load of Your Sins Do Ye Toil?

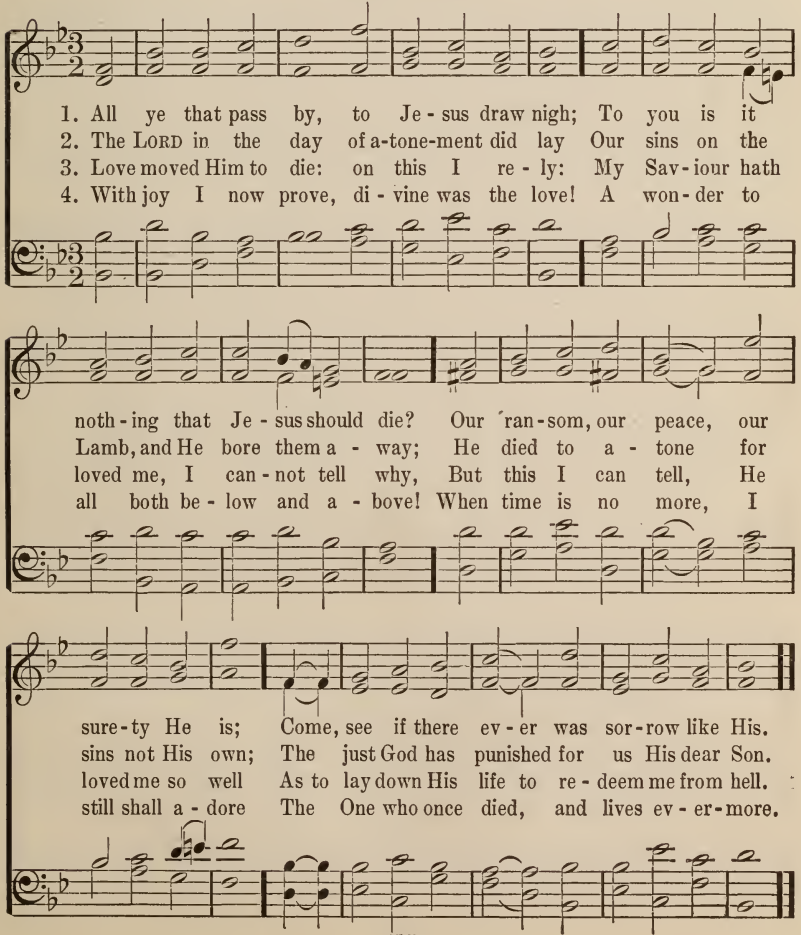
(P. M.)


1. Why 'neath the load of your sins do ye toil? Christ giv-eth rest, giv-eth
2. Why go ye on-ward, so wear-y and worn? Christ giv-eth rest, giv-eth
3. Why are ye troubled when death comes in view? Christ giv-eth rest, giv-eth
4. Mon-ey or price ye have no need to bring, Christ giv-eth rest, giv-eth
rest. Why be in sla-ver-y, why Sa-tan's spoil? You may be
rest. Why are ye hope-less-ly sad and for-lorn? You may be
rest. Tho' aft-er death there comes judg-ment, too, You may be
rest. Why to your rags and your pov-er-ty cling? Come and be
blest, may be blest: Christ now in-vites you sweet rest to re-ceive,
blest, may be blest. Je-sus the bur-den did bear on the tree,
blest, may be blest. Christ bore God's judgment, poor sin-ners to save,
blest, and be blest. A-way with all fear, a-way with all doubt,
Heav-y's your bur-den, but He can re-lieve, If but this mo-ment in
He was af-flict-ed for sin-ners like thee; If you there Christ as your
He gained the vic-t'ry o'er death and the grave, O, now be-lieve Him, and
Hear His own words, which none can re-fute,—"Who-e'er comes to Me, I'll in


Him you be - lieve, You shall have rest, shall have rest.
Sub - sti - tute see, You shall have rest, shall have rest.
life you shall have, You shall have rest, shall have rest.
no wise cast out; I'll give him rest, give him rest."

113 All Ye That Pass By.

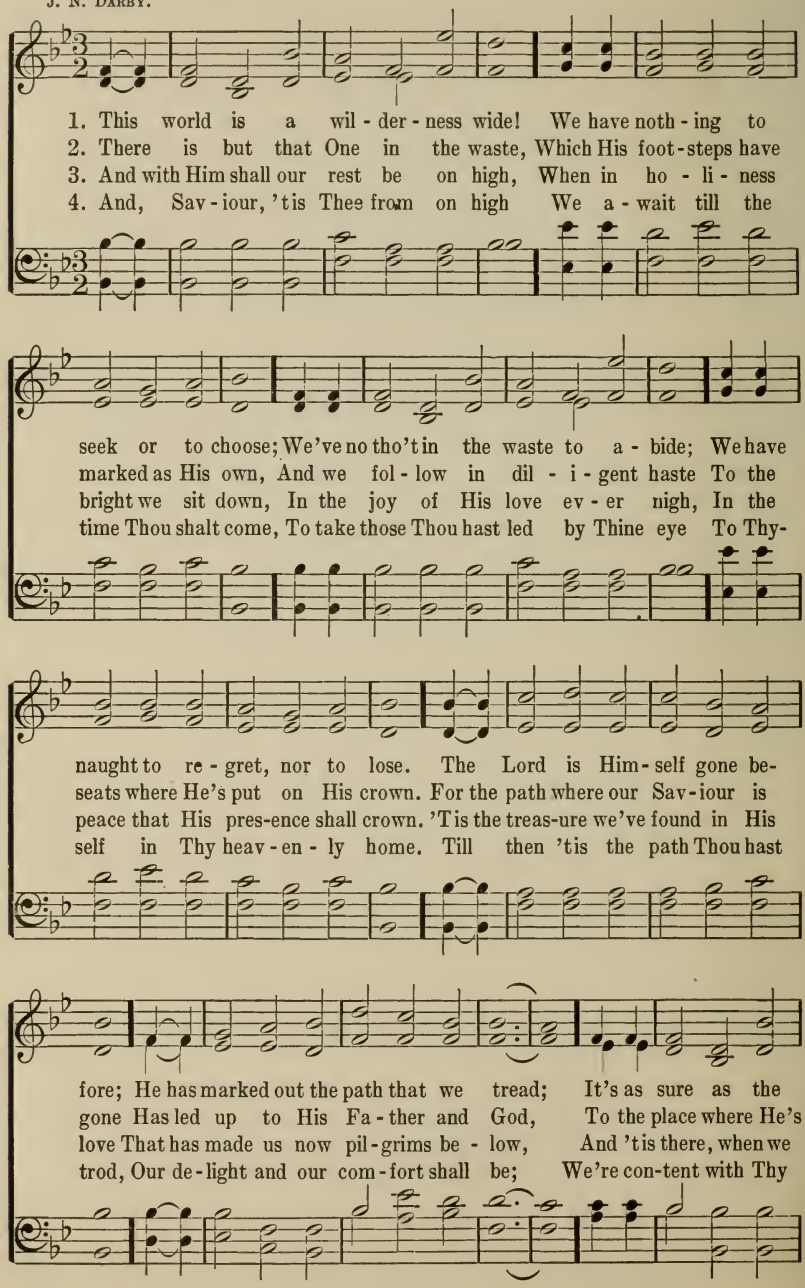
(Hanover. 10. 11.)

Dr. Croft.

1. All ye that pass by, to Je - sus draw nigh; To you is it
2. The Lord in the day of a-tone-ment did lay Our sins on the
3. Love moved Him to die: on this I re - ly: My Sav - iour hath
4. With joy I now prove, di - vine was the love! A won - der to
noth - ing that Je - sus should die? Our ran - som, our peace, our
Lamb, and He bore them a - way; He died to a - tone for
loved me, I can - not tell why, But this I can tell, He
all both be - low and a - bove! When time is no more, I
sure - ty He is; Come, see if there ev - er was sor - row like His.
sins not His own; The just God has punished for us His dear Son.
loved me so well As to lay down His life to re - deem me from hell.
still shall a - dore The One who once died, and lives ev - er - more.

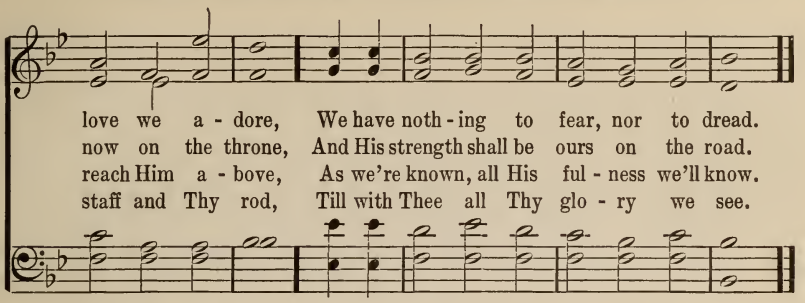
114 This World Is a Wilderness Wide!

(Faithfulness. 8. D.)

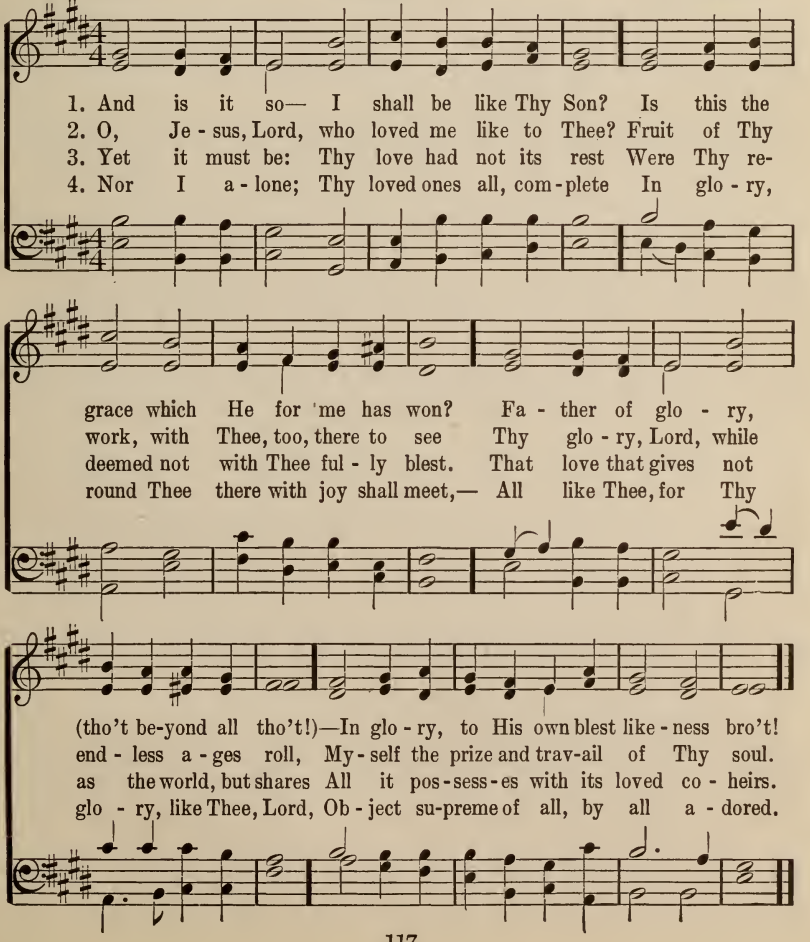
J. N. DARBY.


1. This world is a wil - der - ness wide! We have noth - ing to
2. There is but that One in the waste, Which His foot-steps have
3. And with Him shall our rest be on high, When in ho - li - ness
4. And, Sav - iour, 'tis Thee from on high We a - wait till the
seek or to choose; We've no tho't in the waste to a - bide; We have
marked as His own, And we fol - low in dil - i - gent haste To the
bright we sit down, In the joy of His love ev - er nigh, In the
time Thou shalt come, To take those Thou hast led by Thine eye To Thy-
naught to re - gret, nor to lose. The Lord is Him - self gone be-
seats where He's put on His crown. For the path where our Sav - iour is
peace that His pres-ence shall crown. 'T is the treas-ure we've found in His
self in Thy heav - en - ly home. Till then 'tis the path Thou hast
fore; He has marked out the path that we tread; It's as sure as the
gone Has led up to His Fa - ther and God, To the place where He's
love That has made us now pil - grims be - low, And 'tis there, when we
trod, Our de - light and our com - fort shall be; We're con-tent with Thy

This World Is a Wilderness Wide!


love we a - dore, We have noth - ing to fear, nor to dread.
now on the throne, And His strength shall be ours on the road.
reach Him a - bove, As we're known, all His ful - ness we'll know.
staff and Thy rod, Till with Thee all Thy glo - ry we see.

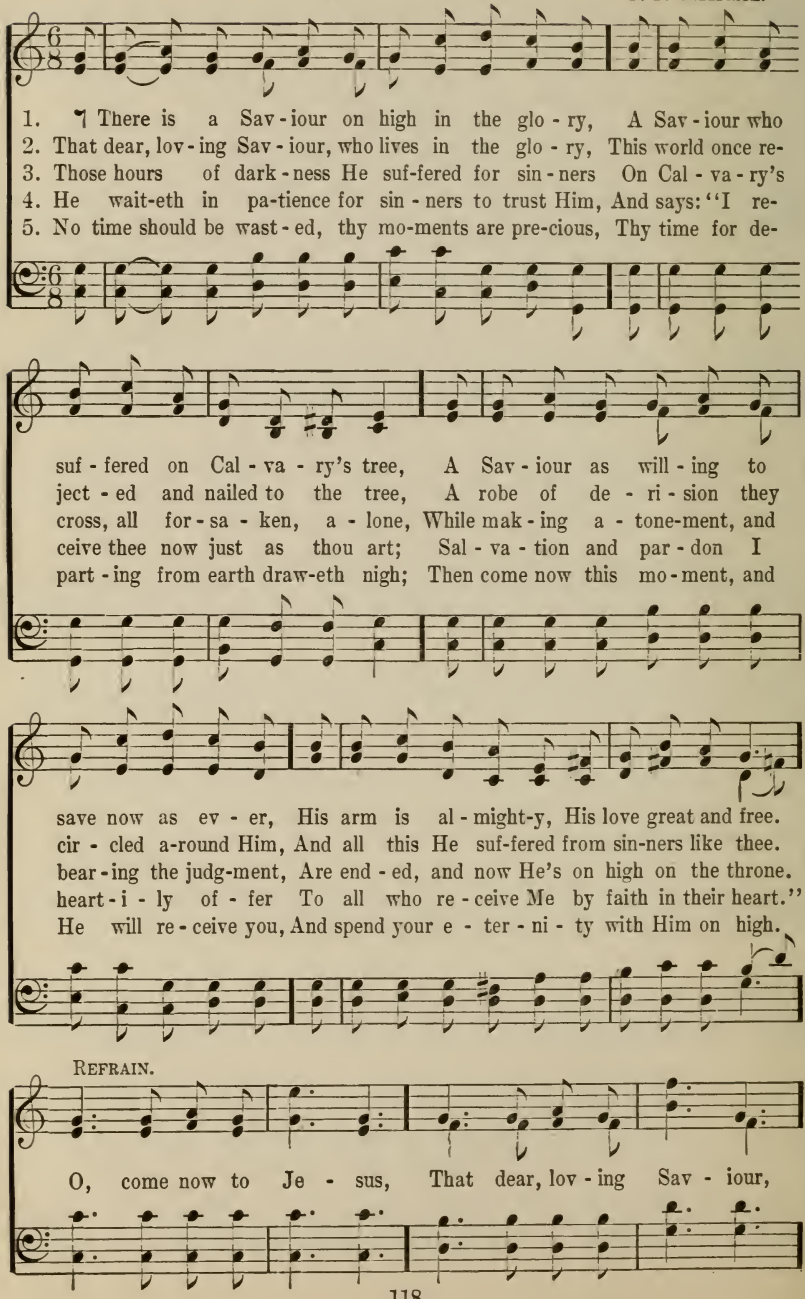
115 And Is It So—I Shall Be Like Thy Son?

J. N. Darby. (Eventide. 10.) W. H. Monk.

1. And is it so— I shall be like Thy Son? Is this the
2. O, Je - sus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee? Fruit of Thy
3. Yet it must be: Thy love had not its rest Were Thy re-
4. Nor I a - lone; Thy loved ones all, com - plete In glo - ry,
grace which He for me has won? Fa - ther of glo - ry,
work, with Thee, too, there to see Thy glo - ry, Lord, while
deemed not with Thee ful - ly blest. That love that gives not
round Thee there with joy shall meet,— All like Thee, for Thy
(tho't be-yond all tho't!)—In glo - ry, to His own blest like - ness bro't!
end - less a - ges roll, My - self the prize and trav-ail of Thy soul.
as the world, but shares All it pos - sess - es with its loved co - heirs.
glo - ry, like Thee, Lord, Ob - ject su-preme of all, by all a - dored.

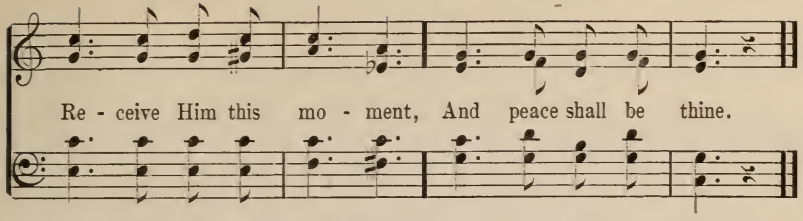
116 There Is a Saviour On High In the Glory.

(P. M.)

F. F. SHELDRICK.


1. There is a Sav - iour on high in the glo - ry, A Sav - iour who
2. That dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, who lives in the glo - ry, This world once re-
3. Those hours of dark - ness He suf-fered for sin - ners On Cal - va - ry's
4. He wait-eth in pa-tience for sin - ners to trust Him, And says: "I re-
5. No time should be wast - ed, thy mo-ments are pre-cious, Thy time for de-
suf - fered on Cal - va - ry's tree, A Sav - iour as will - ing to
ject - ed and nailed to the tree, A robe of de - ri - sion they
cross, all for - sa - ken, a - lone, While mak - ing a - tone-ment, and
ceive thee now just as thou art; Sal - va - tion and par - don I
part - ing from earth draw-eth nigh; Then come now this mo - ment, and
save now as ev - er, His arm is al - might-y, His love great and free.
cir - cled a-round Him, And all this He suf-fered from sin-ners like thee.
bear - ing the judg-ment, Are end - ed, and now He's on high on the throne.
heart - i - ly of - fer To all who re - ceive Me by faith in their heart."
He will re - ceive you, And spend your e - ter - ni - ty with Him on high.
REFRAIN.
O, come now to Je - sus, That dear, lov - ing Sav - iour,

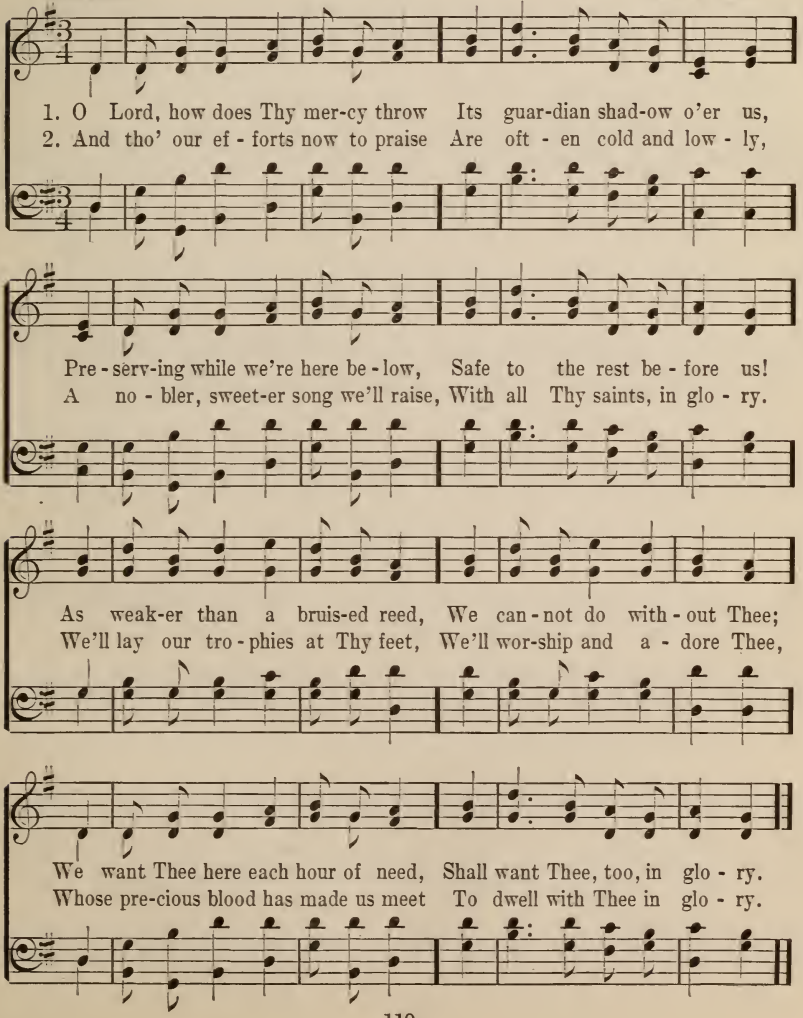
There Is a Saviour On High In the Glory.



117 O Lord, How Does Thy Mercy Throw.

(Shining Shore. 8. 7. D.)

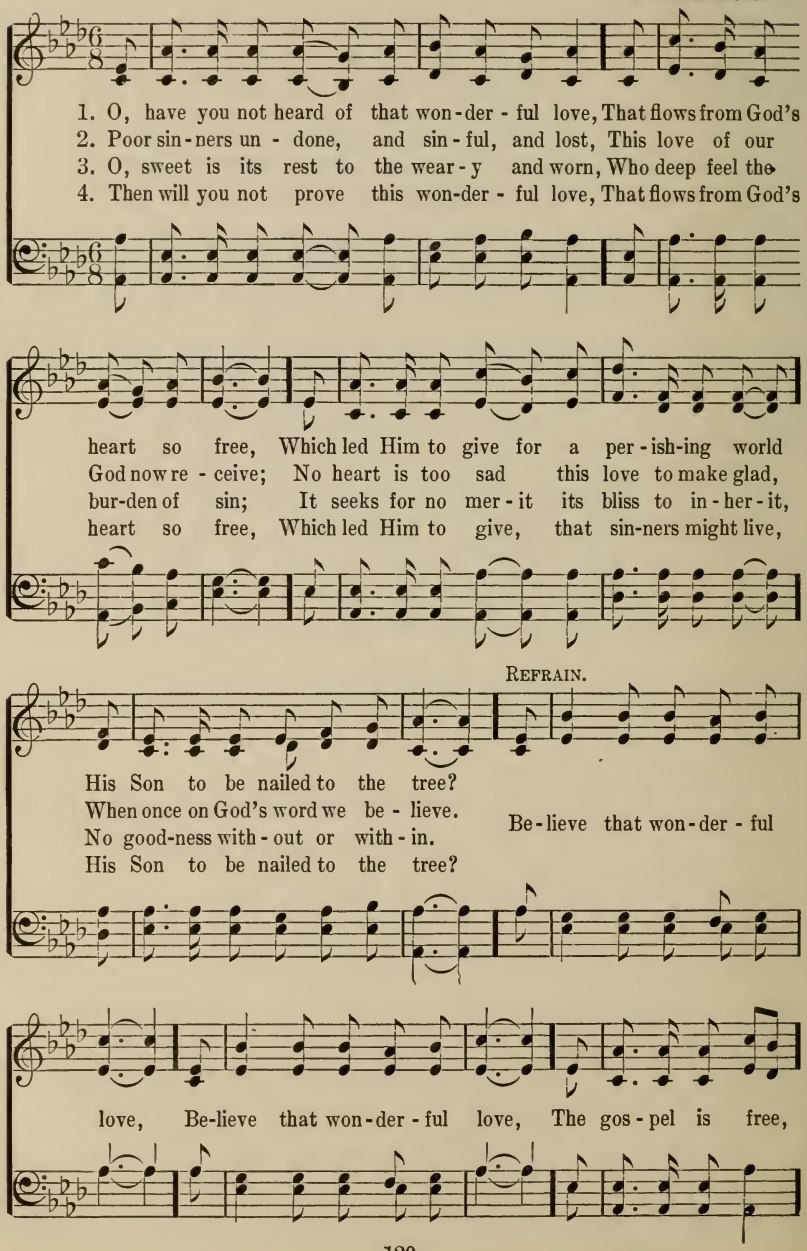
LITTLEWOOD. GEO. F. ROOT.


1. O Lord, how does Thy mer-cy throw Its guar-dian shad-ow o'er us,
2. And tho' our ef - forts now to praise Are oft - en cold and low - ly,
Pre - serv-ing while we're here be - low, Safe to the rest be - fore us!
A no - bler, sweet-er song we'll raise, With all Thy saints, in glo - ry.
As weak-er than a bruis-ed reed, We can - not do with - out Thee;
We'll lay our tro - phies at Thy feet, We'll wor-ship and a - dore Thee,
We want Thee here each hour of need, Shall want Thee, too, in glo - ry.
Whose pre-cious blood has made us meet To dwell with Thee in glo - ry.

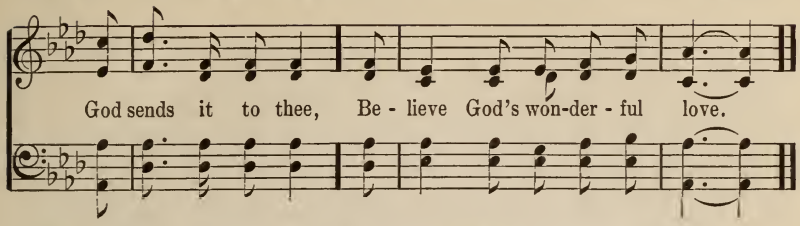
118 O, Have You Not Heard of That Wonderful Love?

(P. M.)

J. C. Englebrecht.

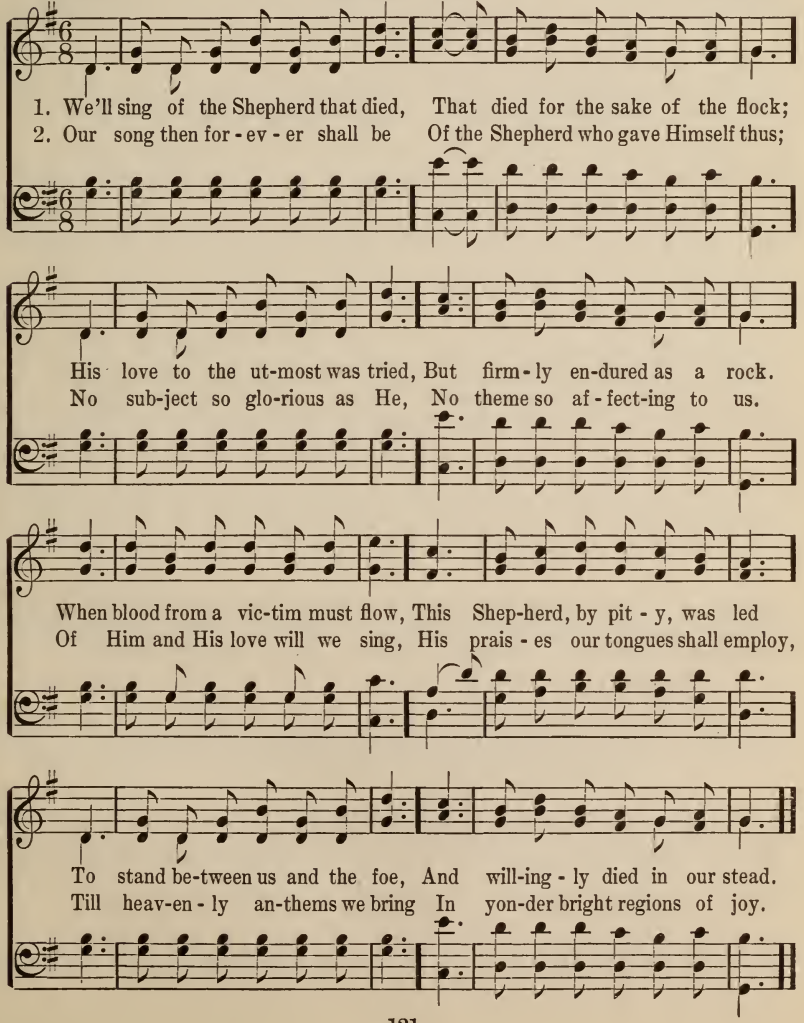

1. O, have you not heard of that won-der-ful love, That flows from God's
2. Poor sin-ners un-done, and sin-ful, and lost, This love of our
3. O, sweet is its rest to the wear-y and worn, Who deep feel the
4. Then will you not prove this won-der-ful love, That flows from God's
heart so free, Which led Him to give for a per-ish-ing world
God now re-ceive; No heart is too sad this love to make glad,
bur-den of sin; It seeks for no mer-it its bliss to in-her-it,
heart so free, Which led Him to give, that sin-ners might live,
Refrain.
His Son to be nailed to the tree?
When once on God's word we be-lieve.
No good-ness with-out or with-in.
His Son to be nailed to the tree?
Be-lieve that won-der-ful
love, Be-lieve that won-der-ful love, The gos-pel is free,

O, have You Not Heard of That Wonderful Love?



119 We'll Sing of the Shepherd That Died.

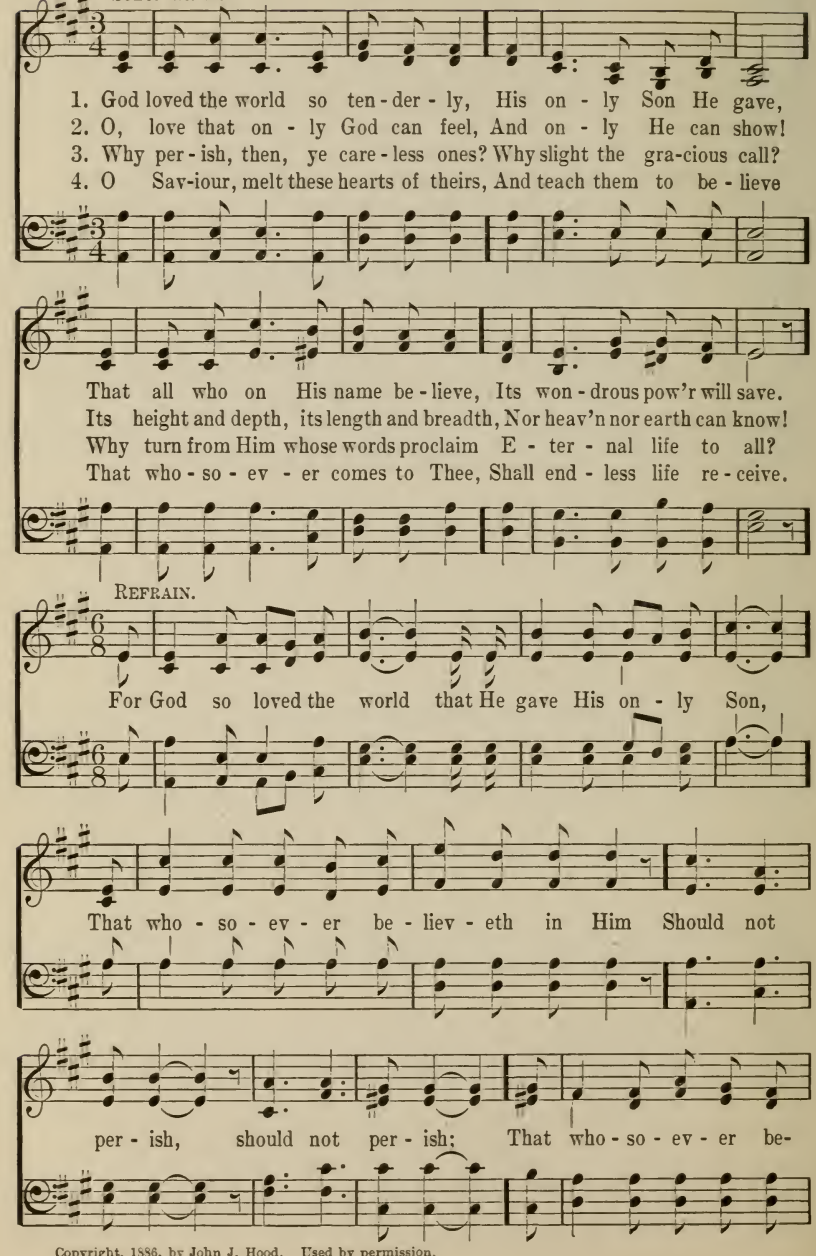
T. KELLY. (De Fleury. 8. D.) German.


1. We'll sing of the Shepherd that died, That died for the sake of the flock;
2. Our song then for - ev - er shall be Of the Shepherd who gave Himself thus;
His love to the ut-most was tried, But firm - ly en-dured as a rock.
No sub-ject so glo-rious as He, No theme so af - fect-ing to us.
When blood from a vic-tim must flow, This Shep-herd, by pit - y, was led
Of Him and His love will we sing, His prais - es our tongues shall employ,
To stand be-tween us and the foe, And will-ing - ly died in our stead.
Till heav-en - ly an-thems we bring In yon-der bright regions of joy.

God So Loved the World.

(P. M.)

FANNY J CROSBY — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

SOLO. *ad lib.*

1. God loved the world so ten - der - ly, His on - ly Son He gave,
2. O, love that on - ly God can feel, And on - ly He can show!
3. Why per - ish, then, ye care - less ones? Why slight the gra-cious call?
4. O Sav-iour, melt these hearts of theirs, And teach them to be - lieve
That all who on His name be - lieve, Its won - drous pow'r will save.
Its height and depth, its length and breadth, Nor heav'n nor earth can know!
Why turn from Him whose words proclaim E - ter - nal life to all?
That who - so - ev - er comes to Thee, Shall end - less life re - ceive.
REFRAIN.
For God so loved the world that He gave His on - ly Son,
That who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not
per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be-

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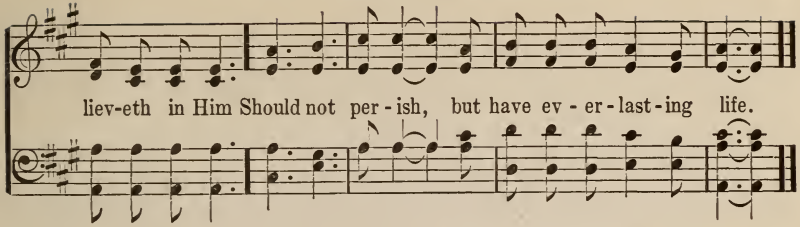
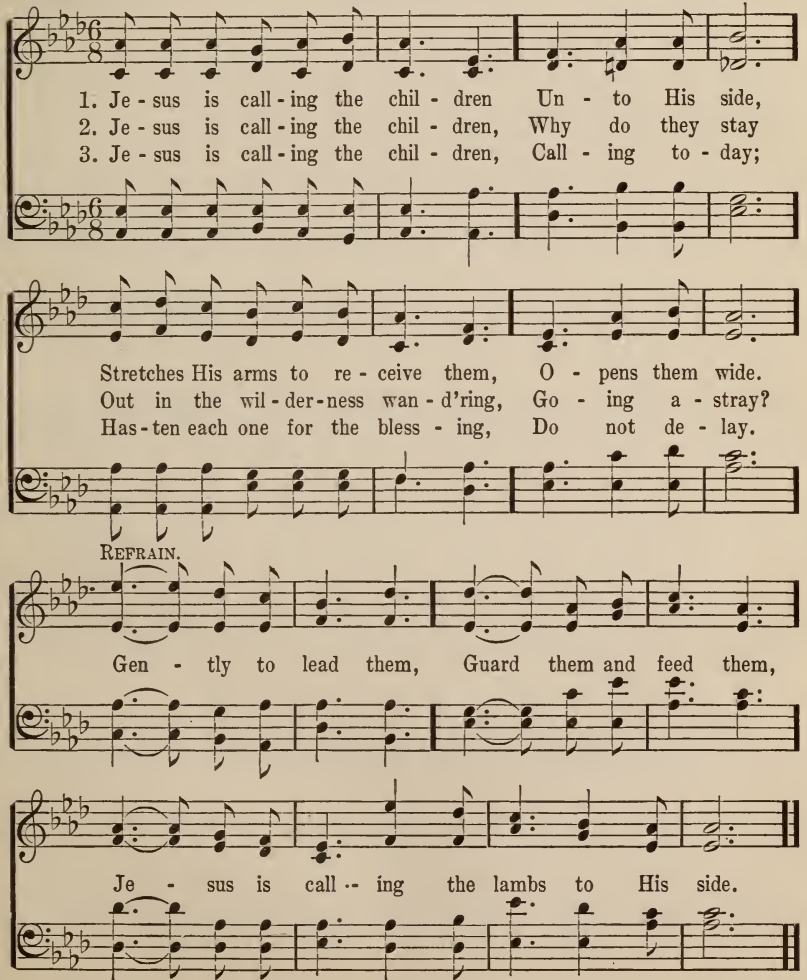


121 Jesus is Calling the Children.

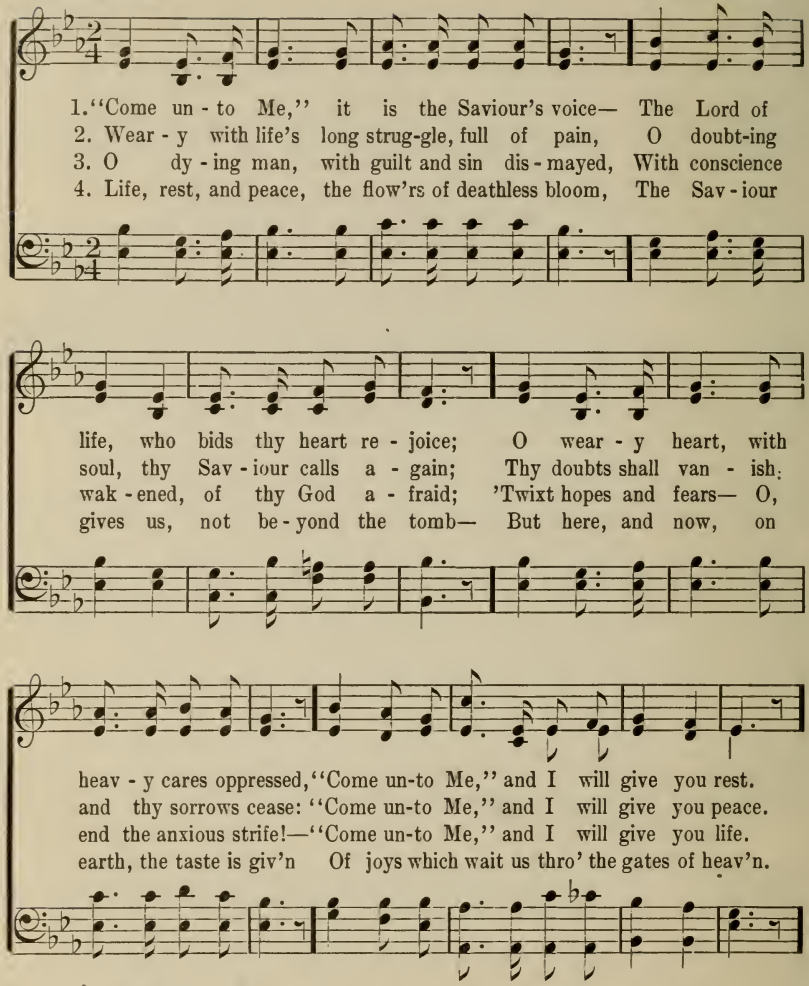
(Shepherd. P. M.)

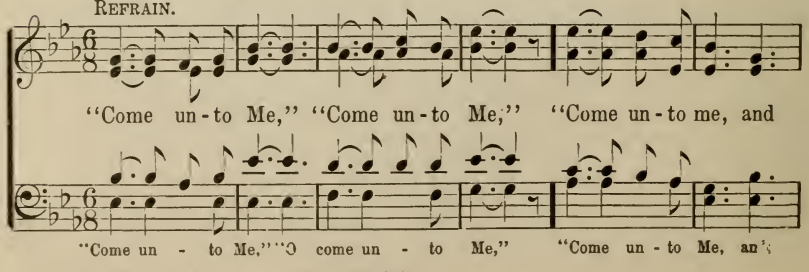
ALICE GAUSBY. ALICE GAUSBY.

1. Je-sus is call-ing the chil-dren Un-to His side,
2. Je-sus is call-ing the chil-dren, Why do they stay
3. Je-sus is call-ing the chil-dren, Call-ing to-day;
Stretches His arms to re-ceive them, O-pens them wide.
Out in the wil-der-ness wan-d'ring, Go-ing a-stray?
Has-ten each one for the bless-ing, Do not de-lay.
REFRAIN.
Gen-tly to lead them, Guard them and feed them,
Je-sus is call-ing the lambs to His side.

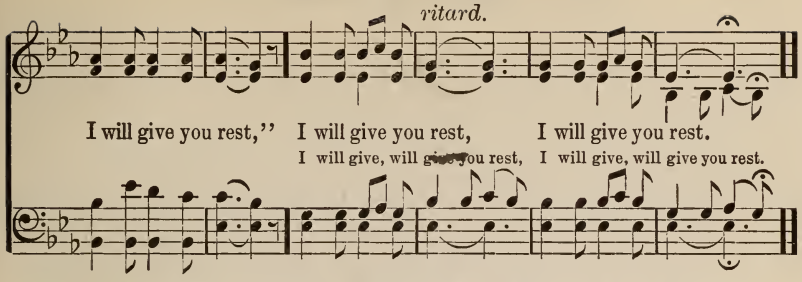
"Come Unto Me."

(P. M.)

NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "Come un - to Me," it is the Saviour's voice— The Lord of
2. Wear - y with life's long strug-gle, full of pain, O doubt-ing
3. O dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With conscience
4. Life, rest, and peace, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Sav - iour
life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wear - y heart, with
soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish;
wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; 'Twixt hopes and fears— O,
gives us, not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now, on
heav - y cares oppressed, "Come un-to Me," and I will give you rest.
and thy sorrows cease: "Come un-to Me," and I will give you peace.
end the anxious strife!—"Come un-to Me," and I will give you life.
earth, the taste is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

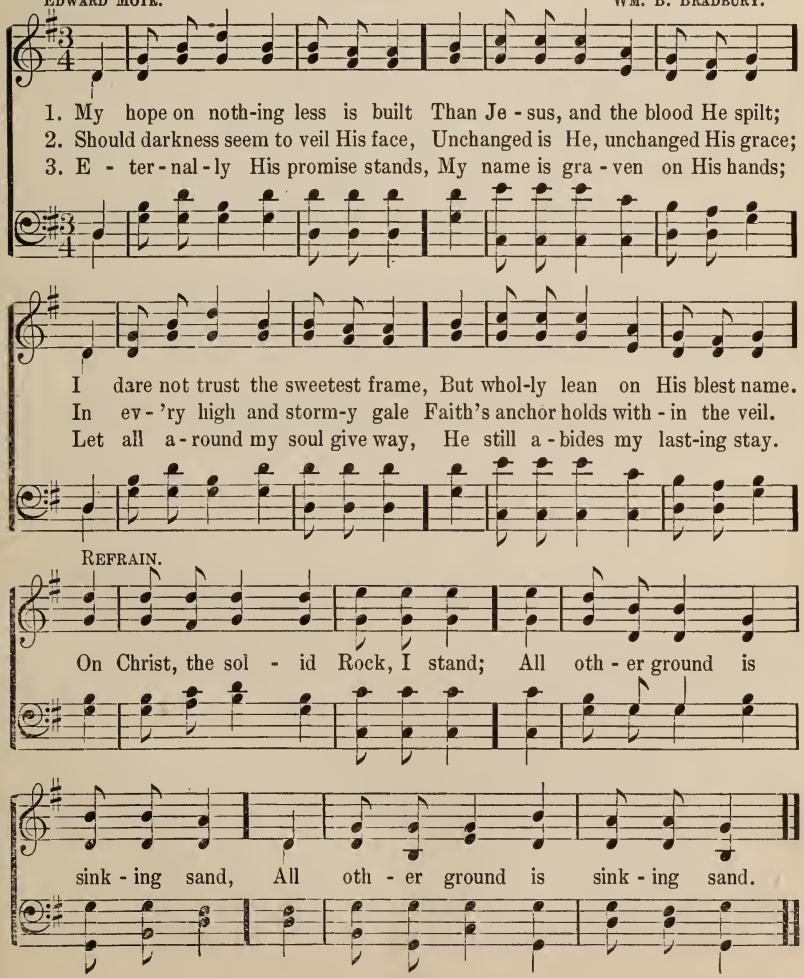
REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey. Used by permission.

"Come Unto Me."

ritard.
I will give you rest," I will give you rest, I will give you rest.
I will give, will give you rest, I will give, will give you rest.

123 My Hope On Nothing Less Is Built.

(Foundation. 6—8s.)

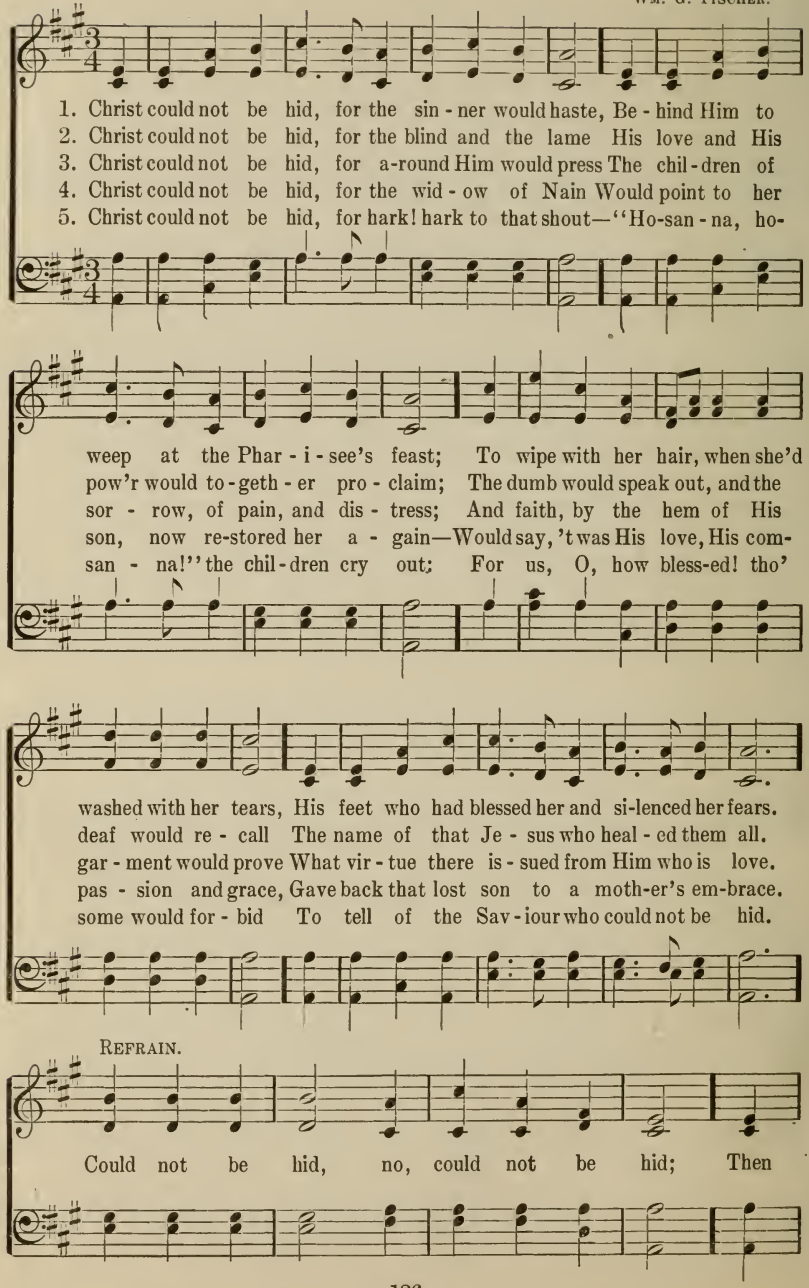
EDWARD MOTE. WM. B. BRADBURY.

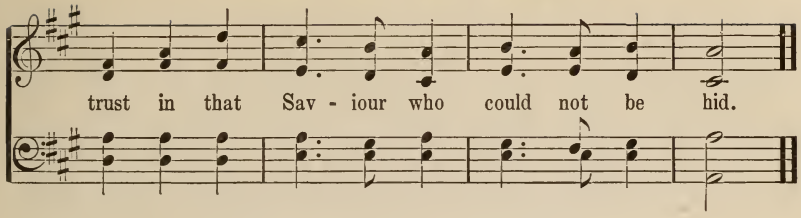

1. My hope on noth-ing less is built Than Je - sus, and the blood He spilt;
2. Should darkness seem to veil His face, Unchanged is He, unchanged His grace;
3. E - ter - nal - ly His promise stands, My name is gra - ven on His hands;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on His blest name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm-y gale Faith's anchor holds with - in the veil.
Let all a - round my soul give way, He still a - bides my last-ing stay.
REFRAIN.
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is
sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

Christ Could Not Be Hid.

(P. M.)

Wm. G. Fischer.

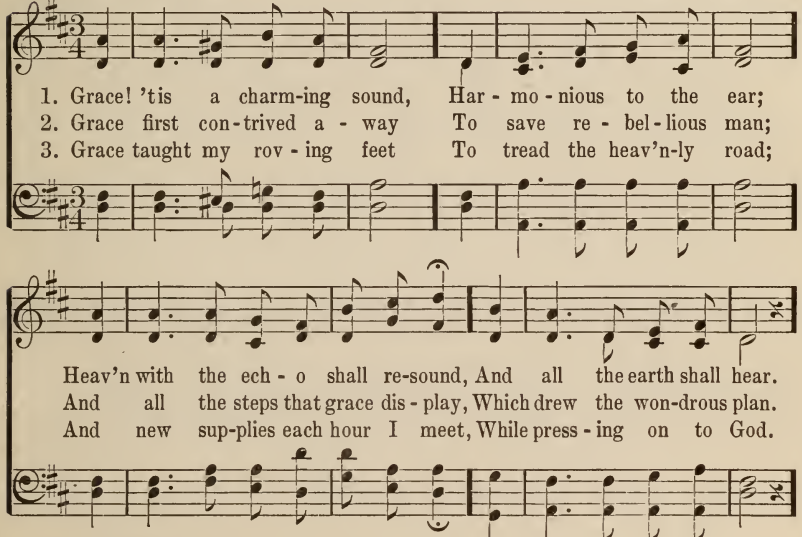

1. Christ could not be hid, for the sin - ner would haste, Be - hind Him to
2. Christ could not be hid, for the blind and the lame His love and His
3. Christ could not be hid, for a-round Him would press The chil - dren of
4. Christ could not be hid, for the wid - ow of Nain Would point to her
5. Christ could not be hid, for hark! hark to that shout—"Ho-san - na, ho-
weep at the Phar - i - see's feast; To wipe with her hair, when she'd
pow'r would to - geth - er pro - claim; The dumb would speak out, and the
sor - row, of pain, and dis - tress; And faith, by the hem of His
son, now re-stored her a - gain—Would say, 't was His love, His com-
san - na!" the chil - dren cry out; For us, O, how bless-ed! tho'
washed with her tears, His feet who had blessed her and si-lenced her fears.
deaf would re - call The name of that Je - sus who heal - ed them all.
gar - ment would prove What vir - tue there is - sued from Him who is love.
pas - sion and grace, Gave back that lost son to a moth-er's em-brace.
some would for - bid To tell of the Sav - iour who could not be hid.
Refrain.
Could not be hid, no, could not be hid; Then



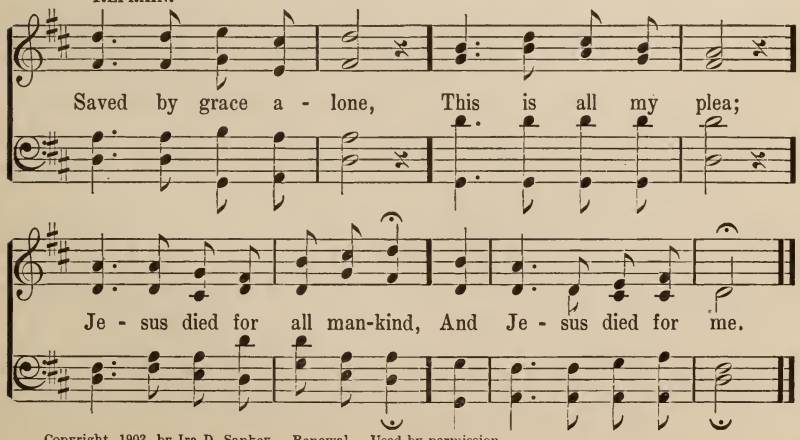
125 The Wondrous Gift.

(P. M.)

Dr. Philip Doddridge. Ira D. Sankey.


1. Grace! 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo - nious to the ear;
2. Grace first con-trived a - way To save re - bel - lious man;
3. Grace taught my rov - ing feet To tread the heav'n-ly road;
Heav'n with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
And all the steps that grace dis - play, Which drew the won-drous plan.
And new sup-plies each hour I meet, While press - ing on to God.

Refrain.



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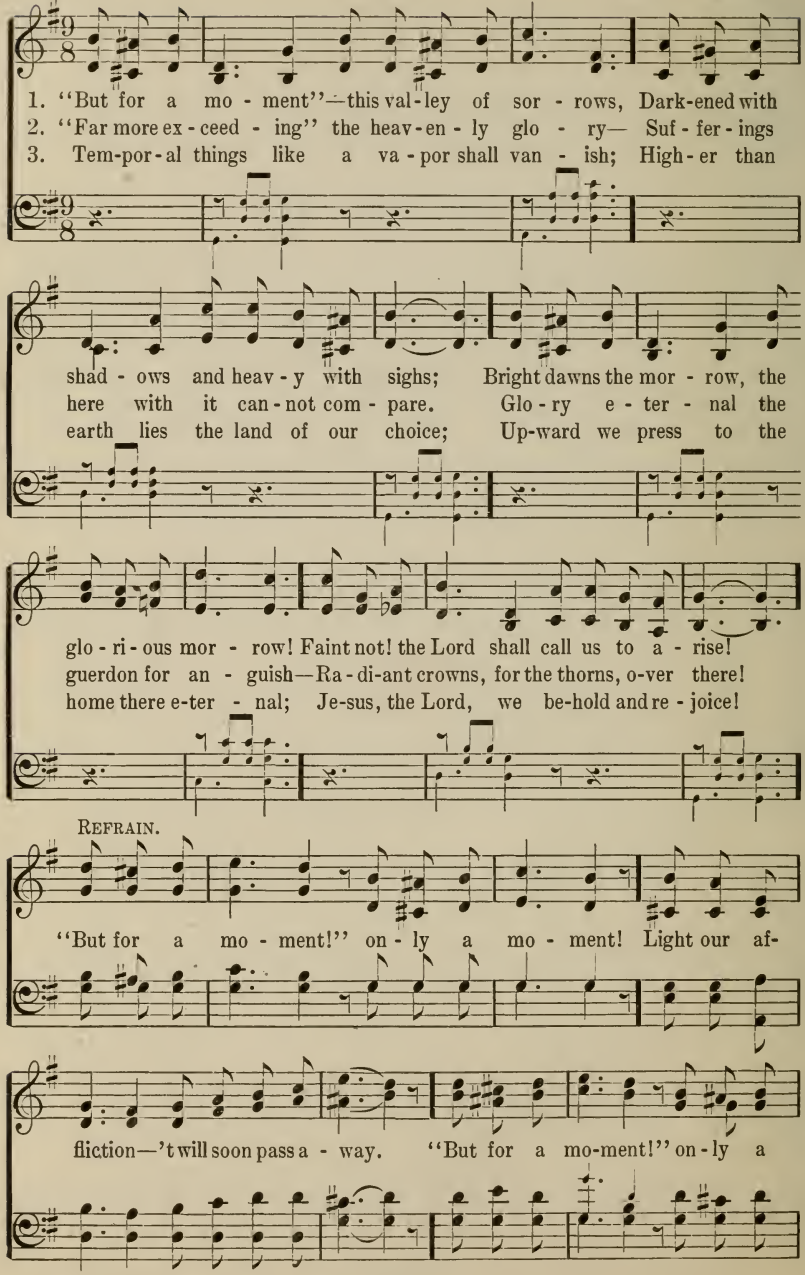
"But For a Moment."

A. A. P. (P. M.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "But for a mo - ment"—this val - ley of sor - rows, Dark-ened with
2. "Far more ex - ceed - ing" the heav - en - ly glo - ry— Suf - fer - ings
3. Tem-por - al things like a va - por shall van - ish; High - er than
shad - ows and heav - y with sighs; Bright dawns the mor - row, the
here with it can - not com - pare. Glo - ry e - ter - nal the
earth lies the land of our choice; Up-ward we press to the
glo - ri - ous mor - row! Faint not! the Lord shall call us to a - rise!
guerdon for an - guish—Ra - di-ant crowns, for the thorns, o-ver there!
home there e-ter - nal; Je-sus, the Lord, we be-hold and re - joice!
REFRAIN.
"But for a mo - ment!" on - ly a mo - ment! Light our af-
fliction—'t will soon pass a - way. "But for a mo-ment!" on - ly a

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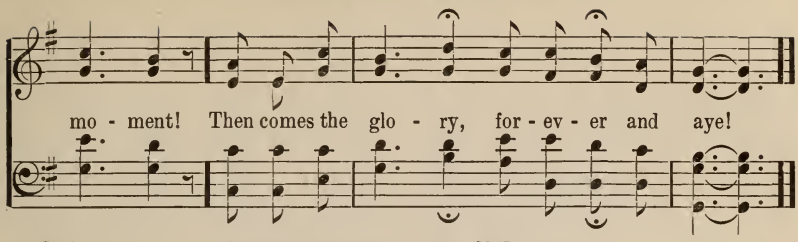
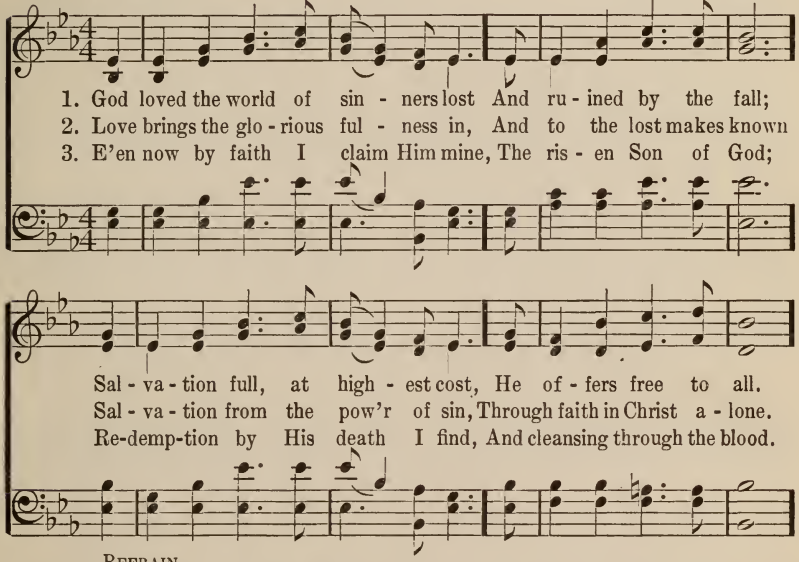
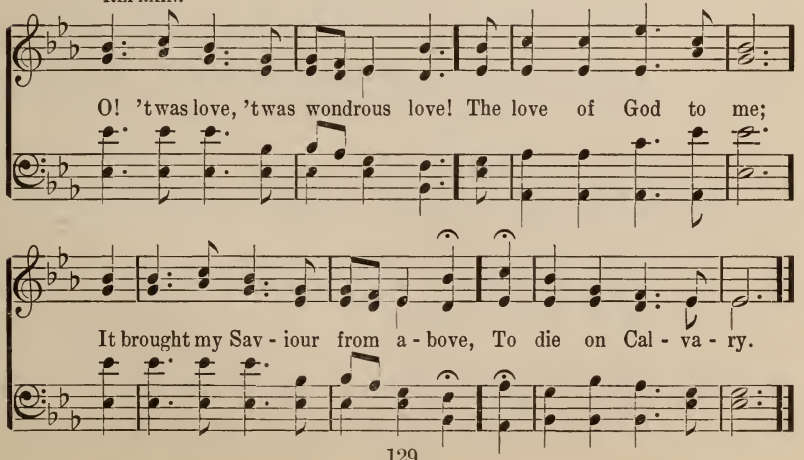


127 God Loved the World.

Mrs. M. Stockton. (G. M. D.) Wm. G. Fischer.

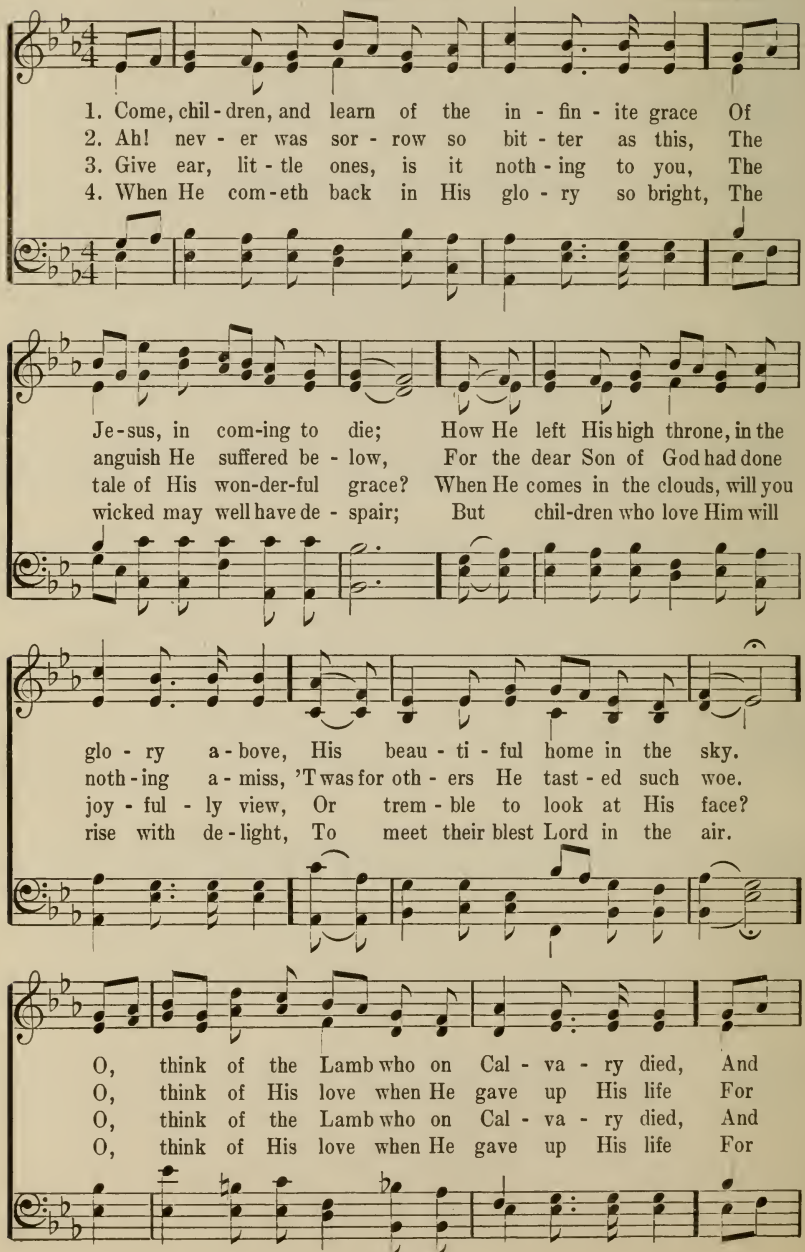

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the fall;
2. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to the lost makes known
3. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
Sal - va - tion from the pow'r of sin, Through faith in Christ a - lone.
Re-demp-tion by His death I find, And cleansing through the blood.

Refrain.

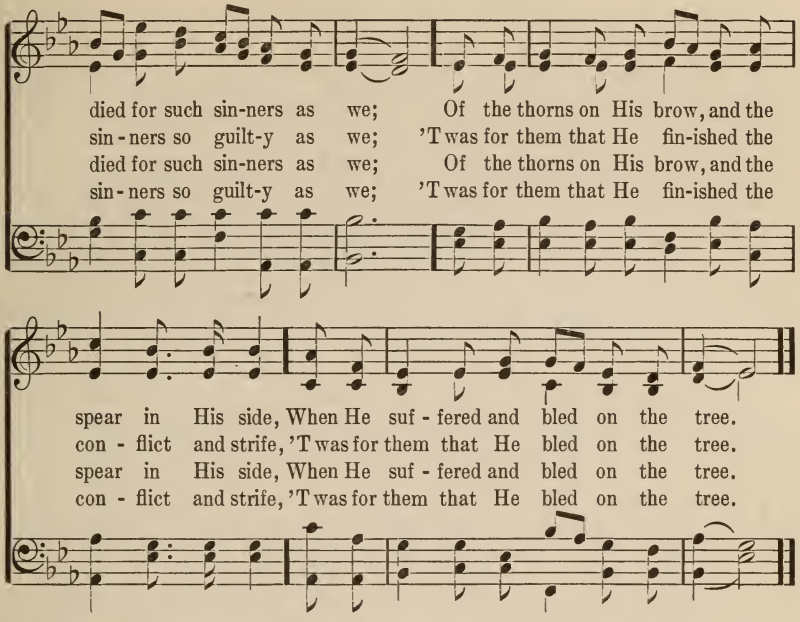


128 Come, Children, and Learn of the Infinite Grace.

(Grace. P. M.) R. REDHEAD.


1. Come, chil - dren, and learn of the in - fin - ite grace Of
2. Ah! nev - er was sor - row so bit - ter as this, The
3. Give ear, lit - tle ones, is it noth - ing to you, The
4. When He com - eth back in His glo - ry so bright, The
Je - sus, in com-ing to die; How He left His high throne, in the
anguish He suffered be - low, For the dear Son of God had done
tale of His won-der-ful grace? When He comes in the clouds, will you
wicked may well have de - spair; But chil-dren who love Him will
glo - ry a - bove, His beau - ti - ful home in the sky.
noth - ing a - miss, 'T was for oth - ers He tast - ed such woe.
joy - ful - ly view, Or trem - ble to look at His face?
rise with de - light, To meet their blest Lord in the air.
O, think of the Lamb who on Cal - va - ry died, And
O, think of His love when He gave up His life For
O, think of the Lamb who on Cal - va - ry died, And
O, think of His love when He gave up His life For

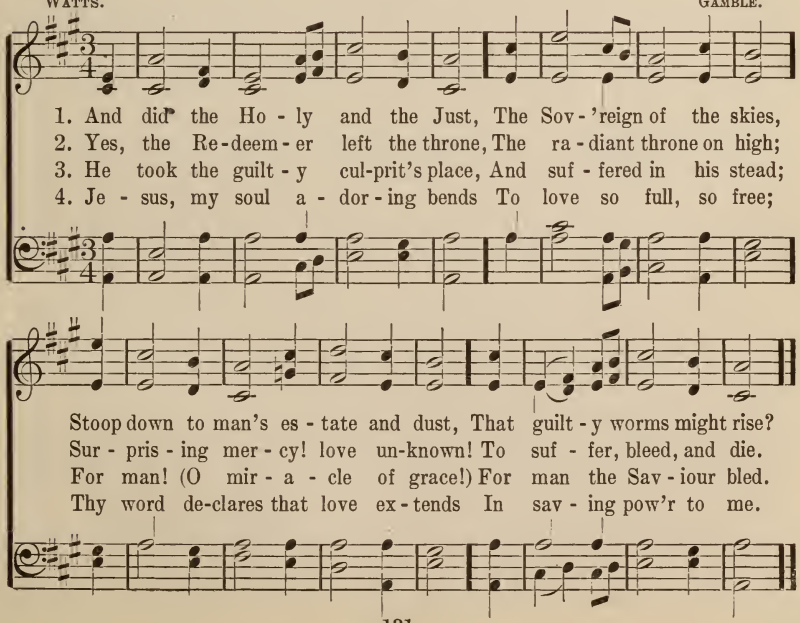
Come, Children, and Learn of the Infinite Grace.


died for such sin-ners as we; Of the thorns on His brow, and the
sin-ners so guilt-y as we; 'T was for them that He fin-ished the
died for such sin-ners as we; Of the thorns on His brow, and the
sin-ners so guilt-y as we; 'T was for them that He fin-ished the
spear in His side, When He suf-fered and bled on the tree.
con-flict and strife, 'T was for them that He bled on the tree.
spear in His side, When He suf-fered and bled on the tree.
con-flict and strife, 'T was for them that He bled on the tree.

129 And Did the Holy and the Just?

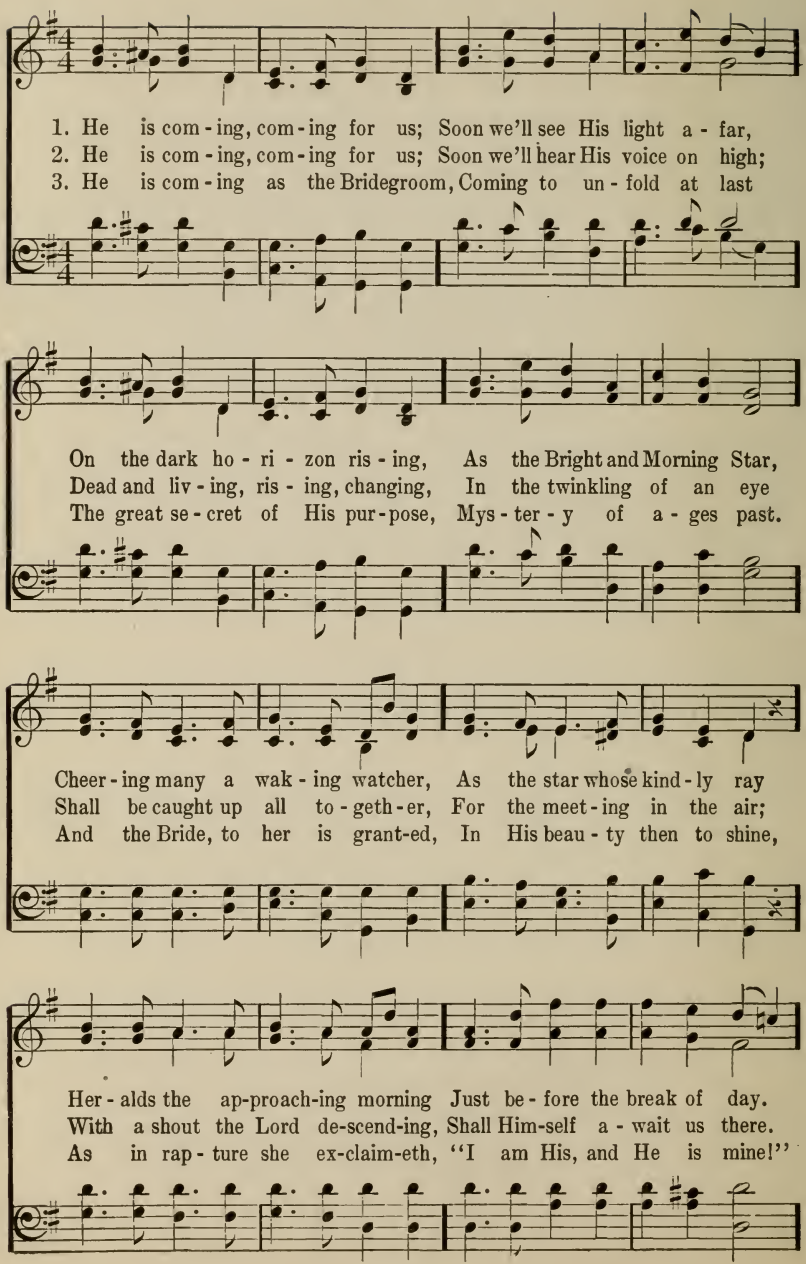
(Avon. C. M.)

WATTS. GAMBLE.

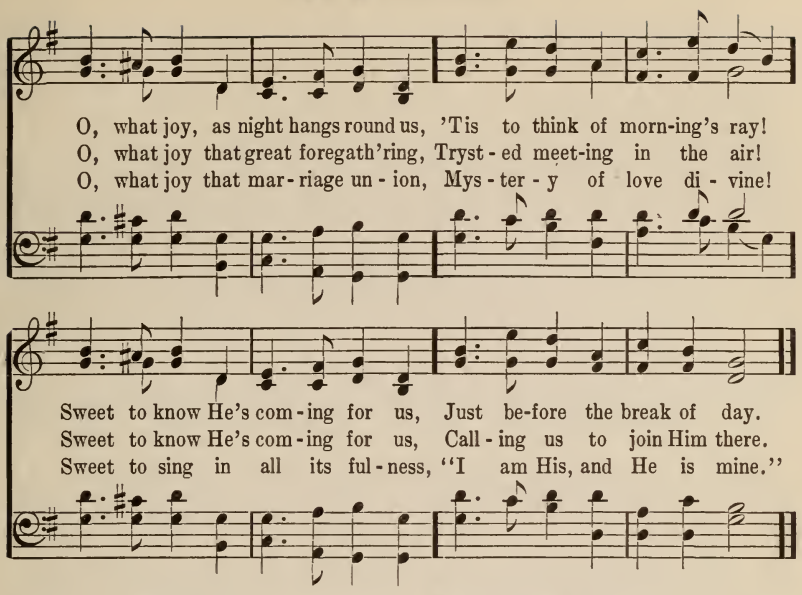

1. And did the Ho-ly and the Just, The Sov-'reign of the skies,
2. Yes, the Re-deem-er left the throne, The ra-diant throne on high;
3. He took the guilt-y cul-prit's place, And suf-fered in his stead;
4. Je-sus, my soul a-dor-ing bends To love so full, so free;
Stoop down to man's es-tate and dust, That guilt-y worms might rise?
Sur-pris-ing mer-cy! love un-known! To suf-fer, bleed, and die.
For man! (O mir-a-cle of grace!) For man the Sav-iour bled.
Thy word de-clares that love ex-tends In sav-ing pow'r to me.

130 He Is Coming.

(8. 7. 12 lines.)

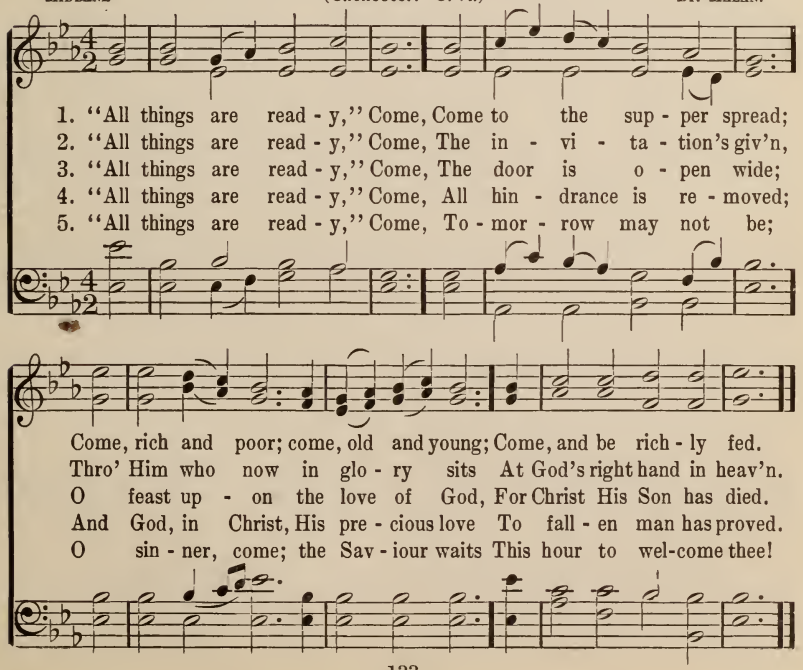

1. He is com - ing, com - ing for us; Soon we'll see His light a - far,
2. He is com - ing, com - ing for us; Soon we'll hear His voice on high;
3. He is com - ing as the Bridegroom, Coming to un - fold at last
On the dark ho - ri - zon ris - ing, As the Bright and Morning Star,
Dead and liv - ing, ris - ing, changing, In the twinkling of an eye
The great se - cret of His pur - pose, Mys - ter - y of a - ges past.
Cheer - ing many a wak - ing watcher, As the star whose kind - ly ray
Shall be caught up all to - geth - er, For the meet - ing in the air;
And the Bride, to her is grant-ed, In His beau - ty then to shine,
Her - alds the ap-proach-ing morning Just be - fore the break of day.
With a shout the Lord de-scend-ing, Shall Him-self a - wait us there.
As in rap - ture she ex-claim-eth, "I am His, and He is mine!"

He Is Coming.


O, what joy, as night hangs round us, 'Tis to think of morn-ing's ray!
O, what joy that great foregath'ring, Tryst - ed meet-ing in the air!
O, what joy that mar - riage un - ion, Mys - ter - y of love di - vine!
Sweet to know He's com - ing for us, Just be-fore the break of day.
Sweet to know He's com - ing for us, Call - ing us to join Him there.
Sweet to sing in all its ful - ness, "I am His, and He is mine."

131 "All Things Are Ready," Come.

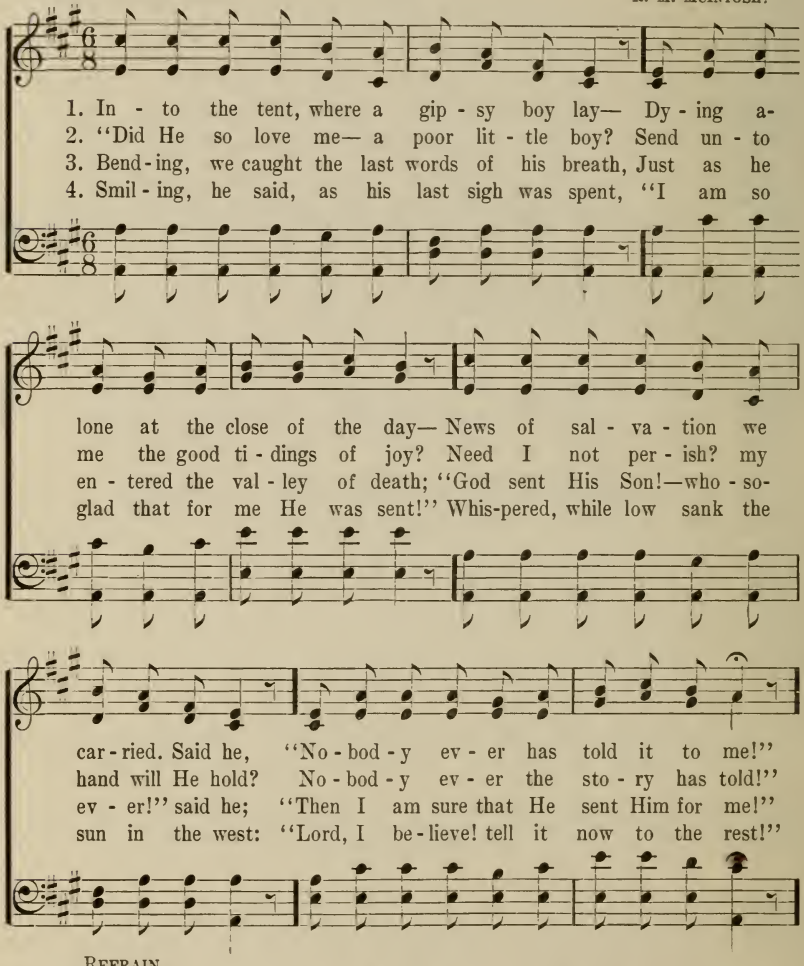
MIDLANE (Silchester. S. M.) Dr. MALAN.


1. "All things are read - y," Come, Come to the sup - per spread;
2. "All things are read - y," Come, The in - vi - ta - tion's giv'n,
3. "All things are read - y," Come, The door is o - pen wide;
4. "All things are read - y," Come, All hin - drance is re - moved;
5. "All things are read - y," Come, To - mor - row may not be;
Come, rich and poor; come, old and young; Come, and be rich - ly fed.
Thro' Him who now in glo - ry sits At God's right hand in heav'n.
O feast up - on the love of God, For Christ His Son has died.
And God, in Christ, His pre - cious love To fall - en man has proved.
O sin - ner, come; the Sav - iour waits This hour to wel-come thee!

132 Tell It Again!

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."

(P. M.)

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. R. M. McIntosh.

1. In - to the tent, where a gip - sy boy lay— Dy - ing a-
2. "Did He so love me— a poor lit - tle boy? Send un - to
3. Bend - ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he
4. Smil - ing, he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so
lone at the close of the day— News of sal - va - tion we
me the good ti - dings of joy? Need I not per - ish? my
en - tered the val - ley of death; "God sent His Son!—who - so-
glad that for me He was sent!" Whis-pered, while low sank the
car - ried. Said he, "No - bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
hand will He hold? No - bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
ev - er!" said he; "Then I am sure that He sent Him for me!"
sun in the west: "Lord, I be - lieve! tell it now to the rest!"
Refrain.
Tell it a - gain! tell it a - gain! Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re-

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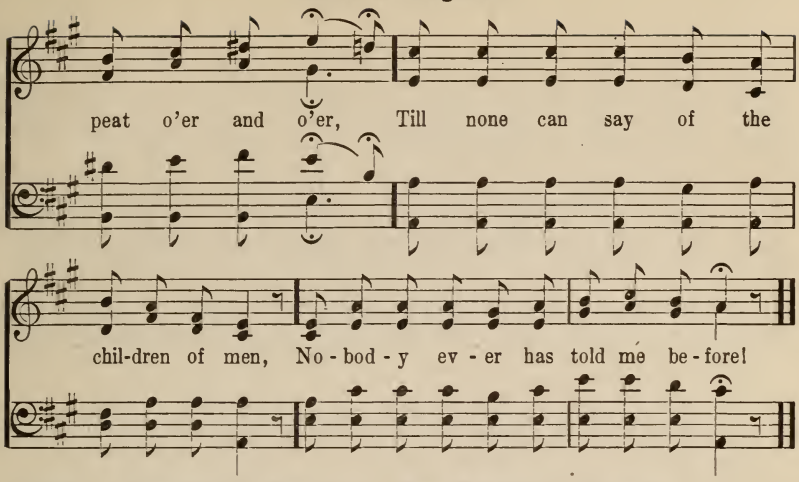
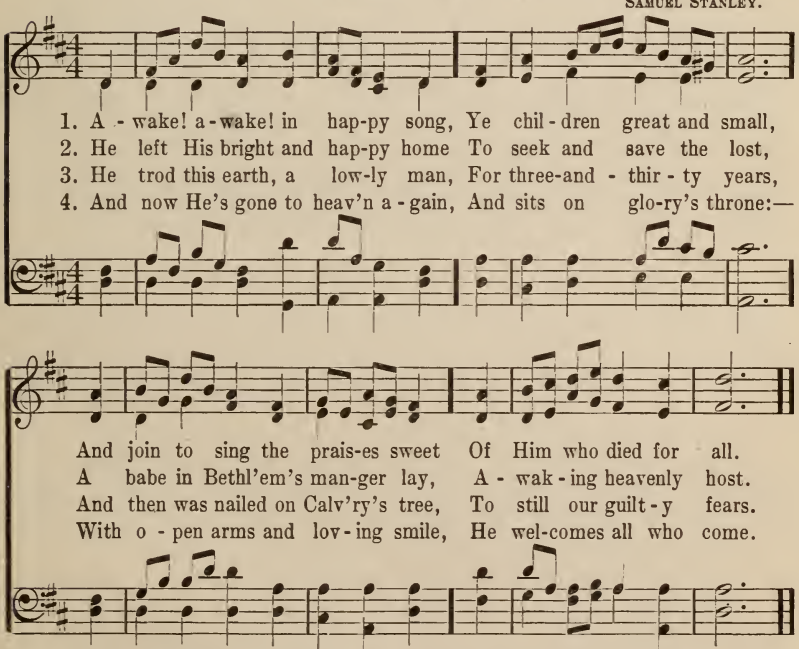
Tell It Again!



133 Awake! Awake! In happy Song.

(Warwick. C. M.)

SAMUEL STANLEY.


1. A-wake! a-wake! in hap-py song, Ye chil-dren great and small,
2. He left His bright and hap-py home To seek and save the lost,
3. He trod this earth, a low-ly man, For three-and-thir-ty years,
4. And now He's gone to heav'n a-gain, And sits on glo-ry's throne:—
And join to sing the prais-es sweet Of Him who died for all.
A babe in Bethl'em's man-ger lay, A-wak-ing heavenly host.
And then was nailed on Calv'ry's tree, To still our guilt-y fears.
With o-pen arms and lov-ing smile, He wel-comes all who come.

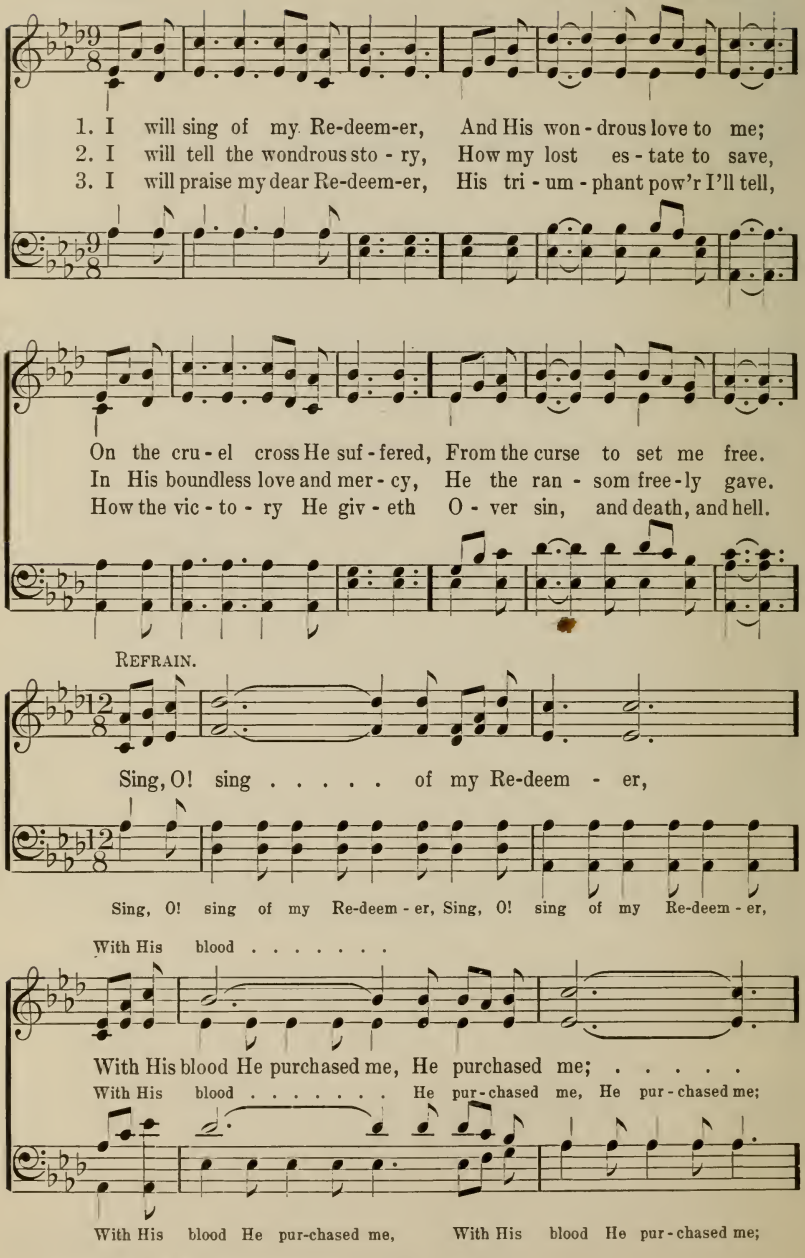
5 It is because the Shepherd good,
For sheep and lambs did die,
That those who trust His precious blood
Shall dwell with Him on high.

6 O! may we all, a joyous band,
Give praises pure and sweet,
To please His heart, to make Him glad,
Till round His throne we meet.

My Redeemer.

(P. M.)

P. P. Bliss. Mrs. Addie McGranahan.


1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-drous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-um-phant pow'r I'll tell,
On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
Refrain.
Sing, O! sing . . . . . of my Re-deem-er,
Sing, O! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, O! sing of my Re-deem-er,
With His blood . . . . . .
With His blood He purchased me, He purchased me; . . . . .
With His blood . . . . . He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me;
With His blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me;

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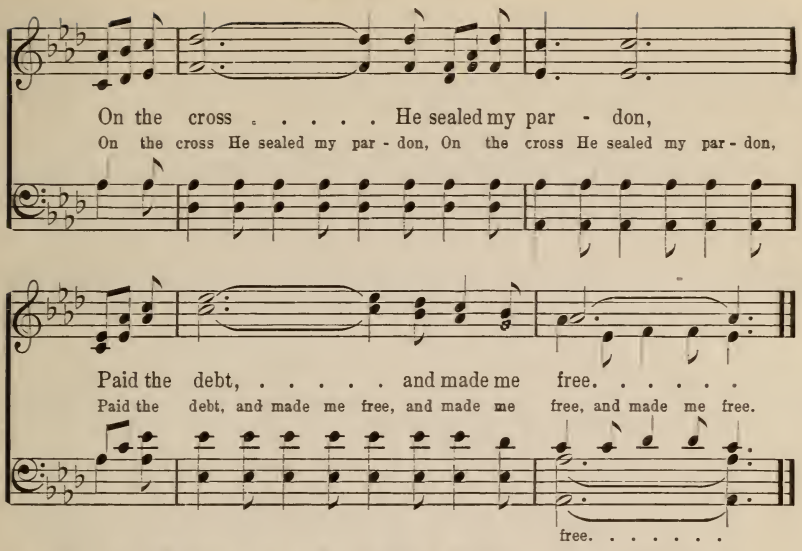
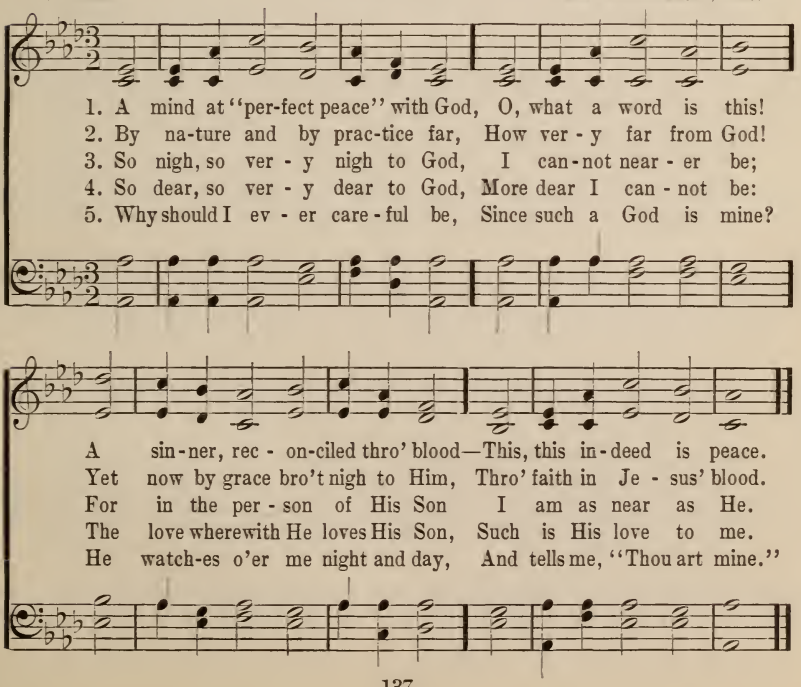

On the cross . . . . . He sealed my par - don,
On the cross He sealed my par - don, On the cross He sealed my par - don,
Paid the debt, ... and made me free. . . . . .
Paid the debt, and made me free, and made me free, and made me free.
free. . . . . .

135 A Mind at "Perfect Peace" With God.

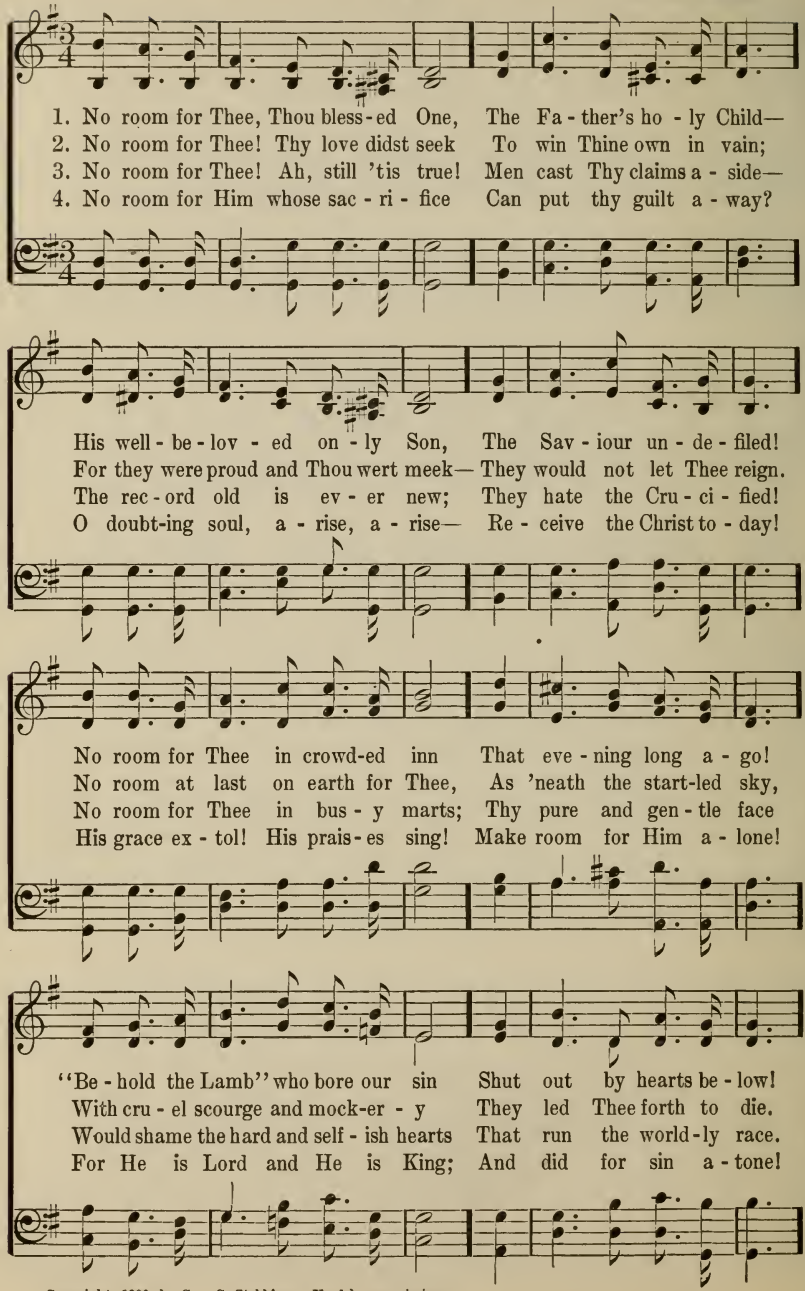
(Evan. C. M.)

C. Paget. Wm. H. Havergal, 1847.


1. A mind at "per-fect peace" with God, O, what a word is this!
2. By na-ture and by prac-tice far, How ver - y far from God!
3. So nigh, so ver - y nigh to God, I can-not near - er be;
4. So dear, so ver - y dear to God, More dear I can - not be:
5. Why should I ev - er care - ful be, Since such a God is mine?
A sin - ner, rec - on-ciled thro' blood—This, this in - deed is peace.
Yet now by grace bro't nigh to Him, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.
For in the per - son of His Son I am as near as He.
The love wherewith He loves His Son, Such is His love to me.
He watch-es o'er me night and day, And tells me, "Thou art mine."

Make Room For Him.

A. A. P. (G. M. D.) Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. No room for Thee, Thou bless-ed One, The Fa-ther's ho-ly Child—
2. No room for Thee! Thy love didst seek To win Thine own in vain;
3. No room for Thee! Ah, still 'tis true! Men cast Thy claims a-side—
4. No room for Him whose sac-ri-fice Can put thy guilt a-way?
His well-be-lov-ed on-ly Son, The Sav-iour un-de-filed!
For they were proud and Thou wert meek— They would not let Thee reign.
The rec-ord old is ev-er new; They hate the Cru-ci-fied!
O doubt-ing soul, a-rise, a-rise— Re-ceive the Christ to-day!
No room for Thee in crowd-ed inn That eve-ning long a-go!
No room at last on earth for Thee, As 'neath the start-led sky,
No room for Thee in bus-y marts; Thy pure and gen-tle face
His grace ex-tol! His prais-es sing! Make room for Him a-lone!
"Be-hold the Lamb" who bore our sin Shut out by hearts be-low!
With cru-el scourge and mock-er-y They led Thee forth to die.
Would shame the hard and self-ish hearts That run the world-ly race.
For He is Lord and He is King; And did for sin a-tone!

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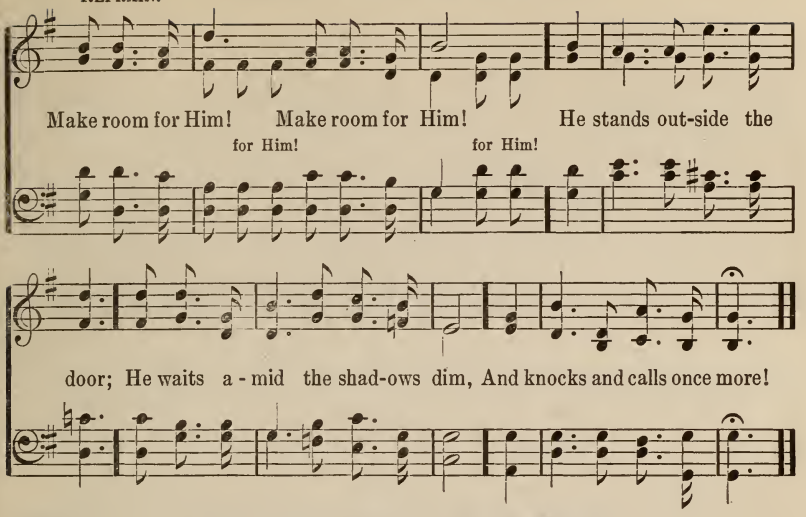
Make Room For Him.

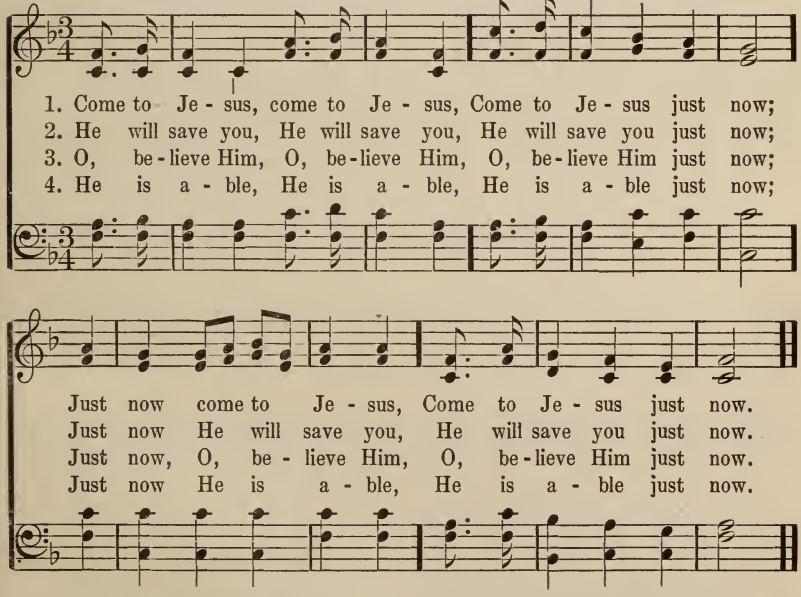
REFRAIN.


Make room for Him! Make room for Him! He stands out-side the
for Him! for Him!
door; He waits a - mid the shad-ows dim, And knocks and calls once more!

137 Come to Jesus Just Now.

(P. M.)

E. P. HAMMOND. J. FAWCETT.

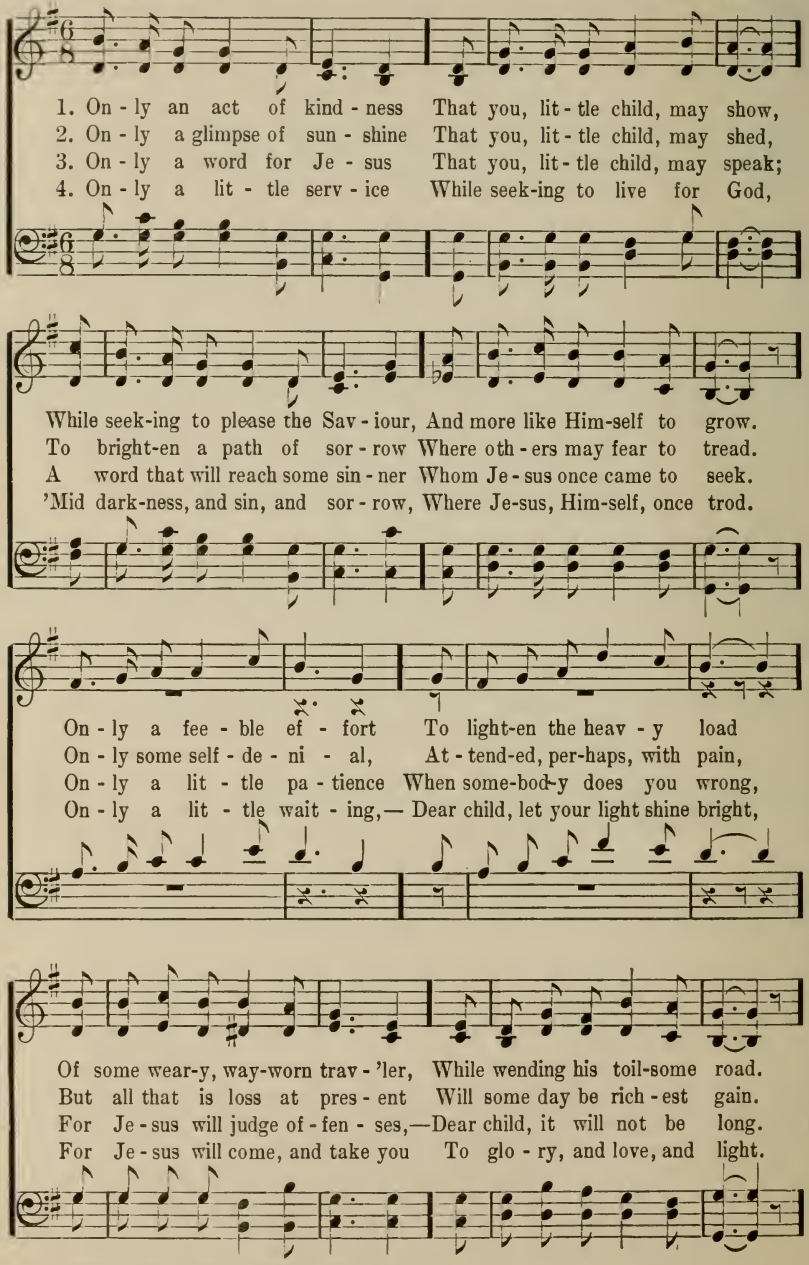

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;
3. O, be - lieve Him, O, be - lieve Him, O, be - lieve Him just now;
4. He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is a - ble just now;
Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.
Just now, O, be - lieve Him, O, be - lieve Him just now.
Just now He is a - ble, He is a - ble just now.

5 He is willing, He is willing,
He is willing just now;
Just now He is willing,
He is willing just now.

6 Will you trust Him? will you trust Him?
Will you trust Him just now?
Just now will you trust Him?
Will you trust Him just now?

138 Only an Act of Kindness.

(Only a Beam of Sunshine. P. M.)

Mrs. C Kingsbury. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On - ly an act of kind - ness That you, lit - tle child, may show,
2. On - ly a glimpse of sun - shine That you, lit - tle child, may shed,
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus That you, lit - tle child, may speak;
4. On - ly a lit - tle serv - ice While seek-ing to live for God,
While seek-ing to please the Sav - iour, And more like Him-self to grow.
To bright-en a path of sor - row Where oth - ers may fear to tread.
A word that will reach some sin - ner Whom Je - sus once came to seek.
'Mid dark-ness, and sin, and sor - row, Where Je-sus, Him-self, once trod.
On - ly a fee - ble ef - fort To light-en the heav - y load
On - ly some self - de - ni - al, At - tend-ed, per-haps, with pain,
On - ly a lit - tle pa - tience When some-bod-y does you wrong,
On - ly a lit - tle wait - ing,— Dear child, let your light shine bright,
Of some wear-y, way-worn trav - 'ler, While wending his toil-some road.
But all that is loss at pres - ent Will some day be rich - est gain.
For Je - sus will judge of - fen - ses,—Dear child, it will not be long.
For Je - sus will come, and take you To glo - ry, and love, and light.

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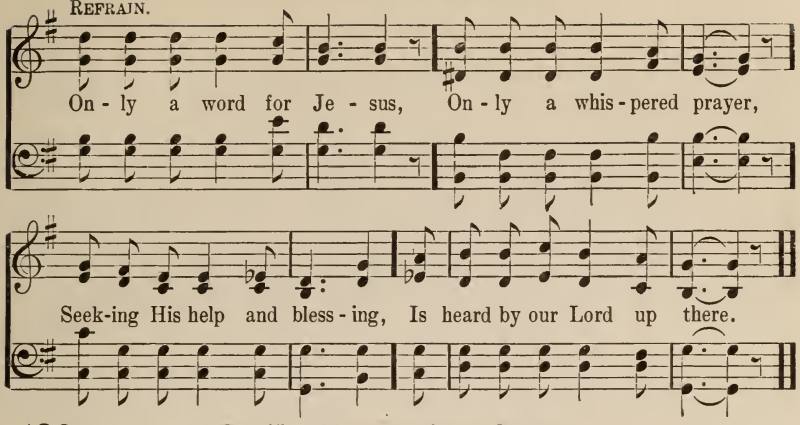
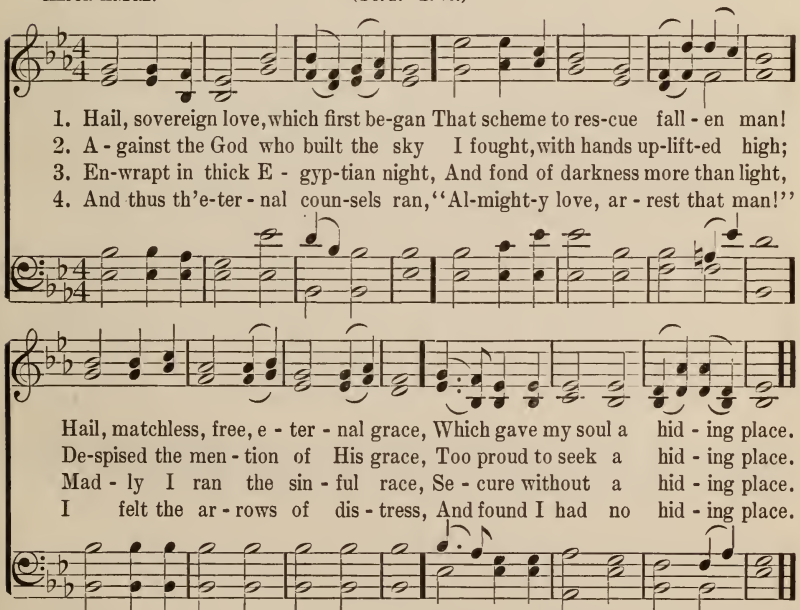
Only an Act of Kindness.

REFRAIN.



139 Hail, Sovereign Love.

MAJOR ANDRE. (Bera. L. M.)


1. Hail, sovereign love, which first be-gan That scheme to res-cue fall - en man!
2. A - gainst the God who built the sky I fought, with hands up-lift-ed high;
3. En-wrapt in thick E - gyp-tian night, And fond of darkness more than light,
4. And thus th'e-ter - nal coun-sels ran, "Al-might-y love, ar - rest that man!"
Hail, matchless, free, e - ter - nal grace, Which gave my soul a hid - ing place.
De-spised the men - tion of His grace, Too proud to seek a hid - ing place.
Mad - ly I ran the sin - ful race, Se - cure without a hid - ing place.
I felt the ar - rows of dis - tress, And found I had no hid - ing place.

5 Indignant Justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding place."

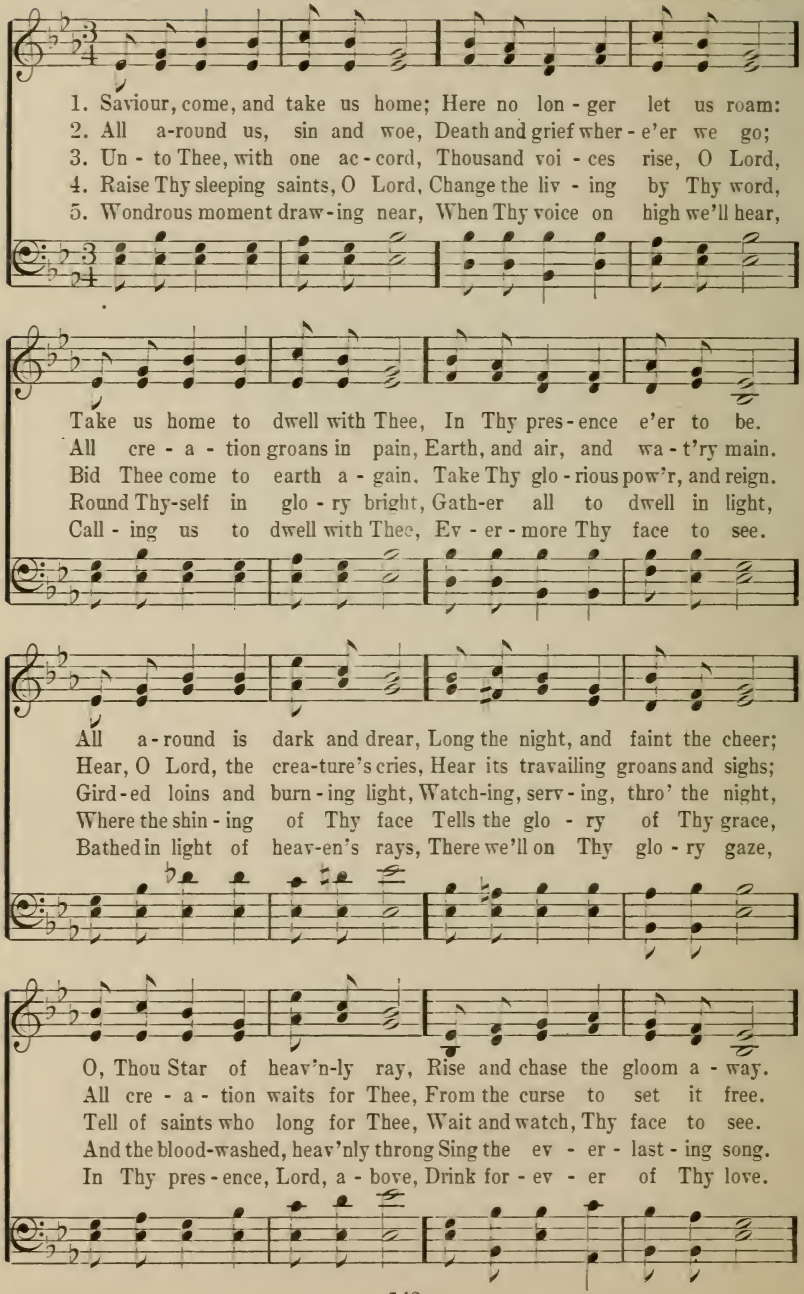
6 On Jesus, God's just vengeance fell,
Which would have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for a sinful race,
And thus became their Hiding Place.

7 Should sevenfold storms of thunder roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole,
No thunderbolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my Hiding Place.

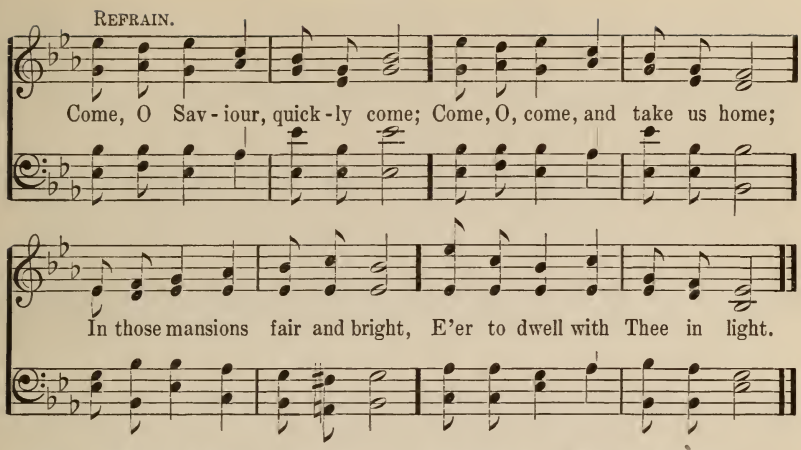
8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Shall land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious Hiding Place.

Saviour, Come.

A. H. Rule. (P. M.) Mrs. A. H. Rule.


1. Saviour, come, and take us home; Here no lon - ger let us roam:
2. All a-round us, sin and woe, Death and grief wher - e'er we go;
3. Un - to Thee, with one ac - cord, Thousand voi - ces rise, O Lord,
4. Raise Thy sleeping saints, O Lord, Change the liv - ing by Thy word,
5. Wondrous moment draw - ing near, When Thy voice on high we'll hear,
Take us home to dwell with Thee, In Thy pres - ence e'er to be.
All cre - a - tion groans in pain, Earth, and air, and wa - t'ry main.
Bid Thee come to earth a - gain. Take Thy glo - rious pow'r, and reign.
Round Thy-self in glo - ry bright, Gath-er all to dwell in light,
Call - ing us to dwell with Thee, Ev - er - more Thy face to see.
All a - round is dark and drear, Long the night, and faint the cheer;
Hear, O Lord, the crea-ture's cries, Hear its travailing groans and sighs;
Gird - ed loins and burn - ing light, Watch-ing, serv - ing, thro' the night,
Where the shin - ing of Thy face Tells the glo - ry of Thy grace,
Bathed in light of heav-en's rays, There we'll on Thy glo - ry gaze,
O, Thou Star of heav'n-ly ray, Rise and chase the gloom a - way.
All cre - a - tion waits for Thee, From the curse to set it free.
Tell of saints who long for Thee, Wait and watch, Thy face to see.
And the blood-washed, heav'nly throng Sing the ev - er - last - ing song.
In Thy pres - ence, Lord, a - bove, Drink for - ev - er of Thy love.

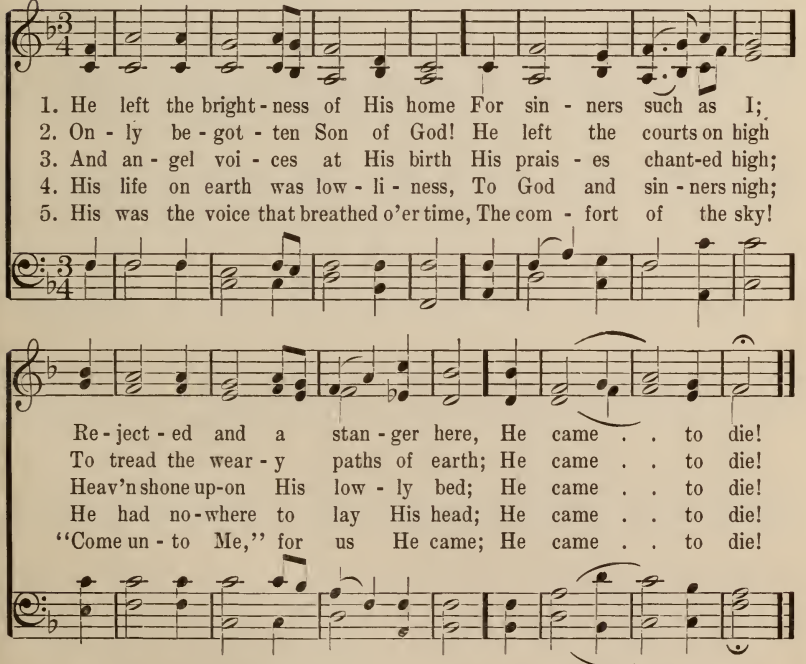
Saviour, Come.


Refrain.
Come, O Sav - iour, quick - ly come; Come, O, come, and take us home;
In those mansions fair and bright, E'er to dwell with Thee in light.

141 He Left the Brightness of His Home.

(Milan. 8. 6. 8. 4.)

J. S. Boyd.


1. He left the bright - ness of His home For sin - ners such as I;
2. On - ly be - got - ten Son of God! He left the courts on high
3. And an - gel voi - ces at His birth His prais - es chant-ed high;
4. His life on earth was low - li - ness, To God and sin - ners nigh;
5. His was the voice that breathed o'er time, The com - fort of the sky!
Re - ject - ed and a stan - ger here, He came . . to die!
To tread the wear - y paths of earth; He came . . to die!
Heav'n shone up-on His low - ly bed; He came . . to die!
He had no-where to lay His head; He came . . to die!
"Come un - to Me," for us He came; He came . . to die!

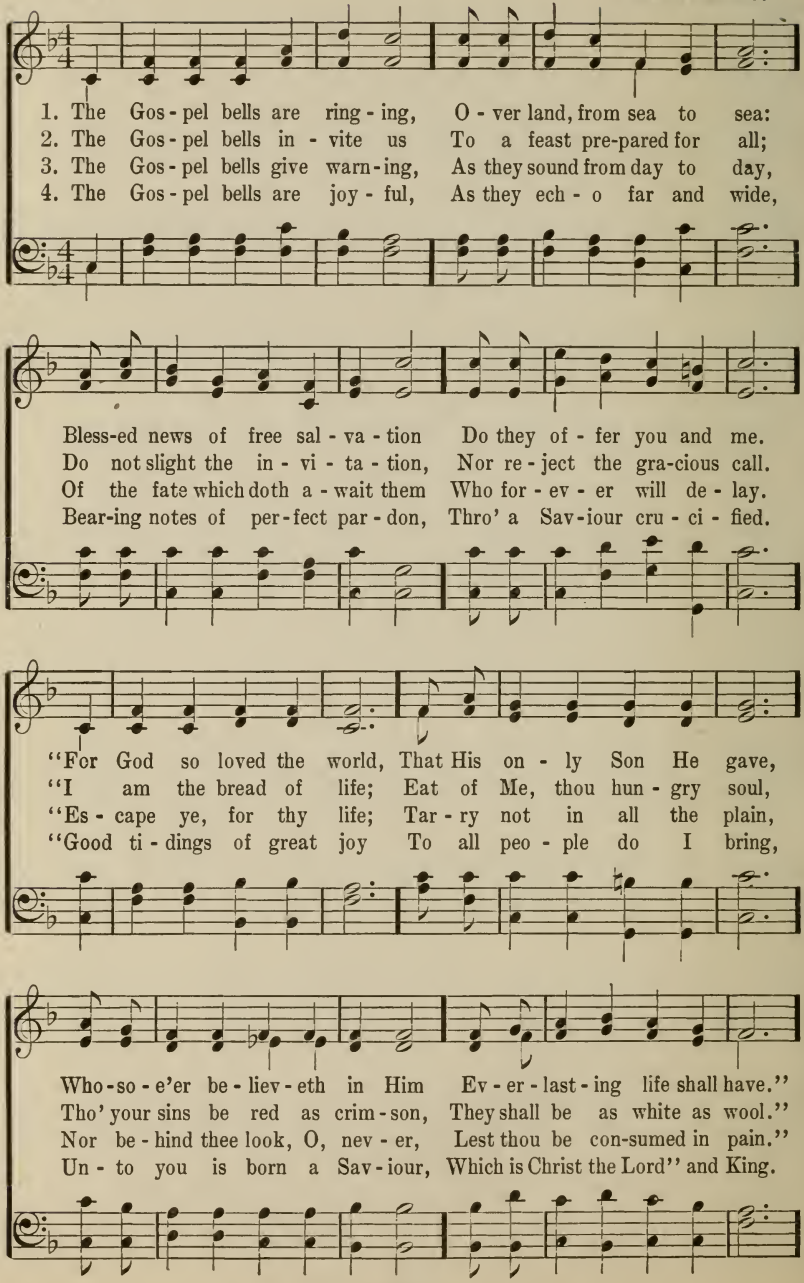
6 He loved the ones for whom He died—
Not ours to question why;
But ours to know the love of Him,
Who came to die!

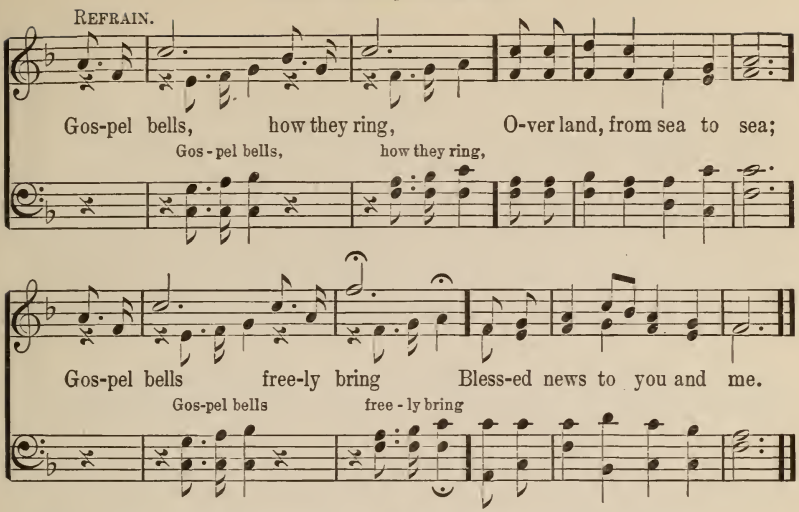
7 His is the loving voice we hear
That leads us to the sky:
We bless Thee, Lord, who came to earth,
For us to die!

The Gospel Bells.

(P. M.)

S. W. M. S. Wesley Martin.

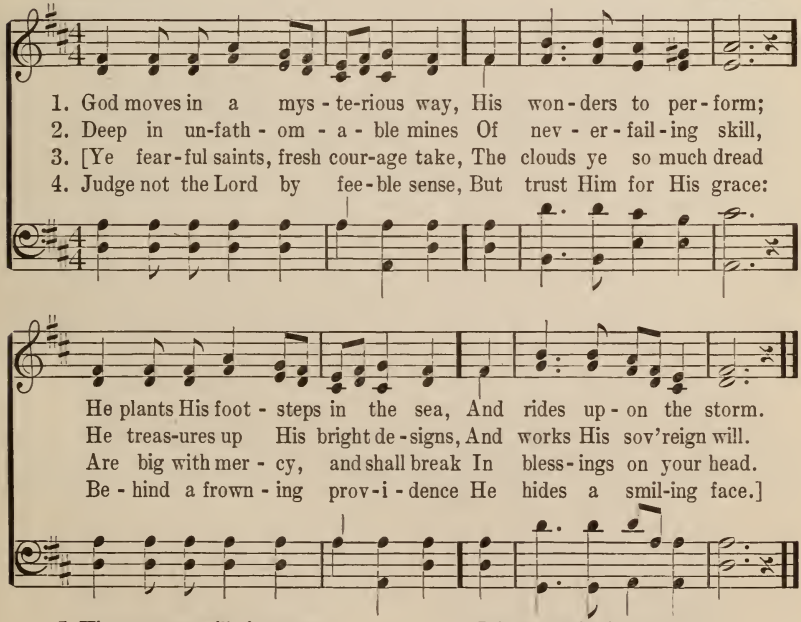

1. The Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, O - ver land, from sea to sea:
2. The Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast pre-pared for all;
3. The Gos - pel bells give warn - ing, As they sound from day to day,
4. The Gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and wide,
Bless-ed news of free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me.
Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor re - ject the gra-cious call.
Of the fate which doth a - wait them Who for - ev - er will de - lay.
Bear-ing notes of per-fect par - don, Thro' a Sav-iour cru - ci - fied.
"For God so loved the world, That His on - ly Son He gave,
"I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hun - gry soul,
"Es - cape ye, for thy life; Tar - ry not in all the plain,
"Good ti - dings of great joy To all peo - ple do I bring,
Who - so - e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."
Tho' your sins be red as crim - son, They shall be as white as wool."
Nor be - hind thee look, O, nev - er, Lest thou be con-sumed in pain."
Un - to you is born a Sav - iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

The Gospel Bells.

Refrain.
Gos-pel bells, how they ring, O-ver land, from sea to sea;
Gos-pel bells, how they ring,
Gos-pel bells free-ly bring Bless-ed news to you and me.
Gos-pel bells free-ly bring

143 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

(Naomi. C. M.)

Cowper, 1779. L. Mason.

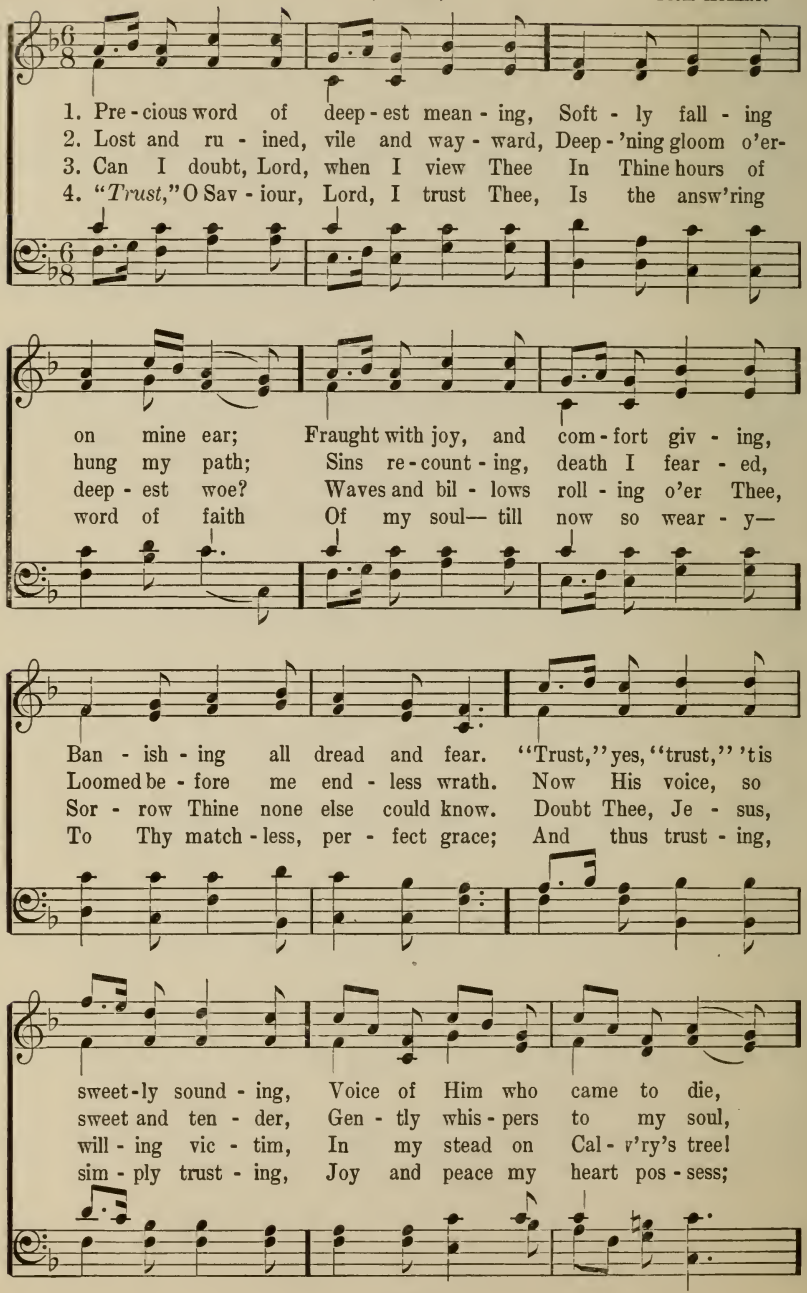

1. God moves in a mys-te-rious way, His won-ders to per-form;
2. Deep in un-fath-om-a-ble mines Of nev-er-fail-ing skill,
3. [Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take, The clouds ye so much dread
4. Judge not the Lord by fee-ble sense, But trust Him for His grace:
He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov'reign will.
Are big with mer-cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
Be-hind a frown-ing prov-i-dence He hides a smil-ing face.]

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

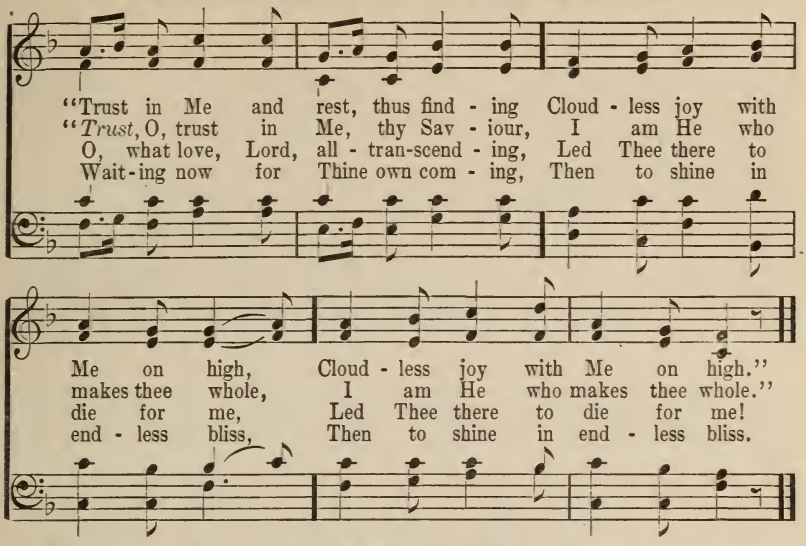
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

144 Precious Word of Deepest Meaning.

(8. 7. D.) From MOZART.

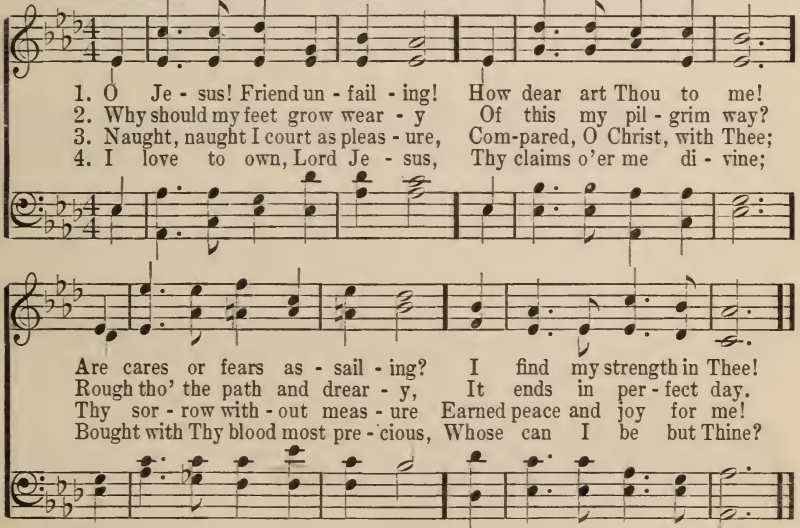

1. Pre - cious word of deep - est mean - ing, Soft - ly fall - ing
2. Lost and ru - ined, vile and way - ward, Deep - 'ning gloom o'er-
3. Can I doubt, Lord, when I view Thee In Thine hours of
4. "*Trust*," O Sav - iour, Lord, I trust Thee, Is the answ'ring
on mine ear; Fraught with joy, and com - fort giv - ing,
hung my path; Sins re - count - ing, death I fear - ed,
deep - est woe? Waves and bil - lows roll - ing o'er Thee,
word of faith Of my soul— till now so wear - y—
Ban - ish - ing all dread and fear. "Trust," yes, "trust," 'tis
Loomed be - fore me end - less wrath. Now His voice, so
Sor - row Thine none else could know. Doubt Thee, Je - sus,
To Thy match - less, per - fect grace; And thus trust - ing,
sweet - ly sound - ing, Voice of Him who came to die,
sweet and ten - der, Gen - tly whis - pers to my soul,
will - ing vic - tim, In my stead on Cal - v'ry's tree!
sim - ply trust - ing, Joy and peace my heart pos - sess;

Precious Word of Deepest Meaning.


"Trust in Me and rest, thus find - ing Cloud - less joy with
"*Trust*, O, trust in Me, thy Sav - iour, I am He who
O, what love, Lord, all - tran-scend - ing, Led Thee there to
Wait - ing now for Thine own com - ing, Then to shine in
Me on high, Cloud - less joy with Me on high."
makes thee whole, I am He who makes thee whole."
die for me, Led Thee there to die for me!
end - less bliss, Then to shine in end - less bliss.

145 O Jesus! Friend Unfailing!

H. K. Burlingham. (Almira. 7. 6.)


1. O Je - sus! Friend un - fail - ing! How dear art Thou to me!
2. Why should my feet grow wear - y Of this my pil - grim way?
3. Naught, naught I court as pleas - ure, Com-pared, O Christ, with Thee;
4. I love to own, Lord Je - sus, Thy claims o'er me di - vine;
Are cares or fears as - sail - ing? I find my strength in Thee!
Rough tho' the path and drear - y, It ends in per - fect day.
Thy sor - row with - out meas - ure Earned peace and joy for me!
Bought with Thy blood most pre - cious, Whose can I be but Thine?

5 What fills my heart with gladness?
'Tis Thine abounding grace;
Where can I look in sadness,
But, Saviour, on Thy face?

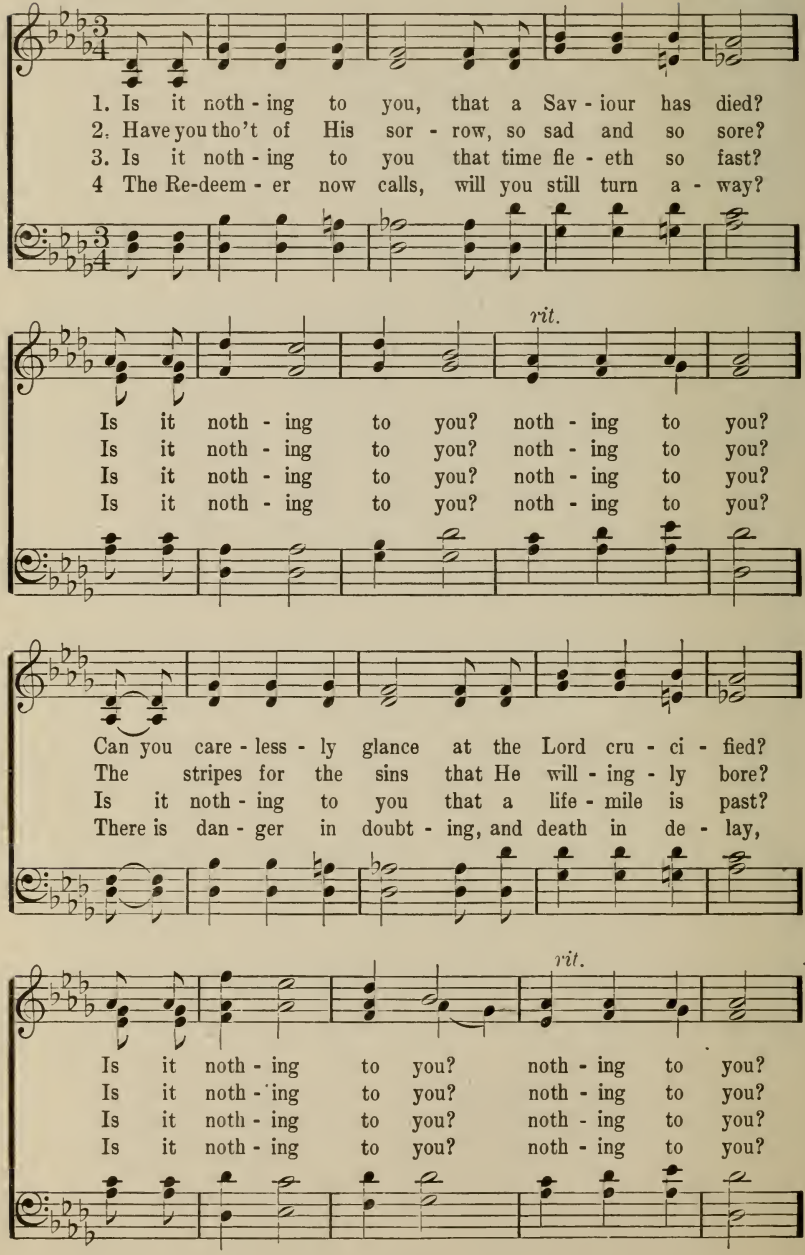
6 My all is Thy providing—
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding—
No good wilt Thou withhold.

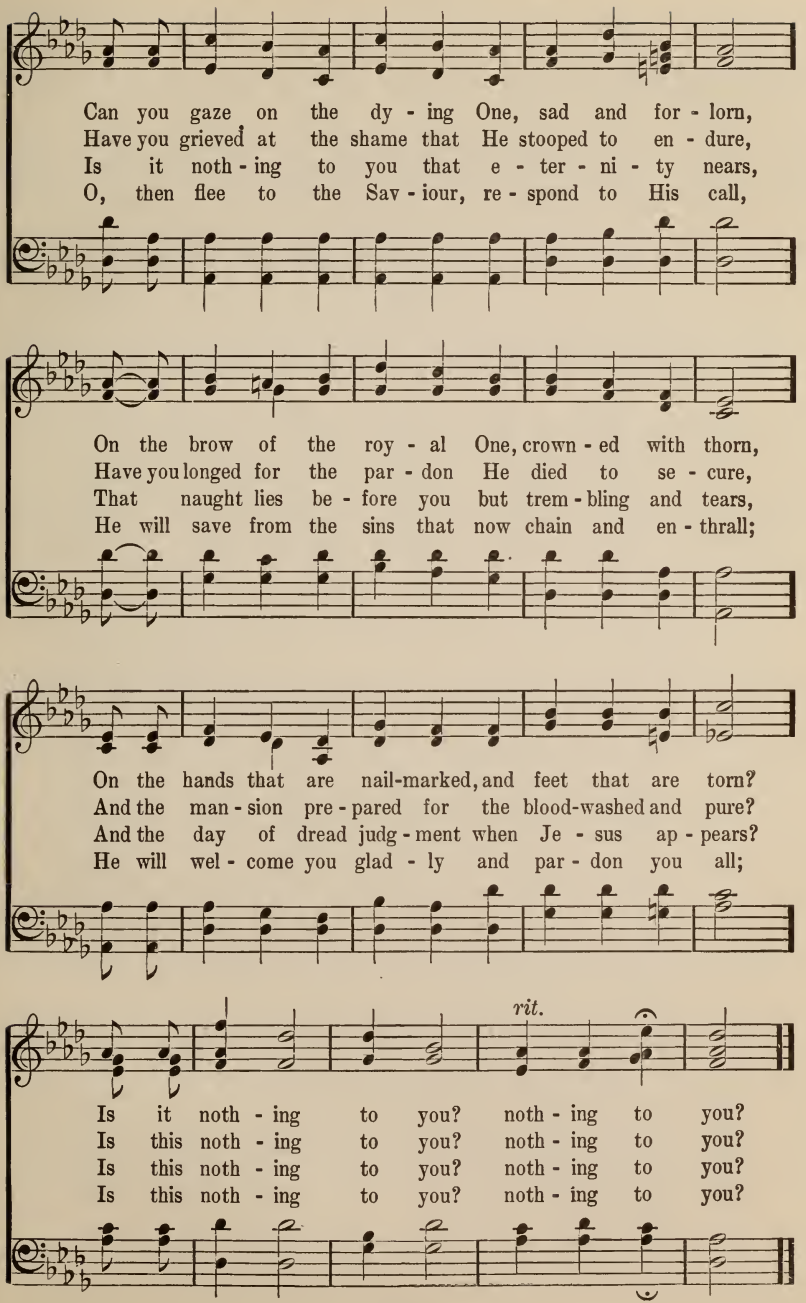
7 O worldly pomp and glory,
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story,
I've found a truer gain:

8 Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode;
There shall I gaze on Jesus,
There shall I dwell with God.

146 Is It Nothing to You?

(P M)

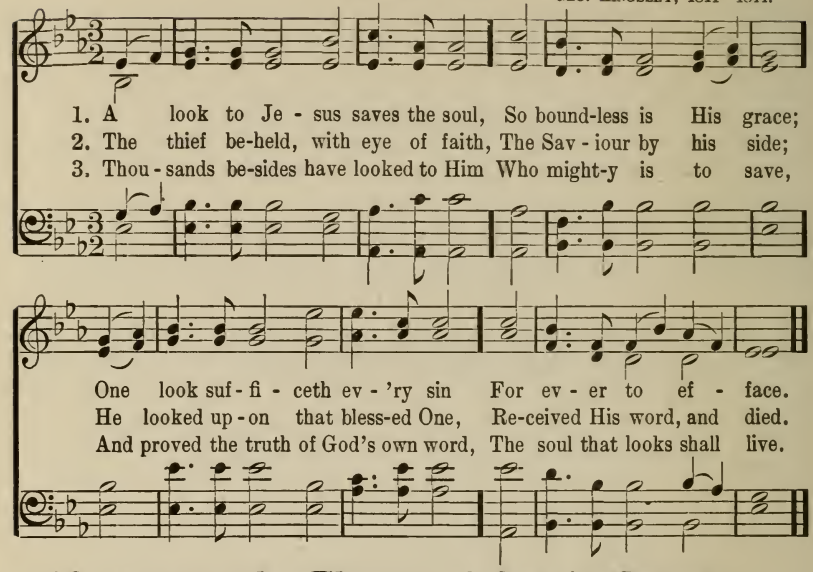
Mrs E. T. E Poole — H Green

1. Is it noth - ing to you, that a Sav - iour has died?
2. Have you tho't of His sor - row, so sad and so sore?
3. Is it noth - ing to you that time fle - eth so fast?
4 The Re-deem - er now calls, will you still turn a - way?
rit.
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Can you care - less - ly glance at the Lord cru - ci - fied?
The stripes for the sins that He will - ing - ly bore?
Is it noth - ing to you that a life - mile is past?
There is dan - ger in doubt - ing, and death in de - lay,
rit.
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?

Is It Nothing to You?

Can you gaze on the dy - ing One, sad and for - lorn,
Have you grieved at the shame that He stooped to en - dure,
Is it noth - ing to you that e - ter - ni - ty nears,
O, then flee to the Sav - iour, re - spond to His call,
On the brow of the roy - al One, crown - ed with thorn,
Have you longed for the par - don He died to se - cure,
That naught lies be - fore you but trem - bling and tears,
He will save from the sins that now chain and en - thrall;
On the hands that are nail-marked, and feet that are torn?
And the man - sion pre - pared for the blood-washed and pure?
And the day of dread judg - ment when Je - sus ap - pears?
He will wel - come you glad - ly and par - don you all;
rit.
Is it noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is this noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is this noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?
Is this noth - ing to you? noth - ing to you?

147 A Look to Jesus Saves the Soul.

(Southport. G. M.)

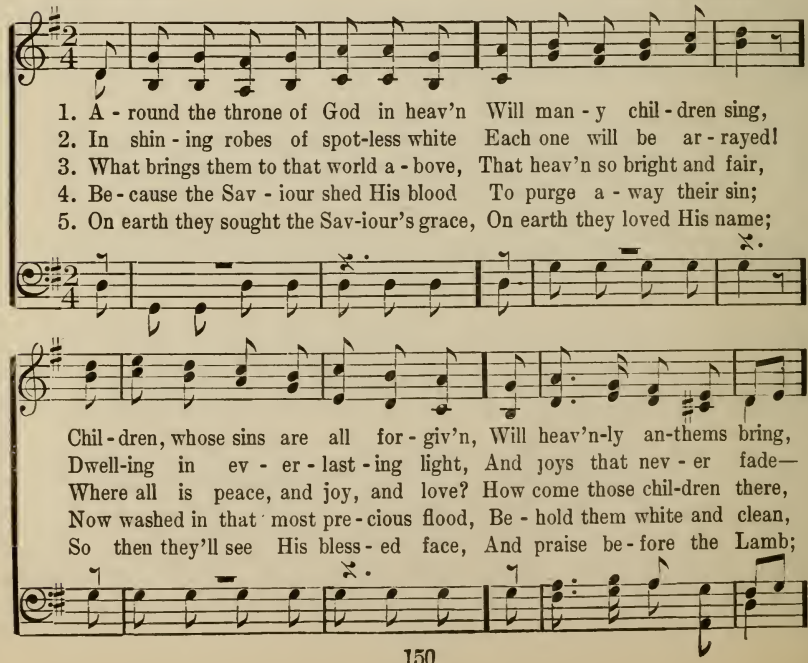
GEO. KINGSLEY, 1811—1844.


1. A look to Je - sus saves the soul, So bound-less is His grace;
2. The thief be-held, with eye of faith, The Sav - iour by his side;
3. Thou - sands be-sides have looked to Him Who might-y is to save,
One look suf - fi - ceth ev - 'ry sin For ev - er to ef - face.
He looked up - on that bless-ed One, Re-ceived His word, and died.
And proved the truth of God's own word, The soul that looks shall live.

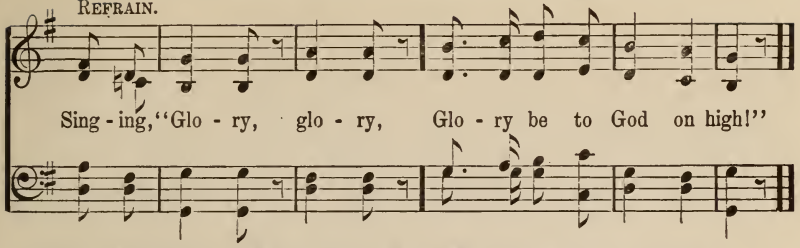
148 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

(P. M.)

ANNA SHEPHERD. HENRY E. MATHEWS.


1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Will man - y chil - dren sing,
2. In shin - ing robes of spot-less white Each one will be ar - rayed!
3. What brings them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair,
4. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To purge a - way their sin;
5. On earth they sought the Sav-iour's grace, On earth they loved His name;
Chil - dren, whose sins are all for - giv'n, Will heav'n-ly an-thems bring,
Dwell-ing in ev - er - last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade—
Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How come those chil-dren there,
Now washed in that most pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So then they'll see His bless - ed face, And praise be - fore the Lamb;

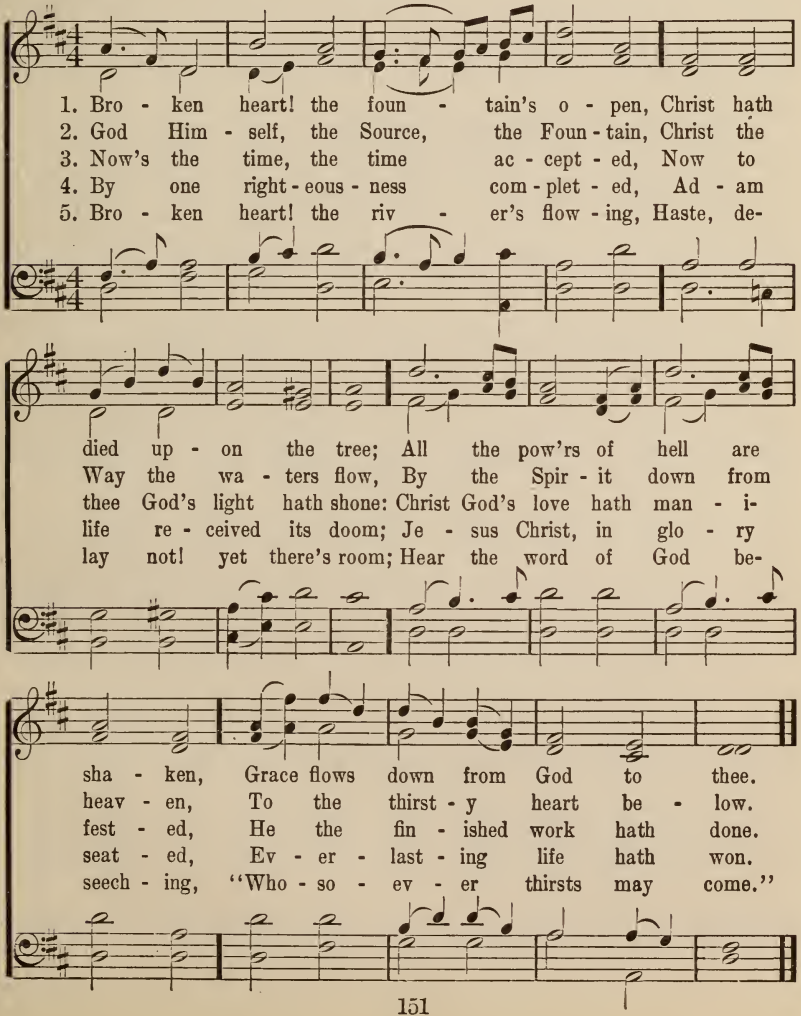
Around the Throne of God in Heaven.



149 Broken heart! The fountain's open.

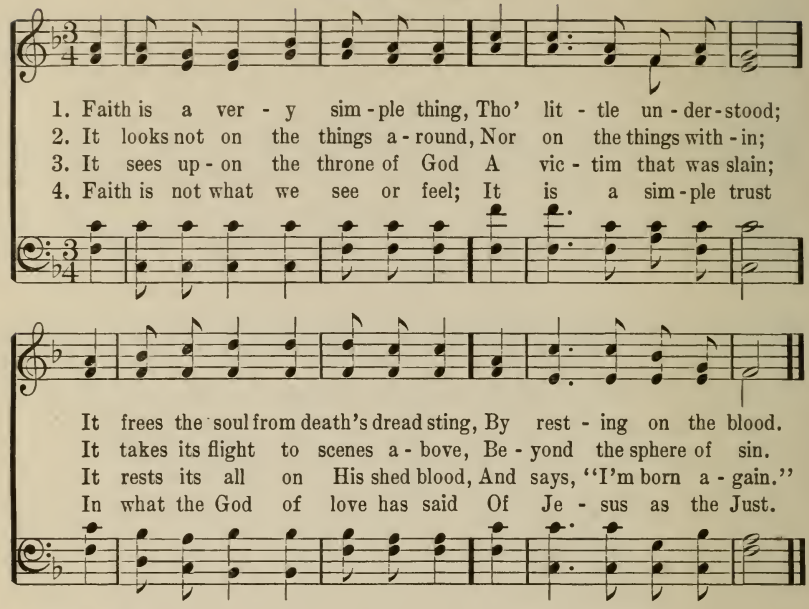
(Alma 8. 7.)

A. P. Cecil.


1. Bro - ken heart! the foun - tain's o - pen, Christ hath
2. God Him - self, the Source, the Foun - tain, Christ the
3. Now's the time, the time ac - cept - ed, Now to
4. By one right - eous - ness com - plet - ed, Ad - am
5. Bro - ken heart! the riv - er's flow - ing, Haste, de-
died up - on the tree; All the pow'rs of hell are
Way the wa - ters flow, By the Spir - it down from
thee God's light hath shone: Christ God's love hath man - i-
life re - ceived its doom; Je - sus Christ, in glo - ry
lay not! yet there's room; Hear the word of God be-
sha - ken, Grace flows down from God to thee.
heav - en, To the thirst - y heart be - low.
fest - ed, He the fin - ished work hath done.
seat - ed, Ev - er - last - ing life hath won.
seech - ing, "Who - so - ev - er thirsts may come."

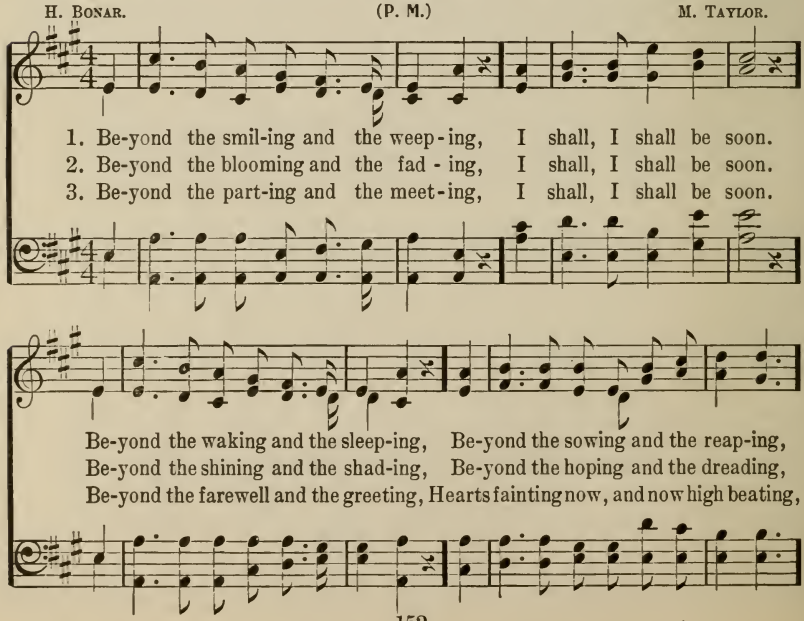
150 Faith is a Very Simple Thing.

(Simplicity. G. M.)

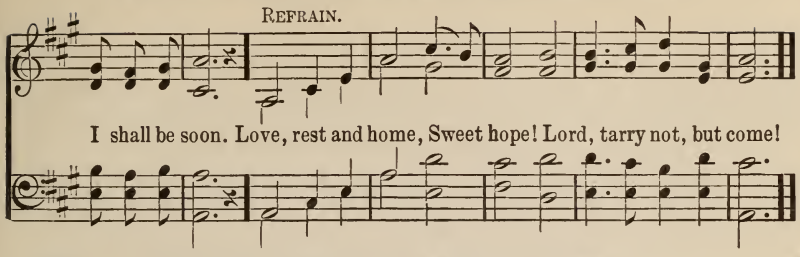

1. Faith is a ver - y sim - ple thing, Tho' lit - tle un - der - stood;
2. It looks not on the things a - round, Nor on the things with - in;
3. It sees up - on the throne of God A vic - tim that was slain;
4. Faith is not what we see or feel; It is a sim - ple trust
It frees the soul from death's dread sting, By rest - ing on the blood.
It takes its flight to scenes a - bove, Be - yond the sphere of sin.
It rests its all on His shed blood, And says, "I'm born a - gain."
In what the God of love has said Of Je - sus as the Just.

151 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

H. Bonar. (P. M.) M. Taylor.

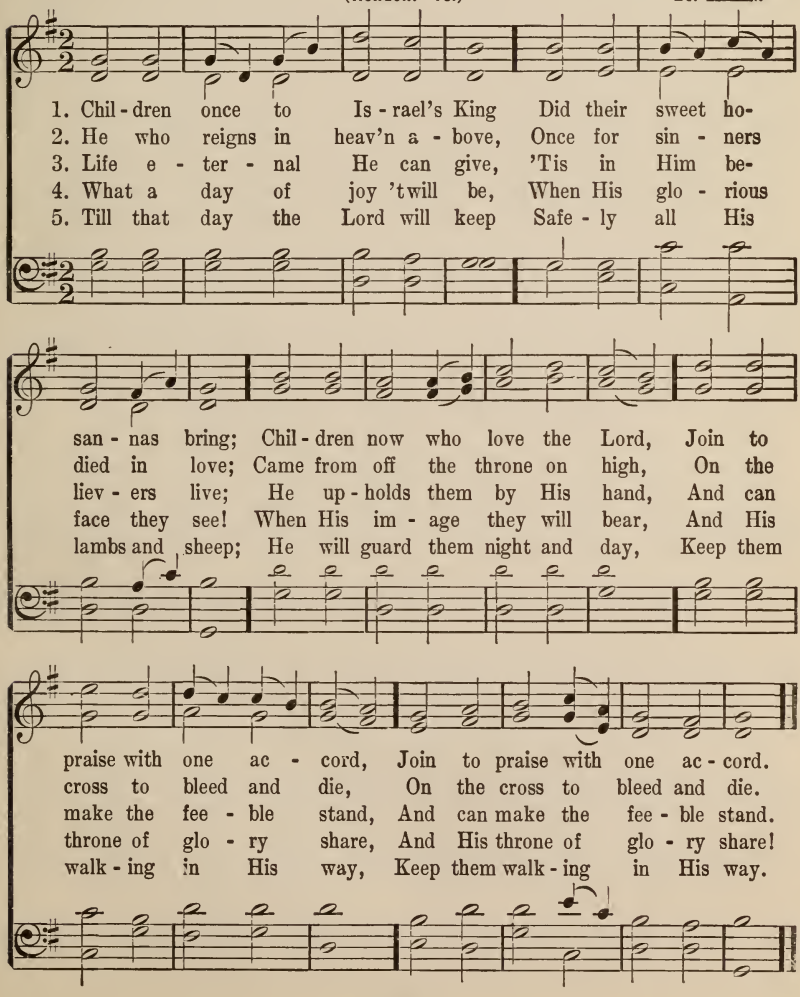

1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing, I shall, I shall be soon.
2. Be-yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall, I shall be soon.
3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing, I shall, I shall be soon.
Be-yond the waking and the sleep-ing, Be-yond the sowing and the reap-ing,
Be-yond the shining and the shad-ing, Be-yond the hoping and the dreading,
Be-yond the farewell and the greeting, Hearts fainting now, and now high beating,

Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.



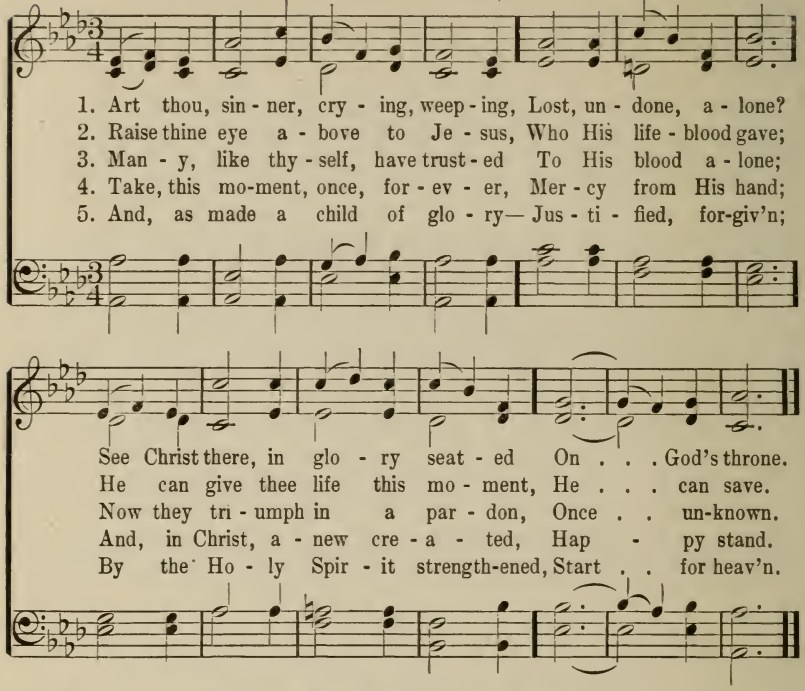
152 Children Once to Israel's King.

(Hendon. 7s.) Dr. MALAN.


1. Chil - dren once to Is - rael's King Did their sweet ho-
2. He who reigns in heav'n a - bove, Once for sin - ners
3. Life e - ter - nal He can give, 'Tis in Him be-
4. What a day of joy 'twill be, When His glo - rious
5. Till that day the Lord will keep Safe - ly all His
san - nas bring; Chil - dren now who love the Lord, Join to
died in love; Came from off the throne on high, On the
liev - ers live; He up - holds them by His hand, And can
face they see! When His im - age they will bear, And His
lambs and sheep; He will guard them night and day, Keep them
praise with one ac - cord, Join to praise with one ac - cord.
cross to bleed and die, On the cross to bleed and die.
make the fee - ble stand, And can make the fee - ble stand.
throne of glo - ry share, And His throne of glo - ry share!
walk - ing in His way, Keep them walk - ing in His way.

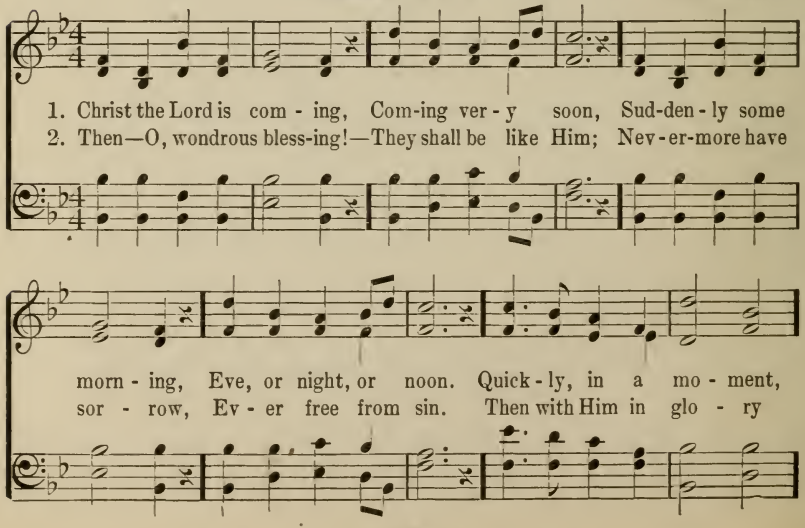
153 Art Thou, Sinner, Crying, Weeping?

(Bullinger. 8. 5. 8. 3.) E. W. BULLINGER.

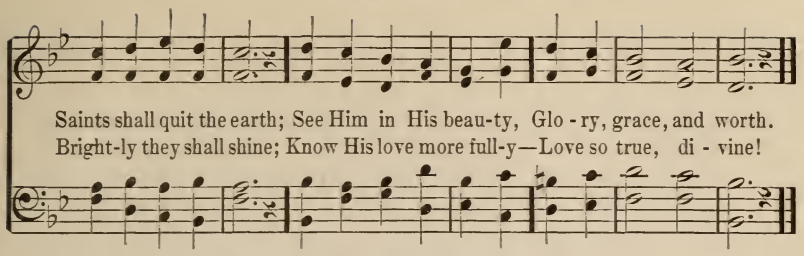

1. Art thou, sin - ner, cry - ing, weep - ing, Lost, un - done, a - lone?
2. Raise thine eye a - bove to Je - sus, Who His life - blood gave;
3. Man - y, like thy - self, have trust - ed To His blood a - lone;
4. Take, this mo-ment, once, for - ev - er, Mer - cy from His hand;
5. And, as made a child of glo - ry— Jus - ti - fied, for-giv'n;
See Christ there, in glo - ry seat - ed On . . . God's throne.
He can give thee life this mo - ment, He . . . can save.
Now they tri - umph in a par - don, Once . . un-known.
And, in Christ, a - new cre - a - ted, Hap - py stand.
By the Ho - ly Spir - it strength-ened, Start . . for heav'n.

154 Christ the Lord is Coming.

(Ghandler. 6. 5. D.) CARL GROOS.

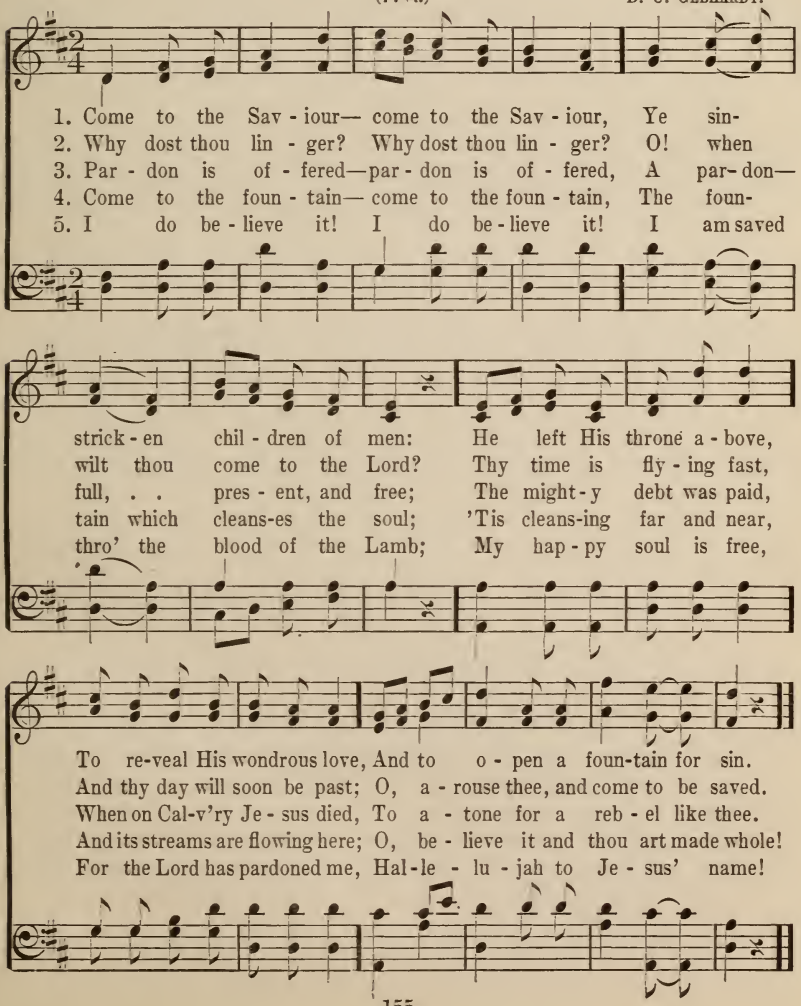

1. Christ the Lord is com - ing, Com-ing ver - y soon, Sud-den - ly some
2. Then—O, wondrous bless-ing!—They shall be like Him; Nev - er-more have
morn - ing, Eve, or night, or noon. Quick - ly, in a mo - ment,
sor - row, Ev - er free from sin. Then with Him in glo - ry

Christ the Lord is Coming.


Saints shall quit the earth; See Him in His beau-ty, Glo - ry, grace, and worth.
Bright-ly they shall shine; Know His love more full-y—Love so true, di - vine!

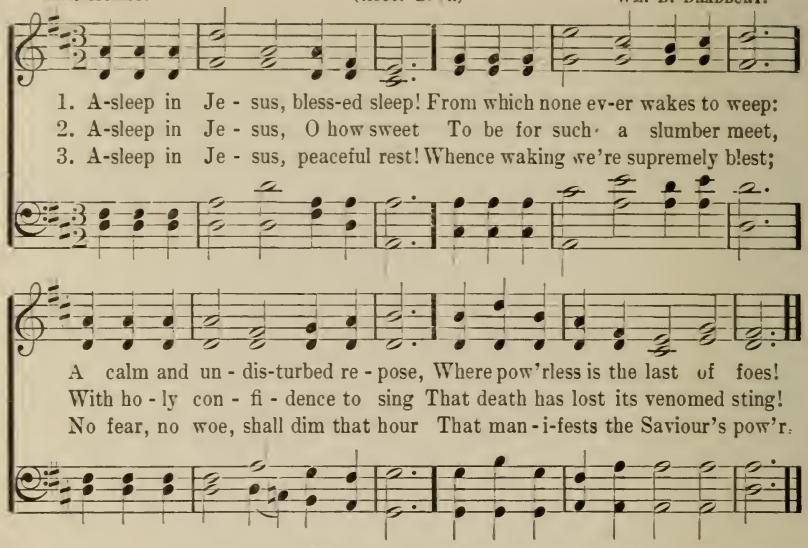
155 Come to the Saviour.

(P. M.) B. U. GEBHARDT.


1. Come to the Sav - iour— come to the Sav - iour, Ye sin-
2. Why dost thou lin - ger? Why dost thou lin - ger? O! when
3. Par - don is of - fered—par - don is of - fered, A par-don—
4. Come to the foun - tain— come to the foun - tain, The foun-
5. I do be - lieve it! I do be - lieve it! I am saved
strick - en chil - dren of men: He left His throne a - bove,
wilt thou come to the Lord? Thy time is fly - ing fast,
full, . . pres - ent, and free; The might - y debt was paid,
tain which cleans-es the soul; 'Tis cleans-ing far and near,
thro' the blood of the Lamb; My hap - py soul is free,
To re-veal His wondrous love, And to o - pen a foun-tain for sin.
And thy day will soon be past; O, a - rouse thee, and come to be saved.
When on Cal-v'ry Je - sus died, To a - tone for a reb - el like thee.
And its streams are flowing here; O, be - lieve it and thou art made whole!
For the Lord has pardoned me, Hal-le - lu - jah to Je - sus' name!

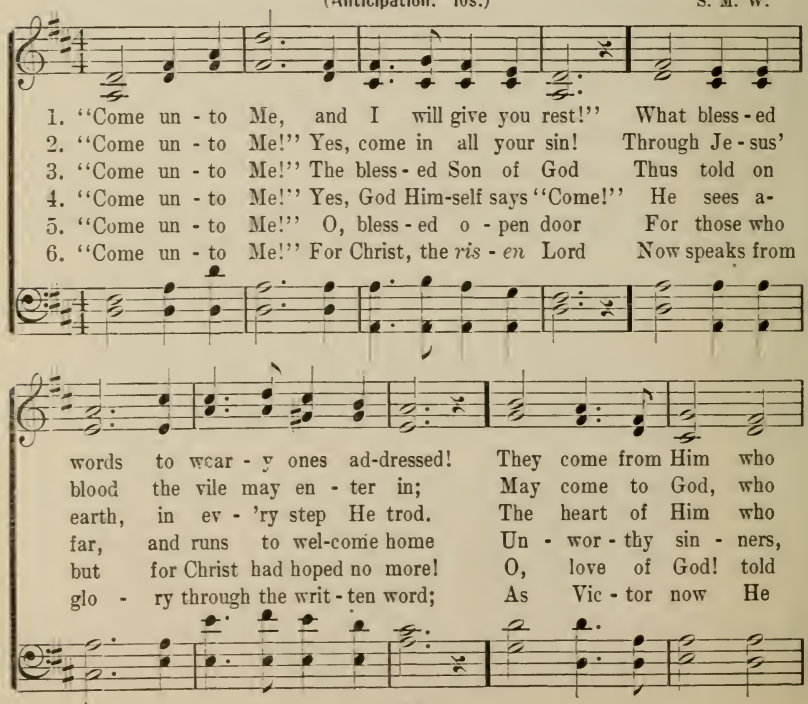
156 Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep!

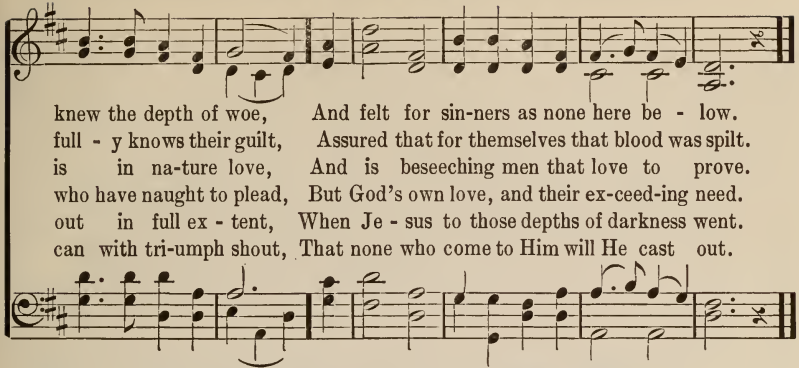
Mrs. McKay. (Rest. L. M.) Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus, bless-ed sleep! From which none ev-er wakes to weep:
2. A-sleep in Je - sus, O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet,
3. A-sleep in Je - sus, peaceful rest! Whence waking we're supremely blest;
A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Where pow'rless is the last of foes!
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost its venomed sting!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour That man - i-fests the Saviour's pow'r.

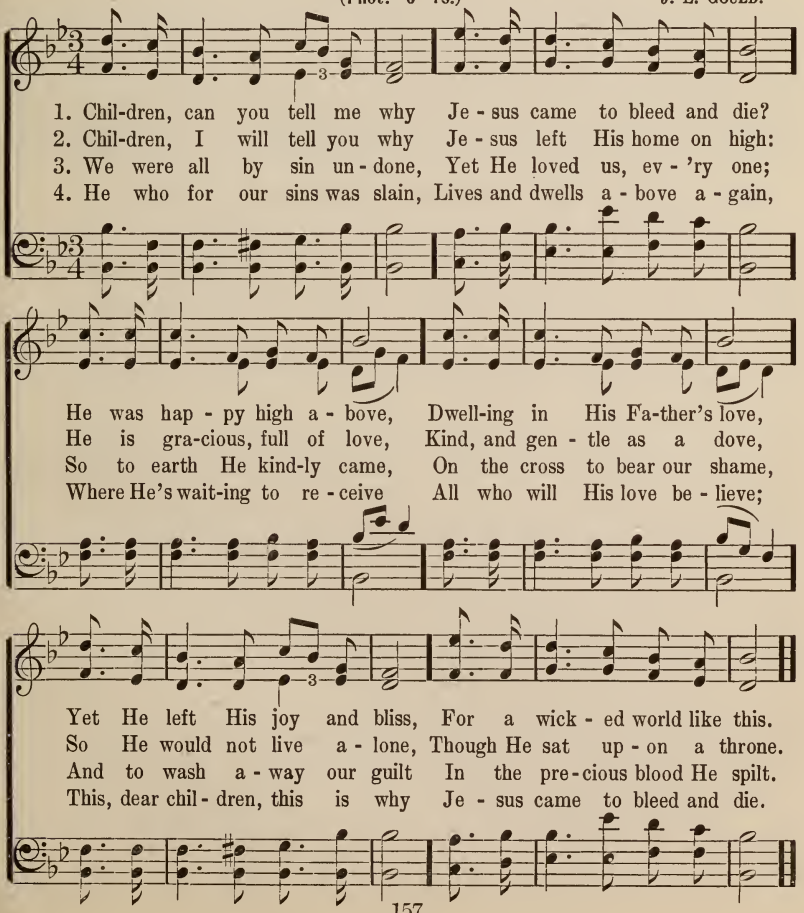
157 "Come Unto Me, And I Will Give You Rest."

(Anticipation. 10s.) S. M. W.


1. "Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest!" What bless - ed
2. "Come un - to Me!" Yes, come in all your sin! Through Je - sus'
3. "Come un - to Me!" The bless - ed Son of God Thus told on
4. "Come un - to Me!" Yes, God Him-self says "Come!" He sees a-
5. "Come un - to Me!" O, bless - ed o - pen door For those who
6. "Come un - to Me!" For Christ, the *ris - en* Lord Now speaks from
words to wear - y ones ad-dressed! They come from Him who
blood the vile may en - ter in; May come to God, who
earth, in ev - 'ry step He trod. The heart of Him who
far, and runs to wel-come home Un - wor - thy sin - ners,
but for Christ had hoped no more! O, love of God! told
glo - ry through the writ - ten word; As Vic - tor now He

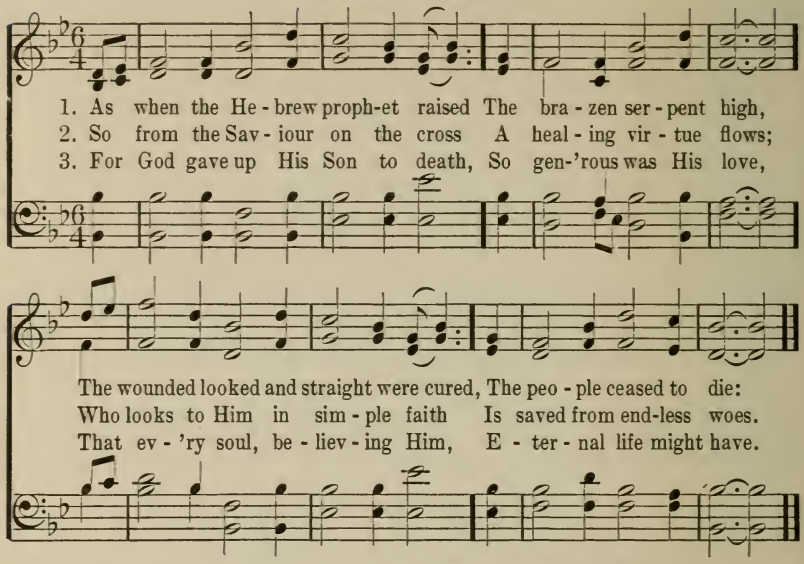

knew the depth of woe, And felt for sin-ners as none here be - low.
full - y knows their guilt, Assured that for themselves that blood was spilt.
is in na-ture love, And is beseeching men that love to prove.
who have naught to plead, But God's own love, and their ex-ceed-ing need.
out in full ex - tent, When Je - sus to those depths of darkness went.
can with tri-umph shout, That none who come to Him will He cast out.

158 Children, Can You Tell Me Why?

(Pilot. 6—7s.) J. E. Gould.

1. Chil-dren, can you tell me why Je - sus came to bleed and die?
2. Chil-dren, I will tell you why Je - sus left His home on high:
3. We were all by sin un - done, Yet He loved us, ev - 'ry one;
4. He who for our sins was slain, Lives and dwells a - bove a - gain,
He was hap - py high a - bove, Dwell-ing in His Fa-ther's love,
He is gra-cious, full of love, Kind, and gen - tle as a dove,
So to earth He kind-ly came, On the cross to bear our shame,
Where He's wait-ing to re - ceive All who will His love be - lieve;
Yet He left His joy and bliss, For a wick - ed world like this.
So He would not live a - lone, Though He sat up - on a throne.
And to wash a - way our guilt In the pre-cious blood He spilt.
This, dear chil - dren, this is why Je - sus came to bleed and die.

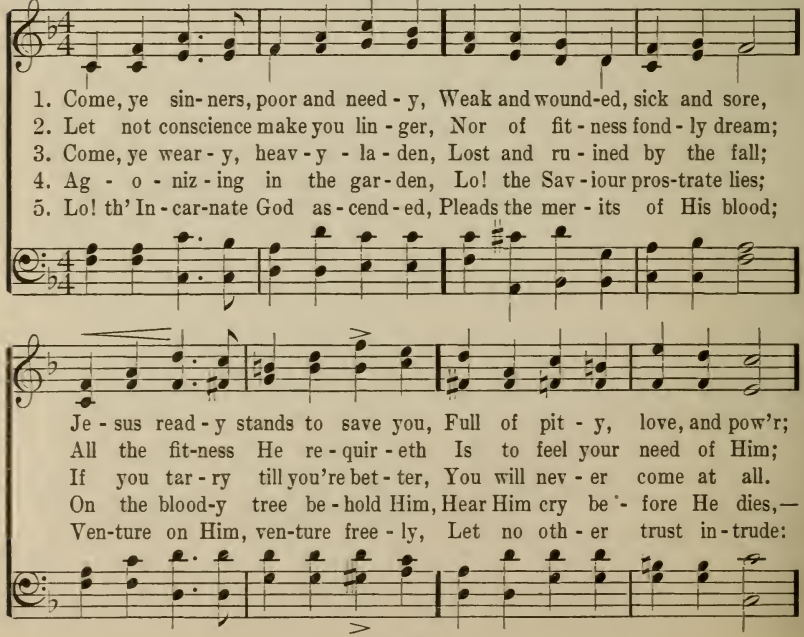
159 As When the Hebrew Prophet Raised.

(Maitland. C. M.)

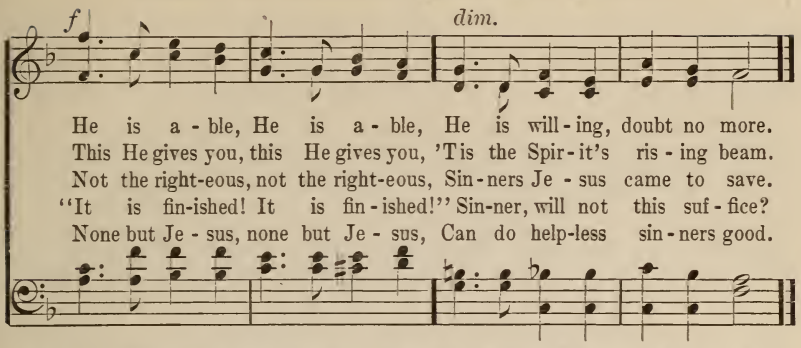

1. As when the He - brew proph-et raised The bra - zen ser - pent high,
2. So from the Sav - iour on the cross A heal - ing vir - tue flows;
3. For God gave up His Son to death, So gen-'rous was His love,
The wounded looked and straight were cured, The peo - ple ceased to die:
Who looks to Him in sim - ple faith Is saved from end-less woes.
That ev - 'ry soul, be - liev - ing Him, E - ter - nal life might have.

160 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

JOSEPH HART. (Advent Hymn. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.) J. TILLEARD.

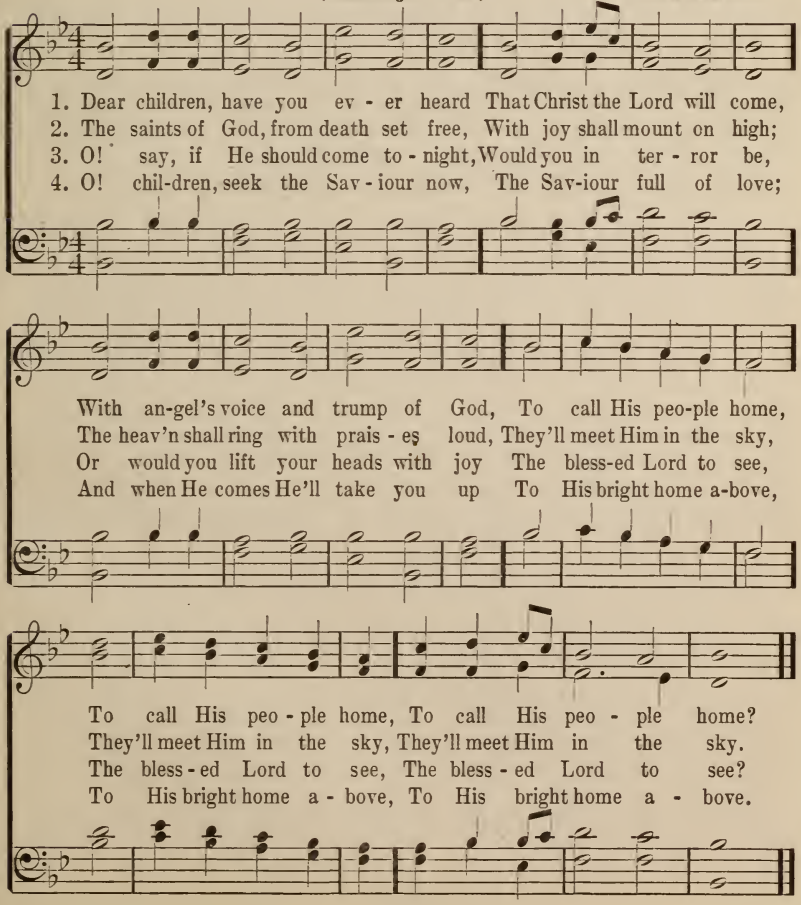

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
2. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
3. Come, ye wear - y, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
4. Ag - o - niz - ing in the gar - den, Lo! the Sav - iour pros-trate lies;
5. Lo! th' In - car-nate God as - cend - ed, Pleads the mer - its of His blood;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r;
All the fit-ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him;
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
On the blood-y tree be - hold Him, Hear Him cry be - fore He dies,—
Ven-ture on Him, ven-ture free - ly, Let no oth - er trust in - trude:

Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.


f
dim.
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
This He gives you, this He gives you, 'T is the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
Not the right-eous, not the right-eous, Sin-ners Je - sus came to save.
"It is fin-ished! It is fin - ished!" Sin-ner, will not this suf - fice?
None but Je - sus, none but Je - sus, Can do help-less sin - ners good.

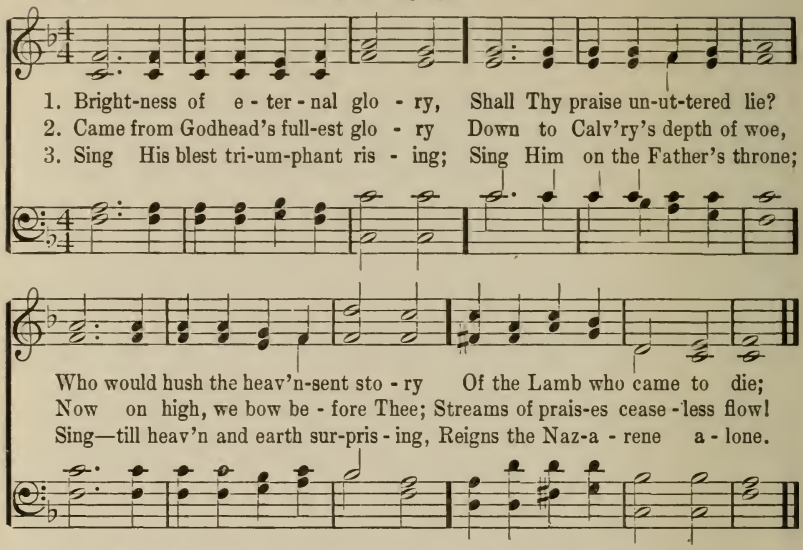
161 Dear Children, Have You Ever Heard?

(Gambridge. C. M.) JOHN RANDALL.


1. Dear children, have you ev - er heard That Christ the Lord will come,
2. The saints of God, from death set free, With joy shall mount on high;
3. O! say, if He should come to - night, Would you in ter - ror be,
4. O! chil-dren, seek the Sav - iour now, The Sav-iour full of love;
With an-gel's voice and trump of God, To call His peo-ple home,
The heav'n shall ring with prais - es loud, They'll meet Him in the sky,
Or would you lift your heads with joy The bless-ed Lord to see,
And when He comes He'll take you up To His bright home a-bove,
To call His peo - ple home, To call His peo - ple home?
They'll meet Him in the sky, They'll meet Him in the sky.
The bless - ed Lord to see, The bless - ed Lord to see?
To His bright home a - bove, To His bright home a - bove.

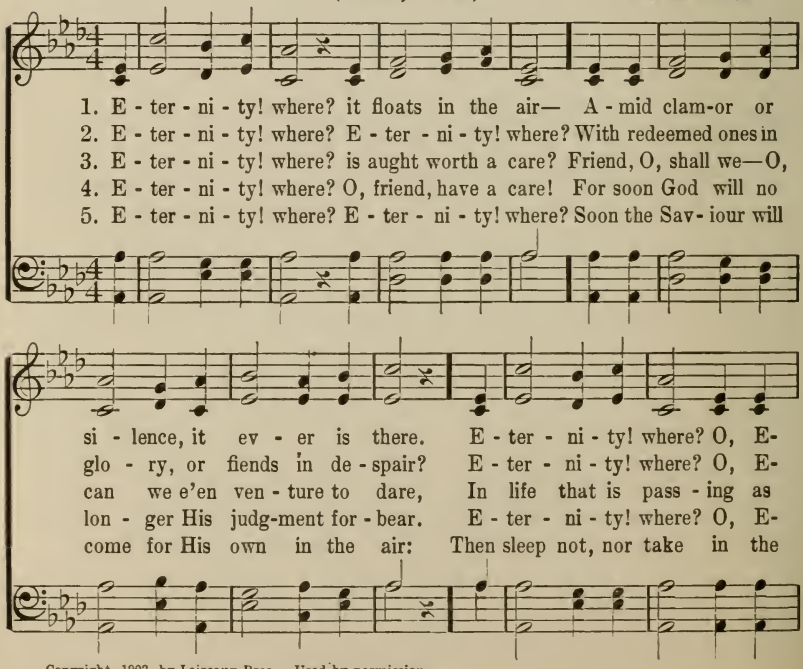
162 Brightness of Eternal Glory.

ROBINSON. (German Evening Hymn. 8. 7.)


1. Bright-ness of e - ter - nal glo - ry, Shall Thy praise un-ut-tered lie?
2. Came from Godhead's full-est glo - ry Down to Calv'ry's depth of woe,
3. Sing His blest tri-um-phant ris - ing; Sing Him on the Father's throne;
Who would hush the heav'n-sent sto - ry Of the Lamb who came to die;
Now on high, we bow be - fore Thee; Streams of prais-es cease - less flow!
Sing—till heav'n and earth sur-pris - ing, Reigns the Naz-a - rene a - lone.

163 Eternity! Where? It Floats in the Air.

(Eternity. P. M.) WM. M. HORSEY.


1. E - ter - ni - ty! where? it floats in the air— A - mid clam-or or
2. E - ter - ni - ty! where? E - ter - ni - ty! where? With redeemed ones in
3. E - ter - ni - ty! where? is aught worth a care? Friend, O, shall we—O,
4. E - ter - ni - ty! where? O, friend, have a care! For soon God will no
5. E - ter - ni - ty! where? E - ter - ni - ty! where? Soon the Sav - iour will
si - lence, it ev - er is there. E - ter - ni - ty! where? O, E-
glo - ry, or fiends in de - spair? E - ter - ni - ty! where? O, E-
can we e'en ven - ture to dare, In life that is pass - ing as
lon - ger His judg-ment for - bear. E - ter - ni - ty! where? O, E-
come for His own in the air: Then sleep not, nor take in the

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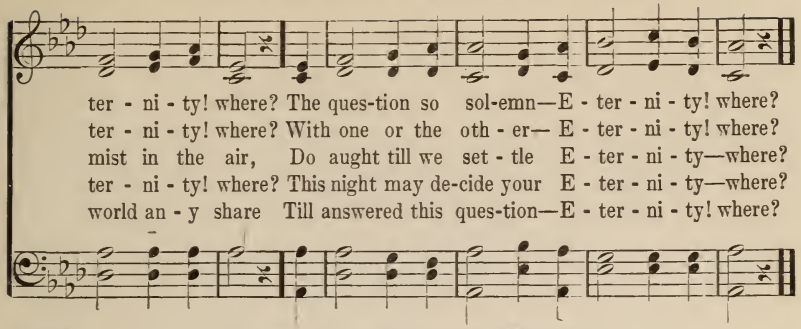
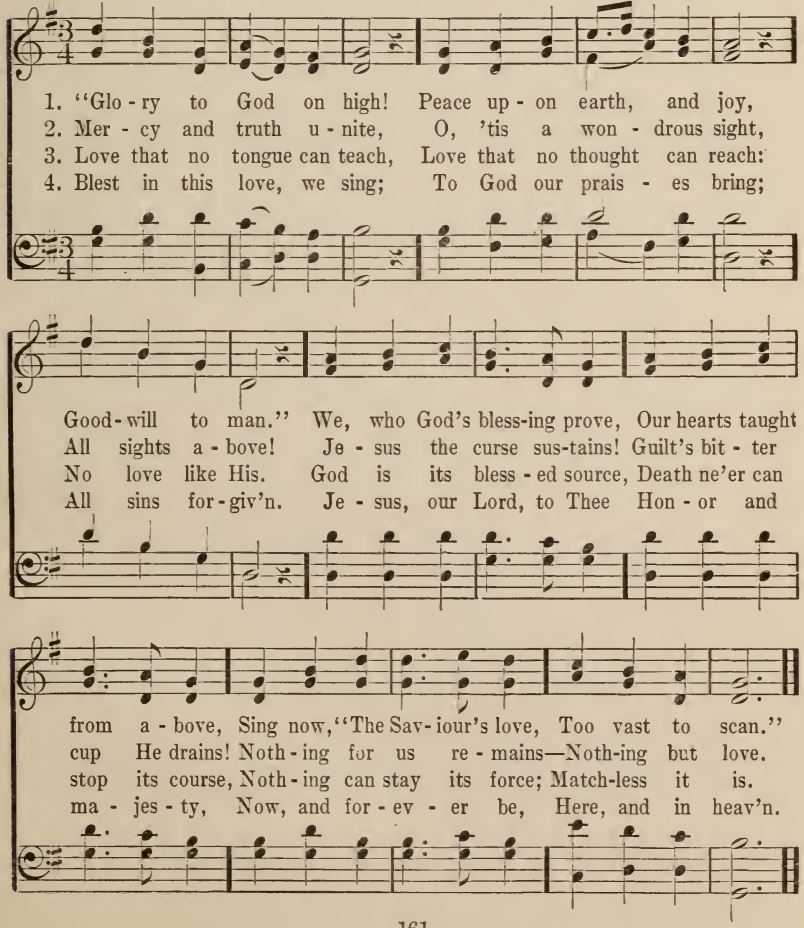
Eternity! Where? It Floats in the Air.

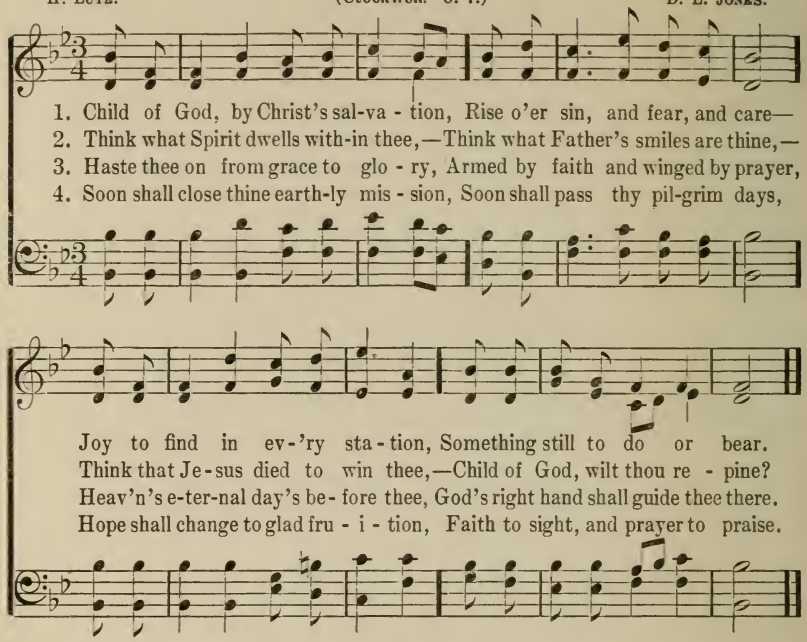

ter - ni - ty! where? The ques-tion so sol-emn—E - ter - ni - ty! where?
ter - ni - ty! where? With one or the oth - er— E - ter - ni - ty! where?
mist in the air, Do aught till we set - tle E - ter - ni - ty—where?
ter - ni - ty! where? This night may de-cide your E - ter - ni - ty—where?
world an - y share Till answered this ques-tion—E - ter - ni - ty! where?

164 Glory to God on High!

T. KELLY. (Italian Hymn. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) FELICE GIARDINI.

1. "Glo - ry to God on high! Peace up - on earth, and joy,
2. Mer - cy and truth u - nite, O, 'tis a won - drous sight,
3. Love that no tongue can teach, Love that no thought can reach:
4. Blest in this love, we sing; To God our prais - es bring;
Good-will to man." We, who God's bless-ing prove, Our hearts taught
All sights a - bove! Je - sus the curse sus-tains! Guilt's bit - ter
No love like His. God is its bless - ed source, Death ne'er can
All sins for-giv'n. Je - sus, our Lord, to Thee Hon - or and
from a - bove, Sing now, "The Sav - iour's love, Too vast to scan."
cup He drains! Noth - ing for us re - mains—Noth-ing but love.
stop its course, Noth - ing can stay its force; Match-less it is.
ma - jes - ty, Now, and for - ev - er be, Here, and in heav'n.

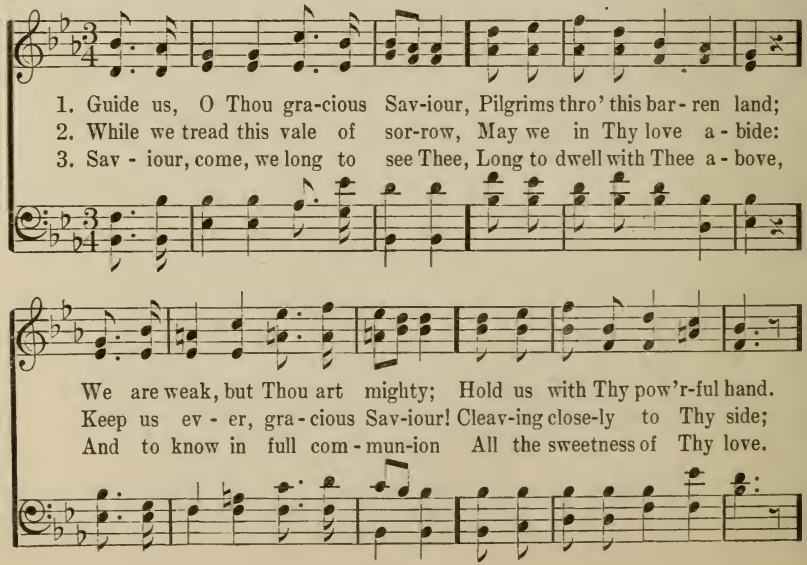
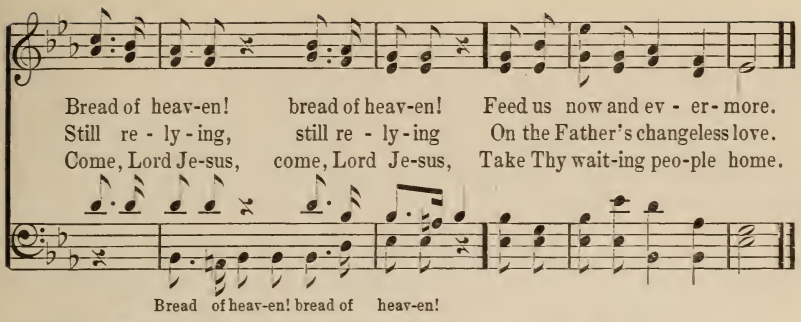
165 Child Of God, By Christ's Salvation.

H. Lute. (Stockwell. 8. 7.) D. E. Jones.


1. Child of God, by Christ's sal-va - tion, Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care—
2. Think what Spirit dwells with-in thee,—Think what Father's smiles are thine,—
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer,
4. Soon shall close thine earth-ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil-grim days,
Joy to find in ev-'ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear.
Think that Je-sus died to win thee,—Child of God, wilt thou re - pine?
Heav'n's e-ter-nal day's be- fore thee, God's right hand shall guide thee there.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

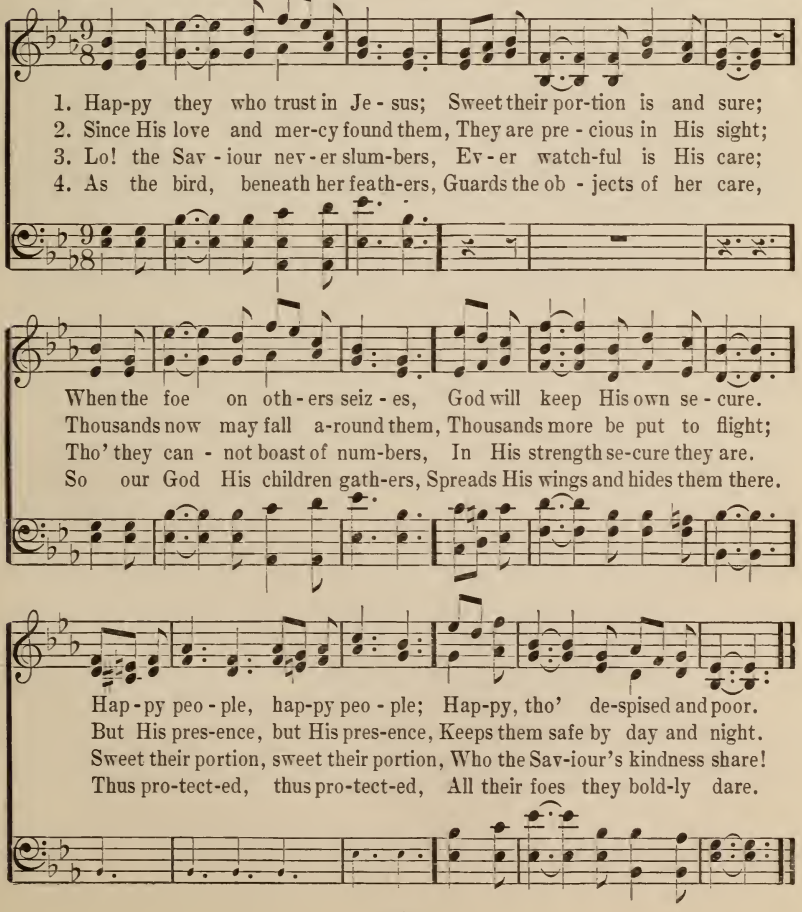
166 Guide Us, O Thou Gracious Saviour.

W. Williams. (8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.) B. U. Gebhardt.


1. Guide us, O Thou gra-cious Sav-iour, Pilgrims thro' this bar - ren land;
2. While we tread this vale of sor-row, May we in Thy love a - bide:
3. Sav - iour, come, we long to see Thee, Long to dwell with Thee a - bove,
We are weak, but Thou art mighty; Hold us with Thy pow'r-ful hand.
Keep us ev - er, gra - cious Sav-iour! Cleav-ing close-ly to Thy side;
And to know in full com - mun-ion All the sweetness of Thy love.

Bread of heav-en! bread of heav-en! Feed us now and ev - er - more.
Still re - ly - ing, still re - ly - ing On the Father's changeless love.
Come, Lord Je-sus, come, Lord Je-sus, Take Thy wait-ing peo-ple home.
Bread of heav-en! bread of heav-en!

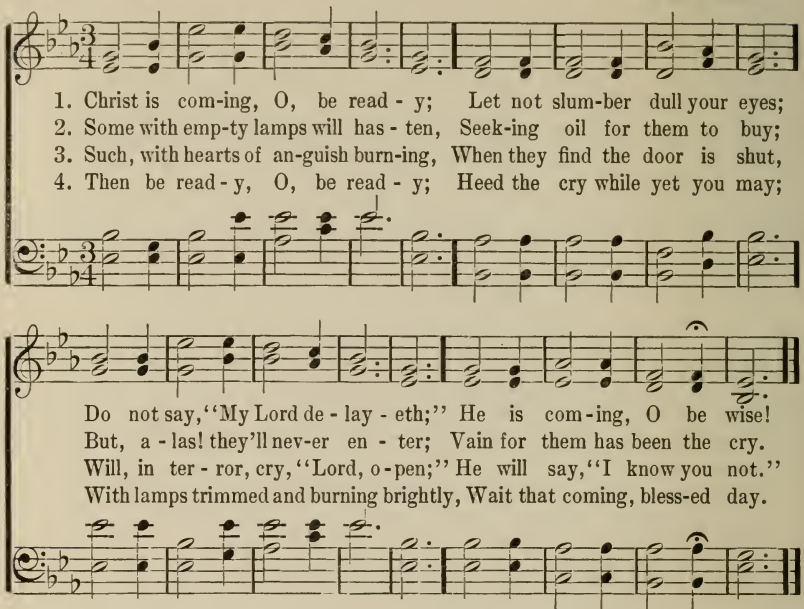
167 Happy They Who Trust in Jesus.

T. Kelly. (Segur. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.) J. P. Holbrook, 1822—1888.


1. Hap-py they who trust in Je - sus; Sweet their por-tion is and sure;
2. Since His love and mer-cy found them, They are pre - cious in His sight;
3. Lo! the Sav - iour nev - er slum-bers, Ev - er watch-ful is His care;
4. As the bird, beneath her feath-ers, Guards the ob - jects of her care,
When the foe on oth - ers seiz - es, God will keep His own se - cure.
Thousands now may fall a-round them, Thousands more be put to flight;
Tho' they can - not boast of num-bers, In His strength se-cure they are.
So our God His children gath-ers, Spreads His wings and hides them there.
Hap - py peo - ple, hap-py peo - ple; Hap-py, tho' de-spised and poor.
But His pres-ence, but His pres-ence, Keeps them safe by day and night.
Sweet their portion, sweet their portion, Who the Sav-iour's kindness share!
Thus pro-tect-ed, thus pro-tect-ed, All their foes they bold-ly dare.

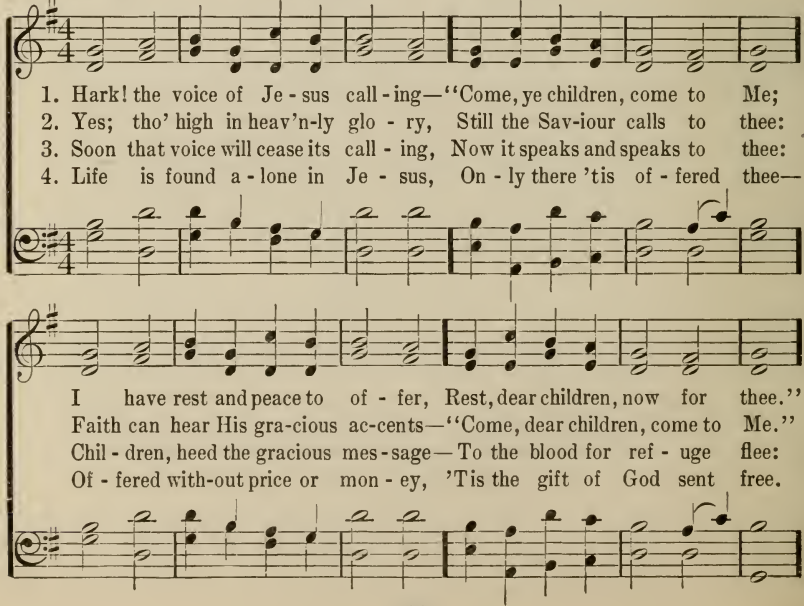
168 Christ Is Coming, O, Be Ready.

Mrs. A. H. Rule. (8. 7.) Mrs. A. H. Rule.


1. Christ is com-ing, O, be read - y; Let not slum-ber dull your eyes;
2. Some with emp-ty lamps will has - ten, Seek-ing oil for them to buy;
3. Such, with hearts of an-guish burn-ing, When they find the door is shut,
4. Then be read - y, O, be read - y; Heed the cry while yet you may;
Do not say, "My Lord de - lay - eth;" He is com-ing, O be wise!
But, a - las! they'll nev-er en - ter; Vain for them has been the cry.
Will, in ter - ror, cry, "Lord, o-pen;" He will say, "I know you not."
With lamps trimmed and burning brightly, Wait that coming, bless-ed day.

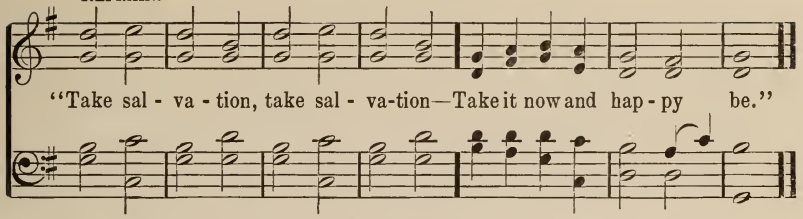
169 Hark! The Voice of Jesus Calling.

A. Midlane. (Evening Prayer. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.)


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing—"Come, ye children, come to Me;
2. Yes; tho' high in heav'n-ly glo - ry, Still the Sav-iour calls to thee:
3. Soon that voice will cease its call - ing, Now it speaks and speaks to thee:
4. Life is found a - lone in Je - sus, On - ly there 'tis of - fered thee—
I have rest and peace to of - fer, Rest, dear children, now for thee."
Faith can hear His gra-cious ac-cents—"Come, dear children, come to Me."
Chil - dren, heed the gracious mes - sage—To the blood for ref - uge flee:
Of - fered with-out price or mon - ey, 'Tis the gift of God sent free.

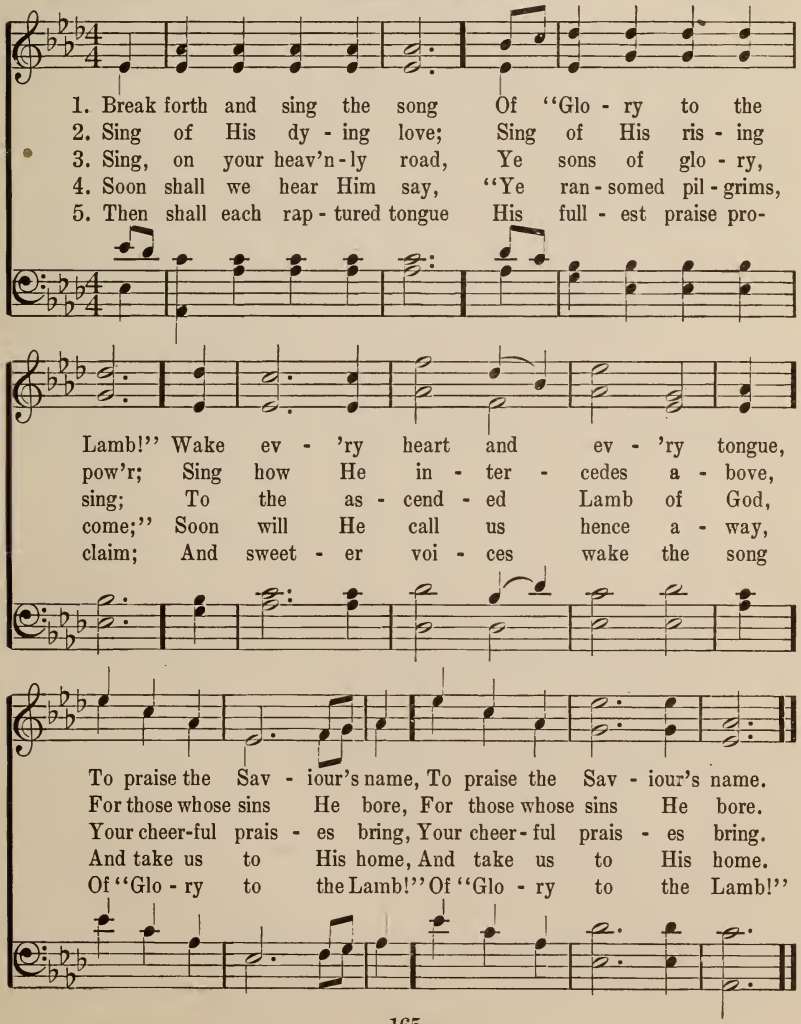
Hark! The Voice of Jesus Calling.

REFRAIN.



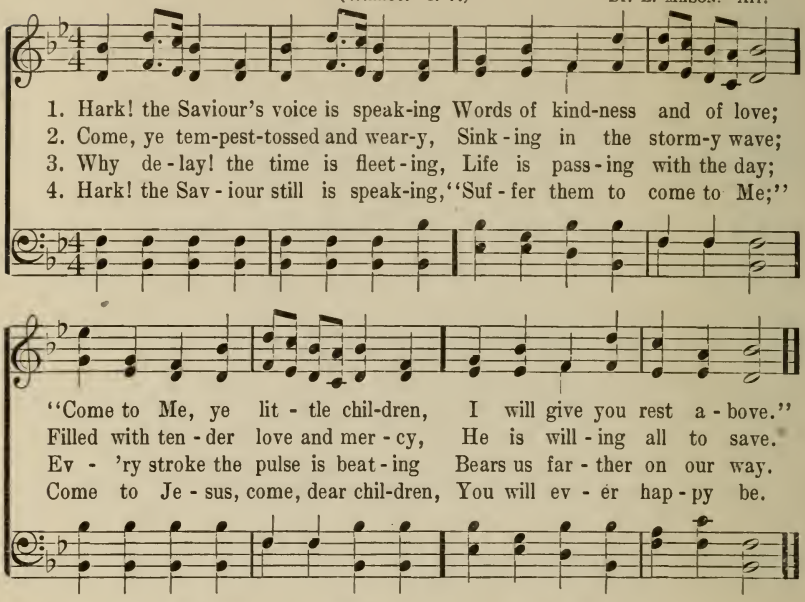
170 Break Forth and Sing the Song.

WATTS, 1709. (Benjamin. S. M.) BRADBURY.


1. Break forth and sing the song Of "Glo - ry to the
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing
3. Sing, on your heav'n - ly road, Ye sons of glo - ry,
4. Soon shall we hear Him say, "Ye ran - somed pil - grims,
5. Then shall each rap - tured tongue His full - est praise pro-
Lamb!" Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue,
pow'r; Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove,
sing; To the as - cend - ed Lamb of God,
come;" Soon will He call us hence a - way,
claim; And sweet - er voi - ces wake the song
To praise the Sav - iour's name, To praise the Sav - iour's name.
For those whose sins He bore, For those whose sins He bore.
Your cheer-ful prais - es bring, Your cheer - ful prais - es bring.
And take us to His home, And take us to His home.
Of "Glo - ry to the Lamb!" Of "Glo - ry to the Lamb!"

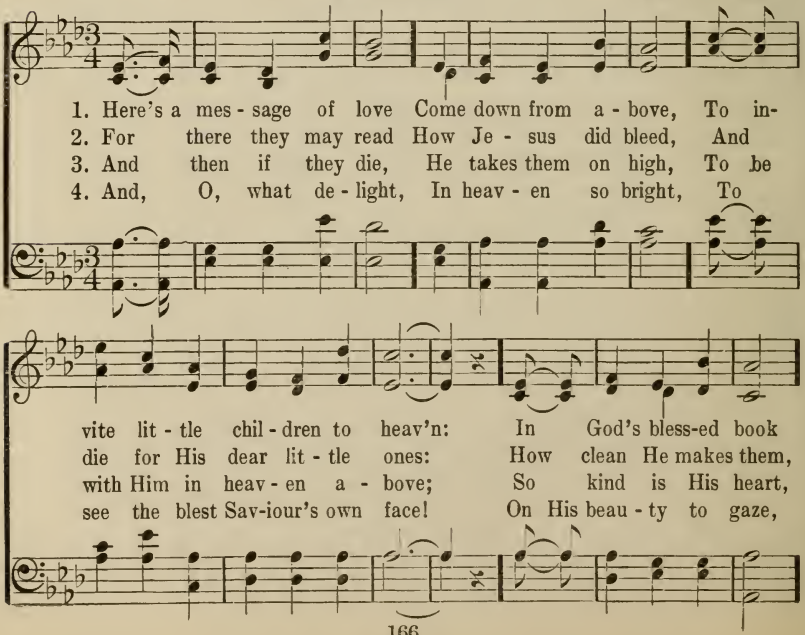
171 Hark! The Saviour's Voice is Speaking.

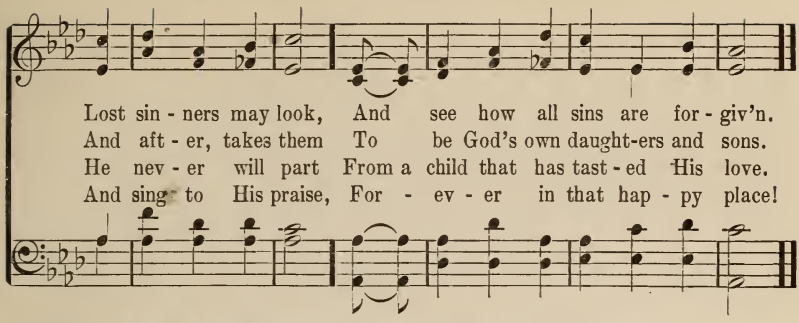
(Wilmot. 8. 7.) Dr. L. Mason. Arr.


1. Hark! the Saviour's voice is speak-ing Words of kind-ness and of love;
2. Come, ye tem-pest-tossed and wear-y, Sink-ing in the storm-y wave;
3. Why de-lay! the time is fleet-ing, Life is pass-ing with the day;
4. Hark! the Sav-iour still is speak-ing, "Suf-fer them to come to Me;"
"Come to Me, ye lit-tle chil-dren, I will give you rest a-bove."
Filled with ten-der love and mer-cy, He is will-ing all to save.
Ev-'ry stroke the pulse is beat-ing Bears us far-ther on our way.
Come to Je-sus, come, dear chil-dren, You will ev-er hap-py be.

172 Here's a Message of Love.

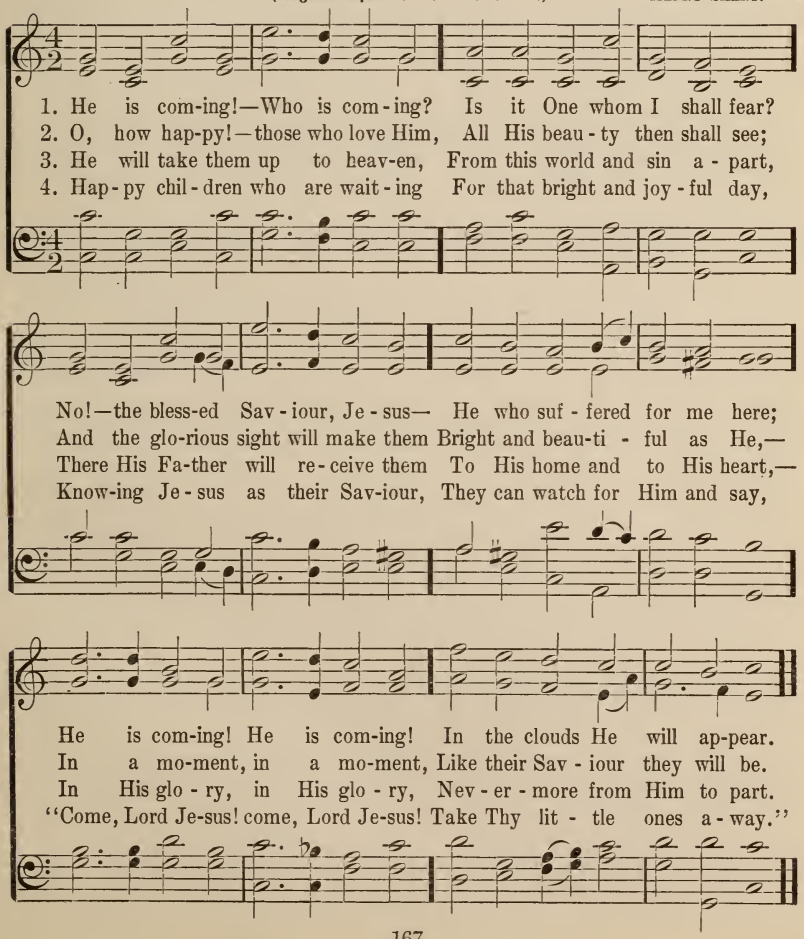
(Waters. 5. 5. 8. D.) Mrs. W. Page.


1. Here's a mes-sage of love Come down from a-bove, To in-
2. For there they may read How Je-sus did bleed, And
3. And then if they die, He takes them on high, To be
4. And, O, what de-light, In heav-en so bright, To
vite lit-tle chil-dren to heav'n: In God's bless-ed book
die for His dear lit-tle ones: How clean He makes them,
with Him in heav-en a-bove; So kind is His heart,
see the blest Sav-iour's own face! On His beau-ty to gaze,


Lost sin - ners may look, And see how all sins are for - giv'n.
And aft - er, takes them To be God's own daught-ers and sons.
He nev - er will part From a child that has tast - ed His love.
And sing to His praise, For - ev - er in that hap - py place!

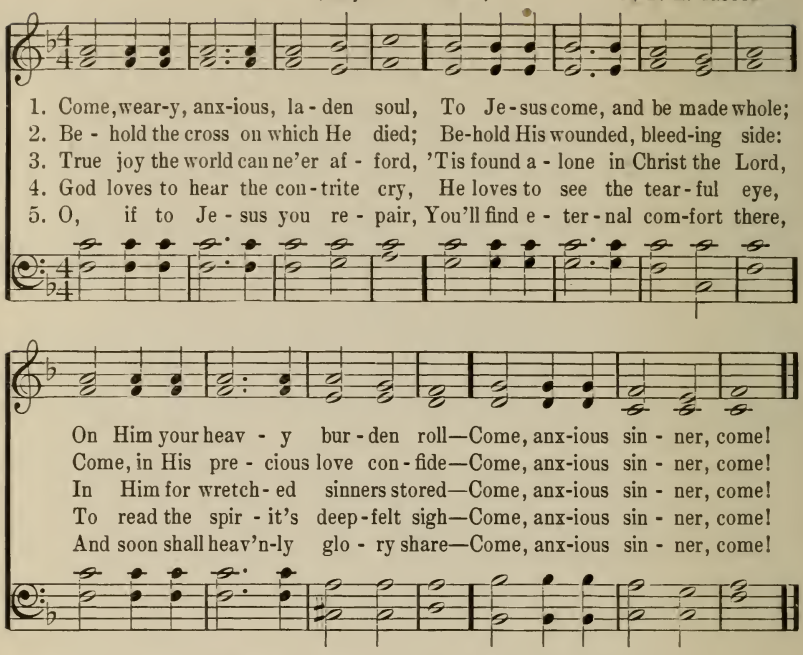
173 He Is Coming!—Who Is Coming?

(Regent Square. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.) HENRY SMART.


1. He is com-ing!—Who is com - ing? Is it One whom I shall fear?
2. O, how hap-py!—those who love Him, All His beau - ty then shall see;
3. He will take them up to heav-en, From this world and sin a - part,
4. Hap - py chil - dren who are wait - ing For that bright and joy - ful day,
No!—the bless-ed Sav - iour, Je - sus— He who suf - fered for me here;
And the glo-rious sight will make them Bright and beau-ti - ful as He,—
There His Fa-ther will re - ceive them To His home and to His heart,—
Know-ing Je - sus as their Sav-iour, They can watch for Him and say,
He is com-ing! He is com-ing! In the clouds He will ap-pear.
In a mo-ment, in a mo-ment, Like their Sav - iour they will be.
In His glo - ry, in His glo - ry, Nev - er - more from Him to part.
"Come, Lord Je-sus! come, Lord Je-sus! Take Thy lit - tle ones a - way."

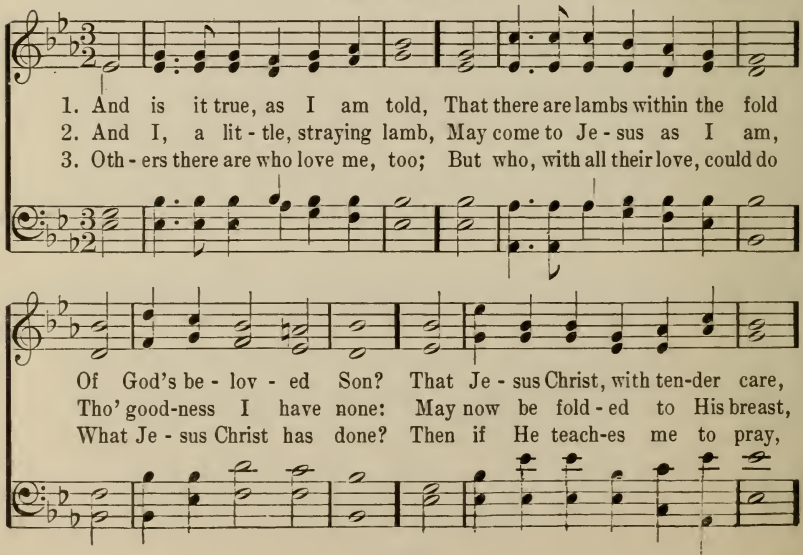
174 Come, Weary, Anxious, Laden Soul.

(Troyte. 8. 8. 8. 6.) A. D. H. Troyte.

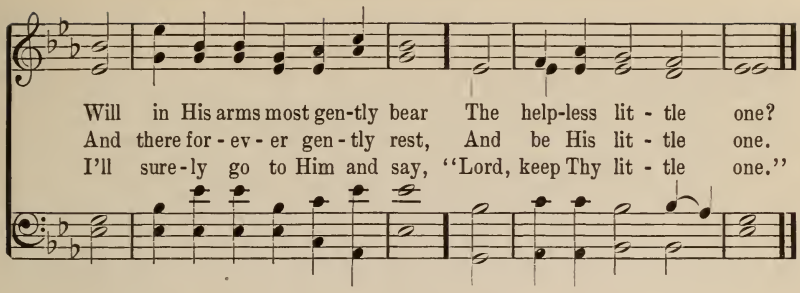

1. Come, wear-y, anx-ious, la-den soul, To Je-sus come, and be made whole;
2. Be-hold the cross on which He died; Be-hold His wounded, bleed-ing side:
3. True joy the world can ne'er af-ford, 'Tis found a-lone in Christ the Lord,
4. God loves to hear the con-trite cry, He loves to see the tear-ful eye,
5. O, if to Je-sus you re-pair, You'll find e-ter-nal com-fort there,
On Him your heav-y bur-den roll—Come, anx-ious sin-ner, come!
Come, in His pre-cious love con-fide—Come, anx-ious sin-ner, come!
In Him for wretch-ed sinners stored—Come, anx-ious sin-ner, come!
To read the spir-it's deep-felt sigh—Come, anx-ious sin-ner, come!
And soon shall heav'n-ly glo-ry share—Come, anx-ious sin-ner, come!

175 And Is It True, As I Am Told?

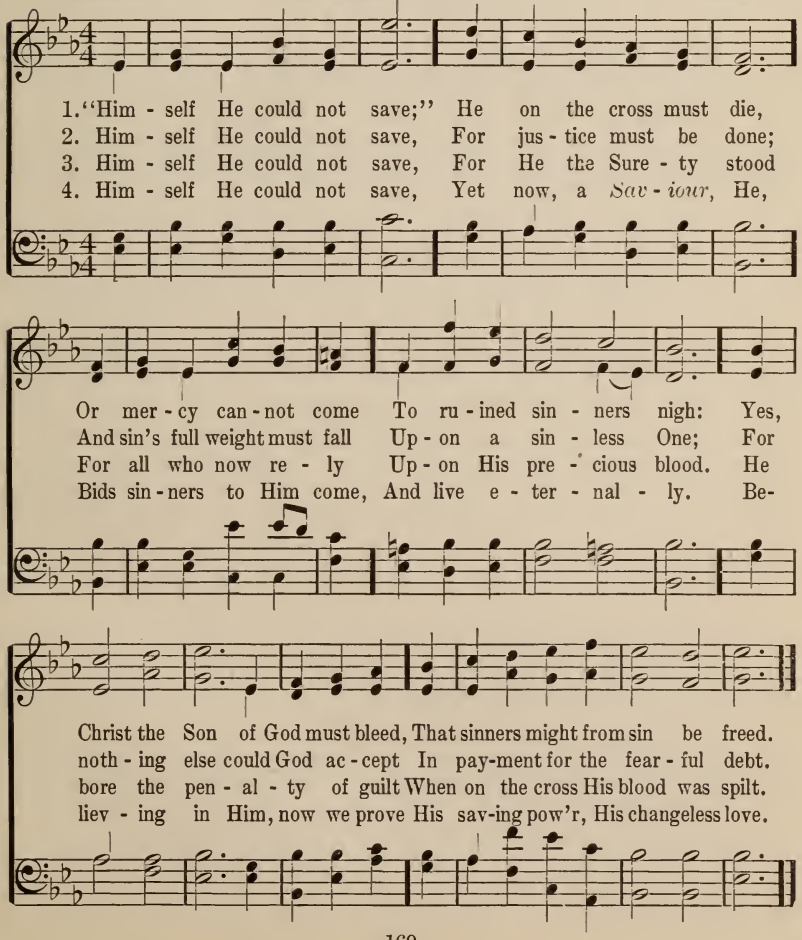
(Meribah. 8. 8. 6. D.) Dr. L. Mason.


1. And is it true, as I am told, That there are lambs within the fold
2. And I, a lit-tle, straying lamb, May come to Je-sus as I am,
3. Oth-ers there are who love me, too; But who, with all their love, could do
Of God's be-lov-ed Son? That Je-sus Christ, with ten-der care,
Tho' good-ness I have none: May now be fold-ed to His breast,
What Je-sus Christ has done? Then if He teach-es me to pray,

And Is It True, As I Am Told?

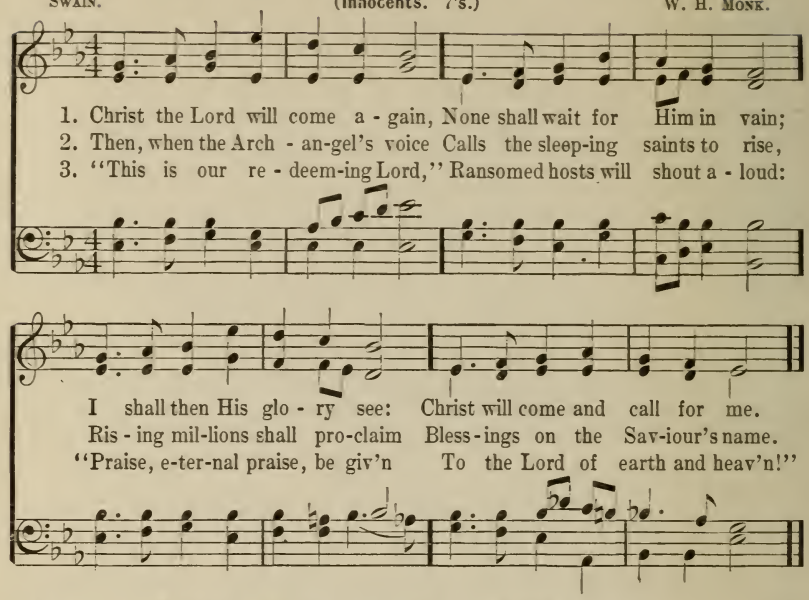

Will in His arms most gen-tly bear The help-less lit-tle one?
And there for-ev-er gen-tly rest, And be His lit-tle one.
I'll sure-ly go to Him and say, "Lord, keep Thy lit-tle one."

176 "Himself He Could Not Save."

A. MIDLANE. (Portsmouth. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.) J. DARWELL.

1. "Him-self He could not save;" He on the cross must die,
2. Him-self He could not save, For jus-tice must be done;
3. Him-self He could not save, For He the Sure-ty stood
4. Him-self He could not save, Yet now, a Sav-iour, He,
Or mer-cy can-not come To ru-ined sin-ners nigh: Yes,
And sin's full weight must fall Up-on a sin-less One; For
For all who now re-ly Up-on His pre-cious blood. He
Bids sin-ners to Him come, And live e-ter-nal-ly. Be-
Christ the Son of God must bleed, That sinners might from sin be freed.
noth-ing else could God ac-cept In pay-ment for the fear-ful debt.
bore the pen-al-ty of guilt When on the cross His blood was spilt.
liev-ing in Him, now we prove His sav-ing pow'r, His changeless love.

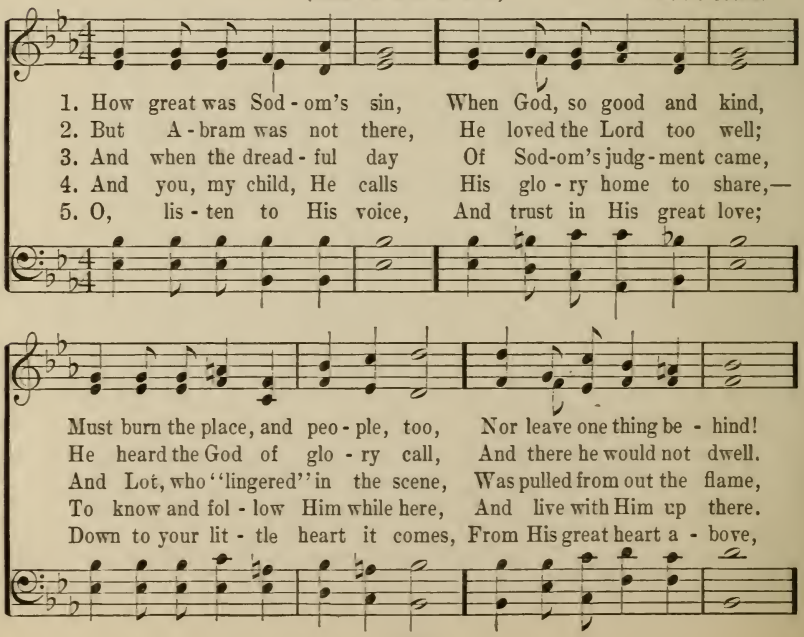
177 Christ the Lord Will Come Again.

SWAIN. (Innocents. 7's.) W. H. MONK.

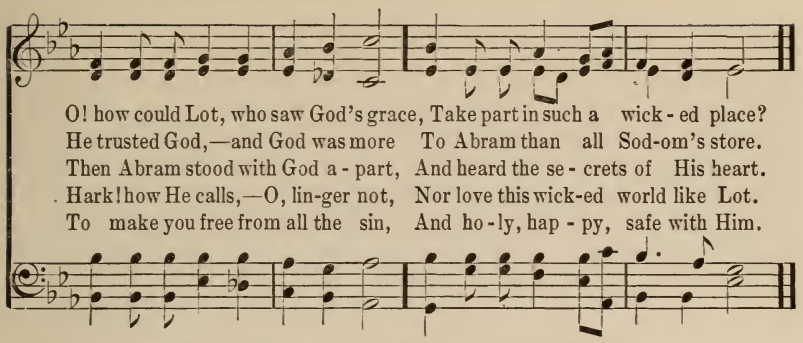

1. Christ the Lord will come a - gain, None shall wait for Him in vain;
2. Then, when the Arch - an-gel's voice Calls the sleep-ing saints to rise,
3. "This is our re - deem-ing Lord," Ransomed hosts will shout a - loud:
I shall then His glo - ry see: Christ will come and call for me.
Ris - ing mil-lions shall pro-claim Bless-ings on the Sav-iour's name.
"Praise, e-ter-nal praise, be giv'n To the Lord of earth and heav'n!"

178 How Great Was Sodom's Sin.

(Bath. 6. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8.) W. H. COOKE.

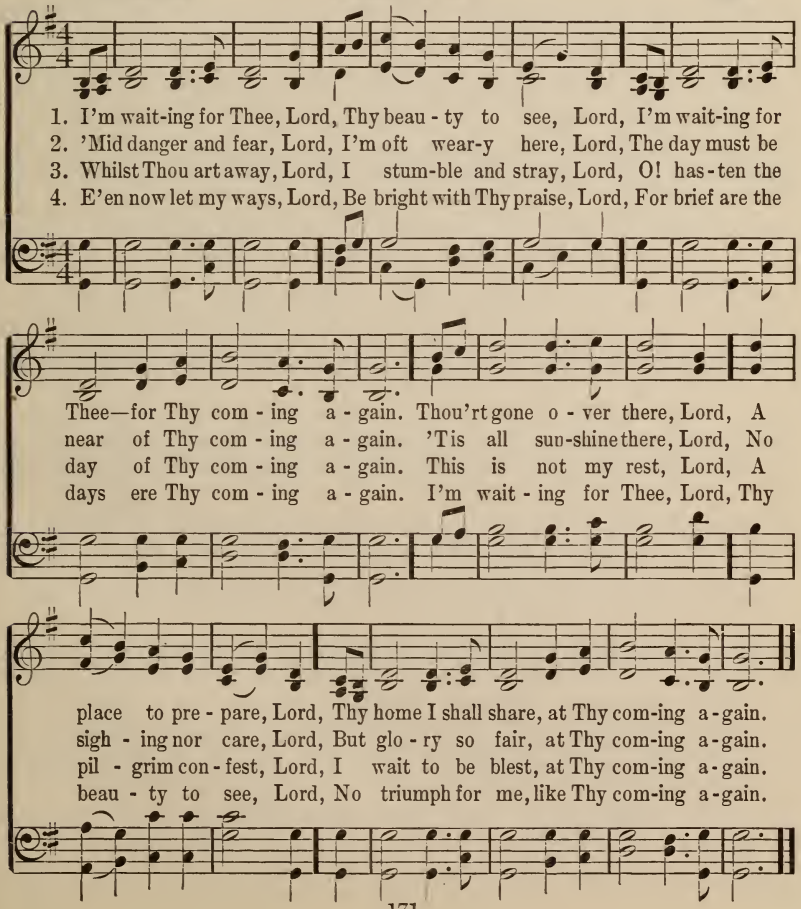

1. How great was Sod - om's sin, When God, so good and kind,
2. But A - bram was not there, He loved the Lord too well;
3. And when the dread - ful day Of Sod-om's judg - ment came,
4. And you, my child, He calls His glo - ry home to share,—
5. O, lis - ten to His voice, And trust in His great love;
Must burn the place, and peo - ple, too, Nor leave one thing be - hind!
He heard the God of glo - ry call, And there he would not dwell.
And Lot, who "lingered" in the scene, Was pulled from out the flame,
To know and fol - low Him while here, And live with Him up there.
Down to your lit - tle heart it comes, From His great heart a - bove,

How Great Was Sodom's Sin.

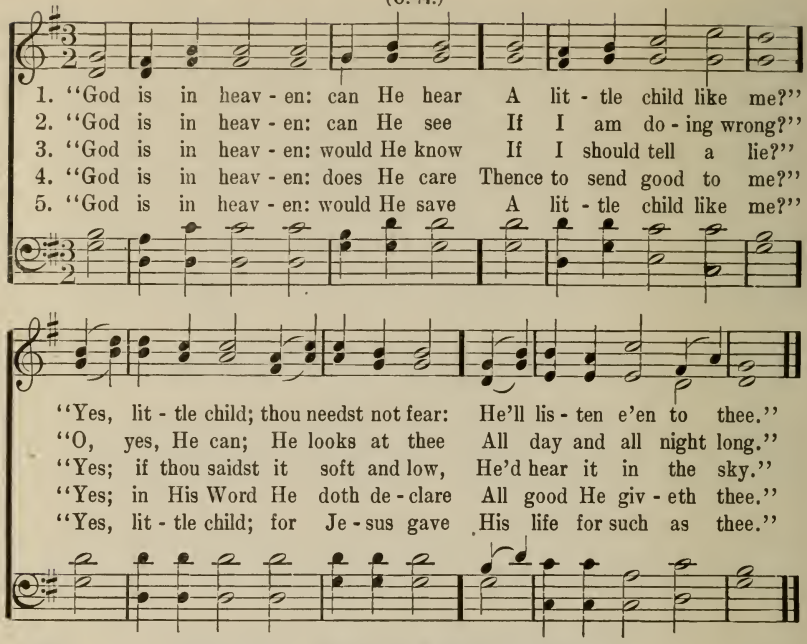

O! how could Lot, who saw God's grace, Take part in such a wick - ed place?
He trusted God,—and God was more To Abram than all Sod-om's store.
Then Abram stood with God a - part, And heard the se - crets of His heart.
Hark! how He calls,—O, lin-ger not, Nor love this wick-ed world like Lot.
To make you free from all the sin, And ho - ly, hap - py, safe with Him.

179 I'm Waiting For Thee, Lord.

H. K. Burlingham. (Waiting. P. M.) Scotch.

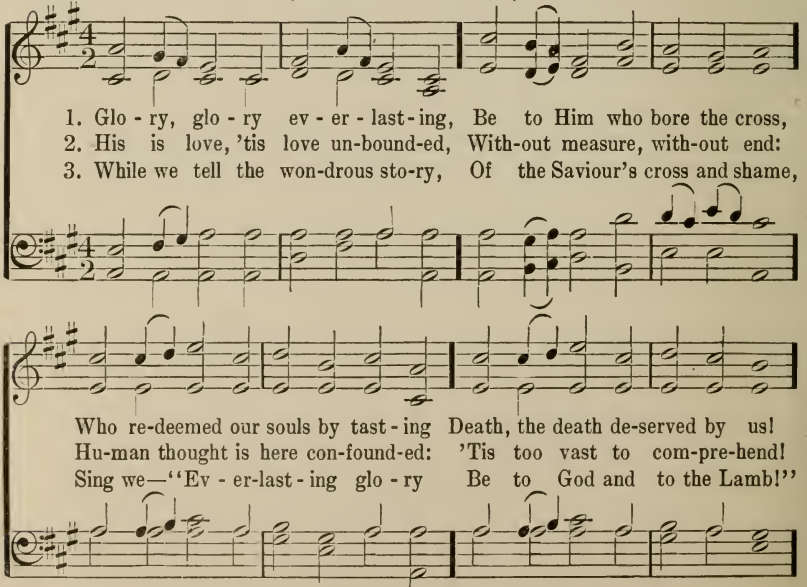

1. I'm wait-ing for Thee, Lord, Thy beau - ty to see, Lord, I'm wait-ing for
2. 'Mid danger and fear, Lord, I'm oft wear-y here, Lord, The day must be
3. Whilst Thou art away, Lord, I stum-ble and stray, Lord, O! has-ten the
4. E'en now let my ways, Lord, Be bright with Thy praise, Lord, For brief are the
Thee—for Thy com - ing a - gain. Thou'rt gone o - ver there, Lord, A
near of Thy com - ing a - gain. 'Tis all sun-shine there, Lord, No
day of Thy com - ing a - gain. This is not my rest, Lord, A
days ere Thy com - ing a - gain. I'm wait - ing for Thee, Lord, Thy
place to pre - pare, Lord, Thy home I shall share, at Thy com-ing a-gain.
sigh - ing nor care, Lord, But glo - ry so fair, at Thy com-ing a-gain.
pil - grim con - fest, Lord, I wait to be blest, at Thy com-ing a-gain.
beau - ty to see, Lord, No triumph for me, like Thy com-ing a-gain.

180 "God Is In Heaven: Can He Hear?"

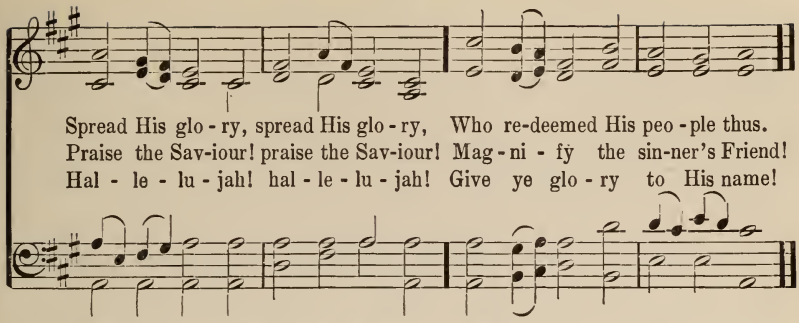
(G. M.)

1. "God is in heav - en: can He hear A lit - tle child like me?"
2. "God is in heav - en: can He see If I am do - ing wrong?"
3. "God is in heav - en: would He know If I should tell a lie?"
4. "God is in heav - en: does He care Thence to send good to me?"
5. "God is in heav - en: would He save A lit - tle child like me?"
"Yes, lit - tle child; thou needst not fear: He'll lis - ten e'en to thee."
"O, yes, He can; He looks at thee All day and all night long."
"Yes; if thou saidst it soft and low, He'd hear it in the sky."
"Yes; in His Word He doth de - clare All good He giv - eth thee."
"Yes, lit - tle child; for Je - sus gave His life for such as thee."

181 Glory, Glory Everlasting.

T. KELLY. (Melbourne. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

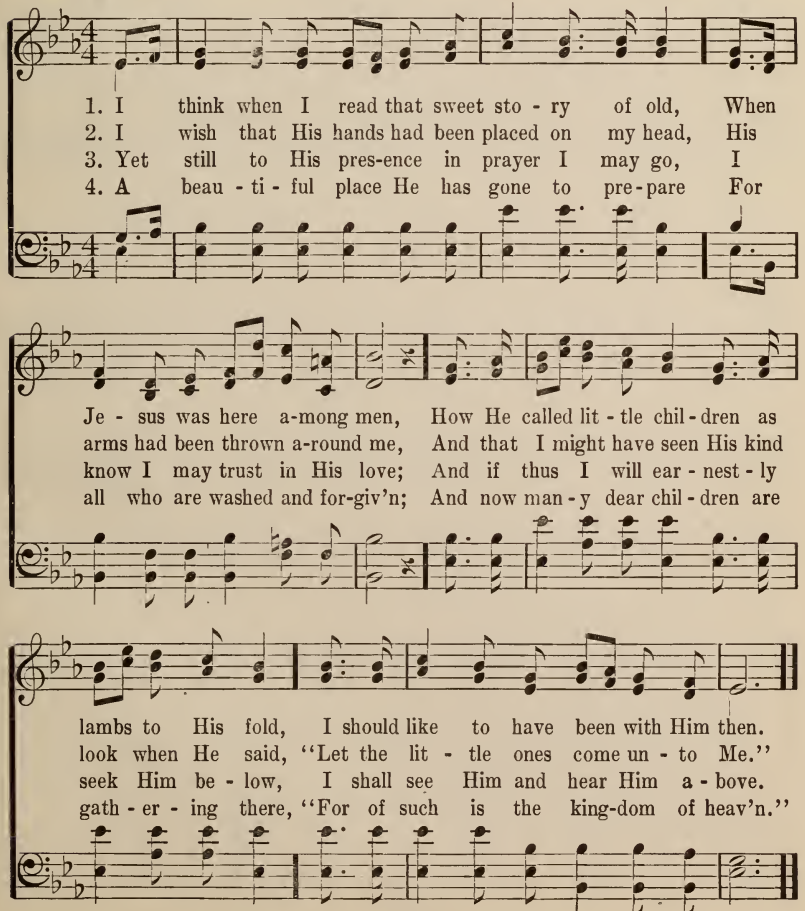

1. Glo - ry, glo - ry ev - er - last - ing, Be to Him who bore the cross,
2. His is love, 'tis love un-bound-ed, With-out measure, with-out end:
3. While we tell the won-drous sto-ry, Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Who re-deemed our souls by tast - ing Death, the death de-served by us!
Hu-man thought is here con-found-ed: 'Tis too vast to com-pre-hend!
Sing we—"Ev - er-last - ing glo - ry Be to God and to the Lamb!"

Glory, Glory Everlasting.


Spread His glo - ry, spread His glo - ry, Who re-deemed His peo - ple thus.
Praise the Sav-iour! praise the Sav-iour! Mag - ni - fy the sin-ner's Friend!
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Give ye glo - ry to His name!

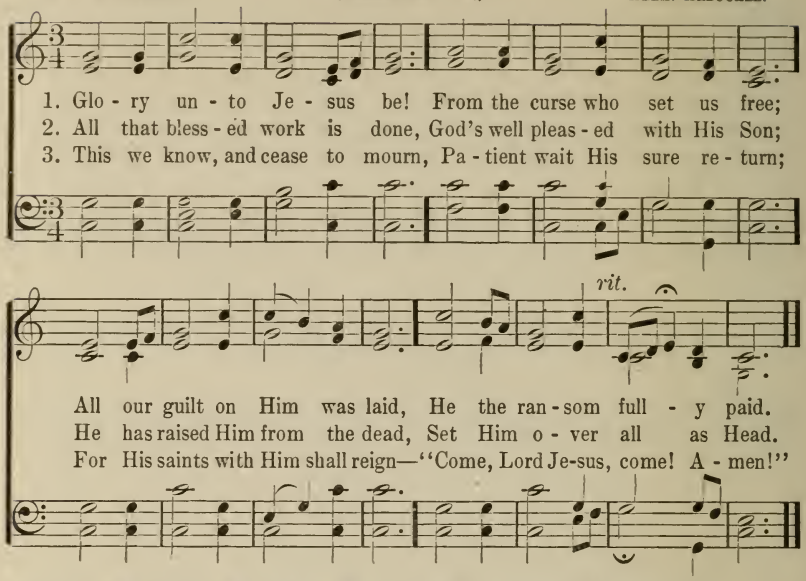
182 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. (Sweet Story. P. M.) Anon.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His
3. Yet still to His pres-ence in prayer I may go, I
4. A beau - ti - ful place He has gone to pre-pare For
Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
know I may trust in His love; And if thus I will ear - nest - ly
all who are washed and for-giv'n; And now man - y dear chil - dren are
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

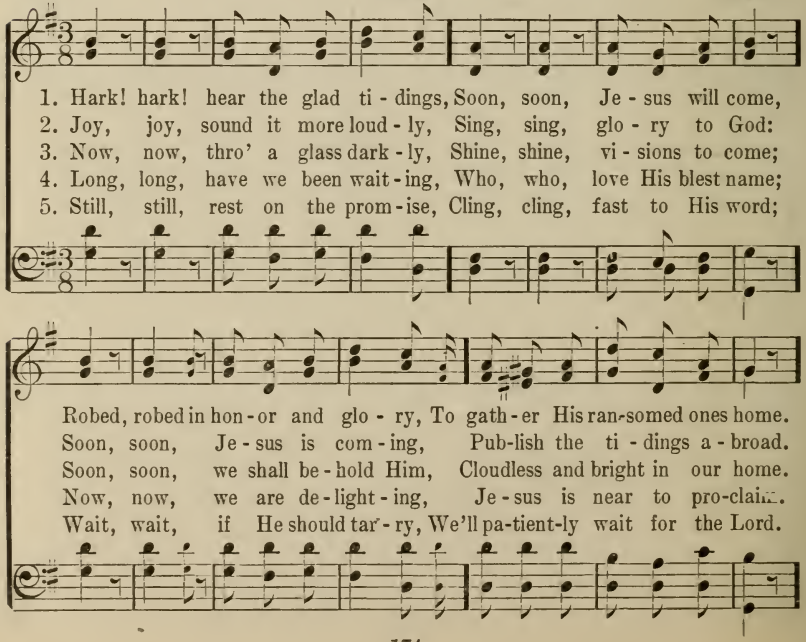
183 Glory Unto Jesus Be!

A. J. Rutherford. (Homestead. 7s.) Alex. Arbuckle.

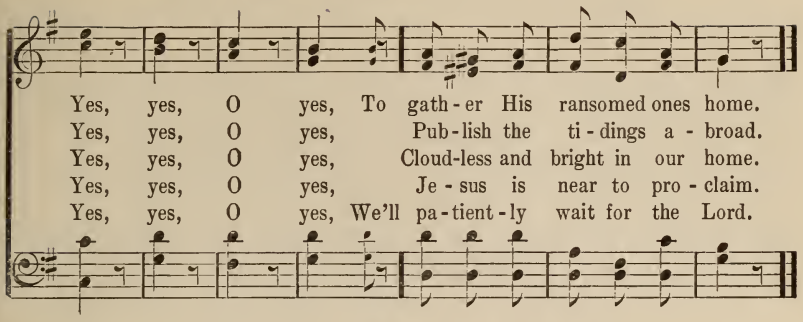

1. Glo - ry un - to Je - sus be! From the curse who set us free;
2. All that bless - ed work is done, God's well pleas - ed with His Son;
3. This we know, and cease to mourn, Pa - tient wait His sure re - turn;
rit.
All our guilt on Him was laid, He the ran - som full - y paid.
He has raised Him from the dead, Set Him o - ver all as Head.
For His saints with Him shall reign—"Come, Lord Je-sus, come! A - men!"

184 Hark! Hark! Hear the Glad Tidings.

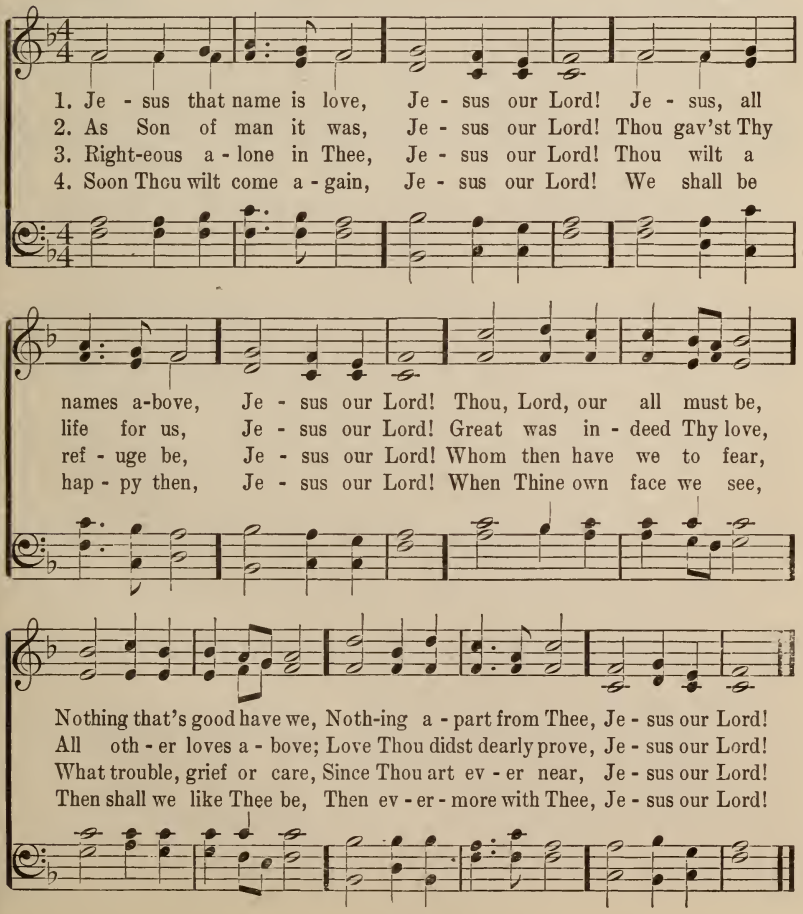
(P. M.) German.


1. Hark! hark! hear the glad ti - dings, Soon, soon, Je - sus will come,
2. Joy, joy, sound it more loud - ly, Sing, sing, glo - ry to God:
3. Now, now, thro' a glass dark - ly, Shine, shine, vi - sions to come;
4. Long, long, have we been wait - ing, Who, who, love His blest name;
5. Still, still, rest on the prom - ise, Cling, cling, fast to His word;
Robed, robed in hon - or and glo - ry, To gath - er His ran-somed ones home.
Soon, soon, Je - sus is com - ing, Pub-lish the ti - dings a - broad.
Soon, soon, we shall be - hold Him, Cloudless and bright in our home.
Now, now, we are de - light - ing, Je - sus is near to pro-claim.
Wait, wait, if He should tar - ry, We'll pa-tient-ly wait for the Lord.

Hark! Hark! Hear the Glad Tidings.

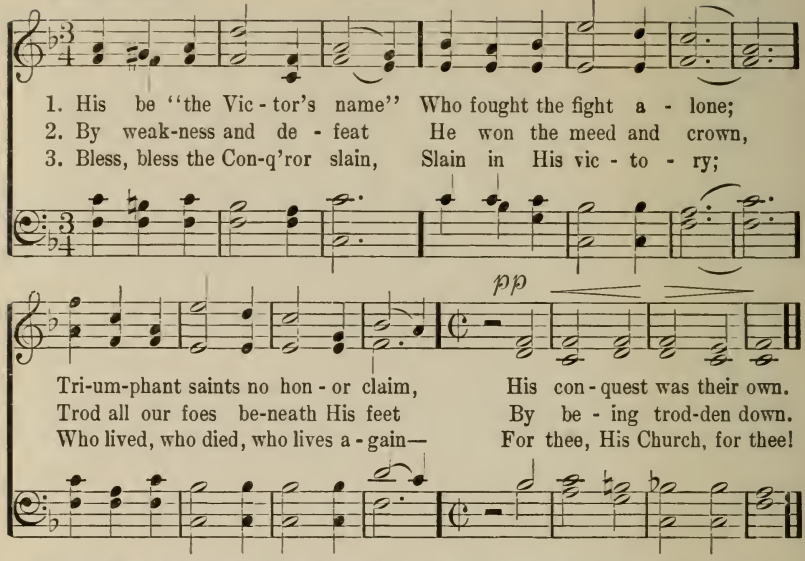

Yes, yes, O yes, To gath-er His ransomed ones home.
Yes, yes, O yes, Pub-lish the ti-dings a-broad.
Yes, yes, O yes, Cloud-less and bright in our home.
Yes, yes, O yes, Je-sus is near to pro-claim.
Yes, yes, O yes, We'll pa-tient-ly wait for the Lord.

185 Jesus That Name Is Love.

J G. Deck. (Oak. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) Lowell Mason.

1. Je-sus that name is love, Je-sus our Lord! Je-sus, all
2. As Son of man it was, Je-sus our Lord! Thou gav'st Thy
3. Right-eous a-lone in Thee, Je-sus our Lord! Thou wilt a
4. Soon Thou wilt come a-gain, Je-sus our Lord! We shall be
names a-bove, Je-sus our Lord! Thou, Lord, our all must be,
life for us, Je-sus our Lord! Great was in-deed Thy love,
ref-uge be, Je-sus our Lord! Whom then have we to fear,
hap-py then, Je-sus our Lord! When Thine own face we see,
Nothing that's good have we, Noth-ing a-part from Thee, Je-sus our Lord!
All oth-er loves a-bove; Love Thou didst dearly prove, Je-sus our Lord!
What trouble, grief or care, Since Thou art ev-er near, Je-sus our Lord!
Then shall we like Thee be, Then ev-er-more with Thee, Je-sus our Lord!

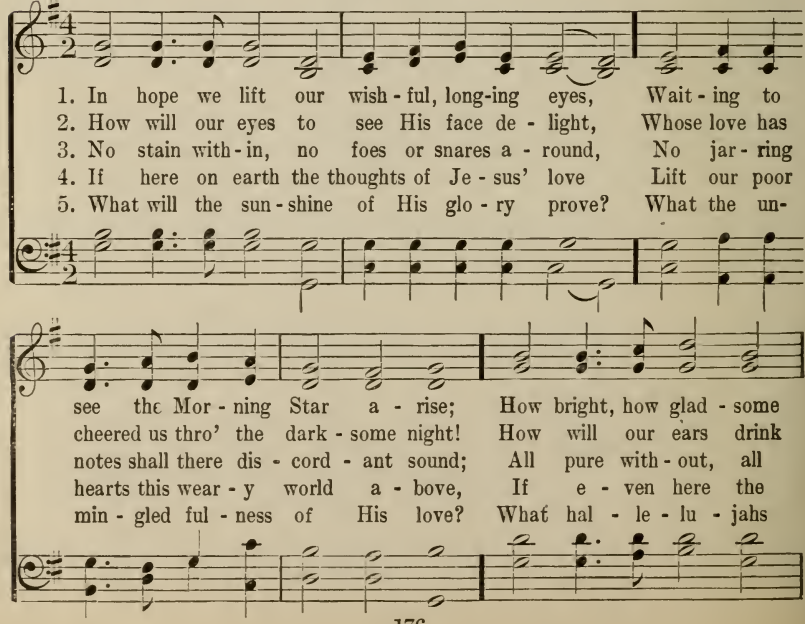
186 This Be "The Victor's Name."

WHITTOCK GANDY. (Victor. S. M.) W. P.

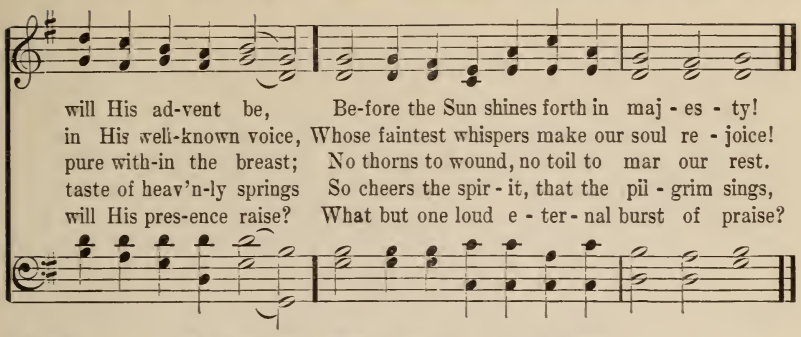

1. His be "the Vic - tor's name" Who fought the fight a - lone;
2. By weak-ness and de - feat He won the meed and crown,
3. Bless, bless the Con-q'ror slain, Slain in His vic - to - ry;
pp
Tri-um-phant saints no hon - or claim, His con - quest was their own.
Trod all our foes be-neath His feet By be - ing trod-den down.
Who lived, who died, who lives a - gain— For thee, His Church, for thee!

187 In Hope We Lift Our Wishful, Longing Eyes.

J. G. DECK. (Laus Patri. 10s.) ARTHUR WELLS.

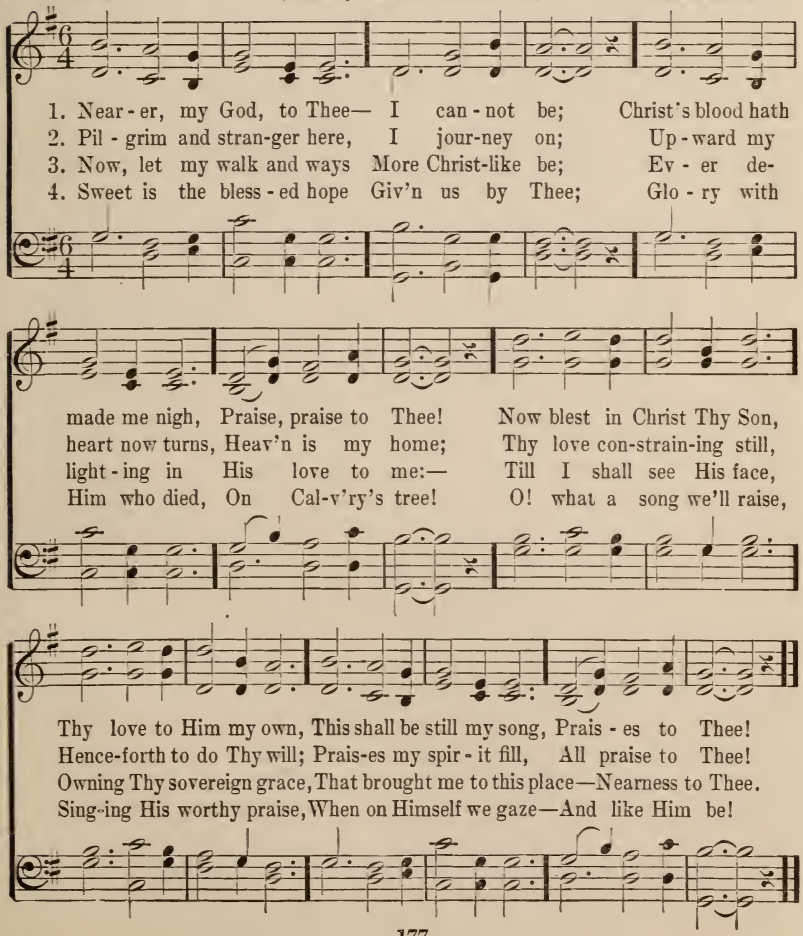

1. In hope we lift our wish - ful, long-ing eyes, Wait - ing to
2. How will our eyes to see His face de - light, Whose love has
3. No stain with - in, no foes or snares a - round, No jar - ring
4. If here on earth the thoughts of Je - sus' love Lift our poor
5. What will the sun - shine of His glo - ry prove? What the un-
see the Mor - ning Star a - rise; How bright, how glad - some
cheered us thro' the dark - some night! How will our ears drink
notes shall there dis - cord - ant sound; All pure with - out, all
hearts this wear - y world a - bove, If e - ven here the
min - gled ful - ness of His love? What hal - le - lu - jahs

In Hope We Lift Our Wishful, Longing Eyes.


will His ad-vent be, Be-fore the Sun shines forth in maj - es - ty!
in His well-known voice, Whose faintest whispers make our soul re - joice!
pure with-in the breast; No thorns to wound, no toil to mar our rest.
taste of heav'n-ly springs So cheers the spir - it, that the pil - grim sings,
will His pres-ence raise? What but one loud e - ter - nal burst of praise?

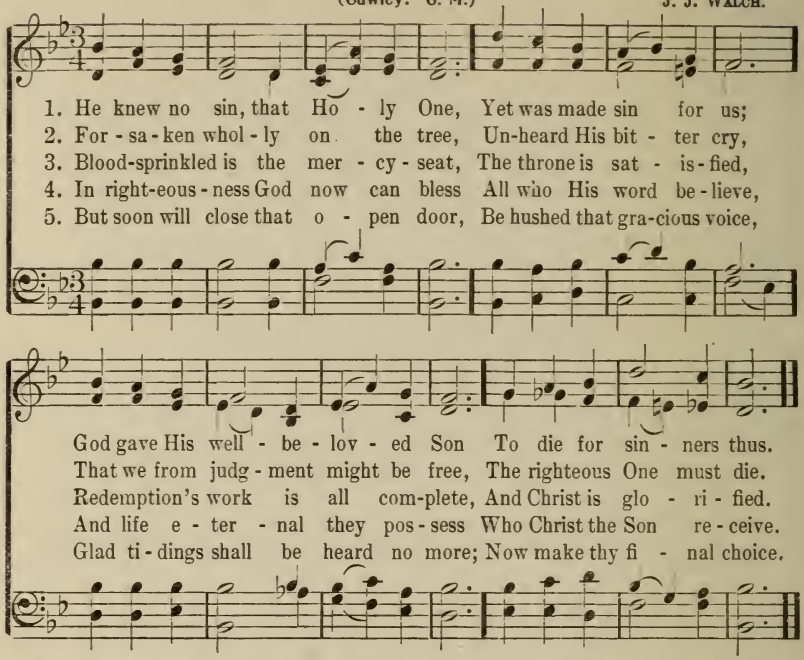
188 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

A. Fleck. (Bethany. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee— I can - not be; Christ's blood hath
2. Pil - grim and stran-ger here, I jour-ney on; Up - ward my
3. Now, let my walk and ways More Christ-like be; Ev - er de-
4. Sweet is the bless - ed hope Giv'n us by Thee; Glo - ry with
made me nigh, Praise, praise to Thee! Now blest in Christ Thy Son,
heart now turns, Heav'n is my home; Thy love con-strain-ing still,
light - ing in His love to me:— Till I shall see His face,
Him who died, On Cal-v'ry's tree! O! what a song we'll raise,
Thy love to Him my own, This shall be still my song, Prais - es to Thee!
Hence-forth to do Thy will; Prais-es my spir - it fill, All praise to Thee!
Owning Thy sovereign grace, That brought me to this place—Nearness to Thee.
Sing-ing His worthy praise, When on Himself we gaze—And like Him be!

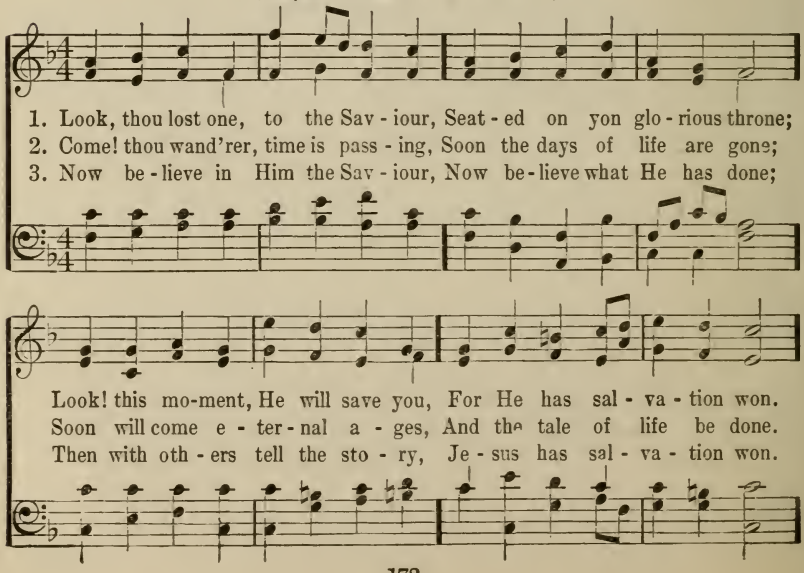
189 He Knew No Sin, That Holy One.

(Sawley. C. M.) J. J. WALCH.

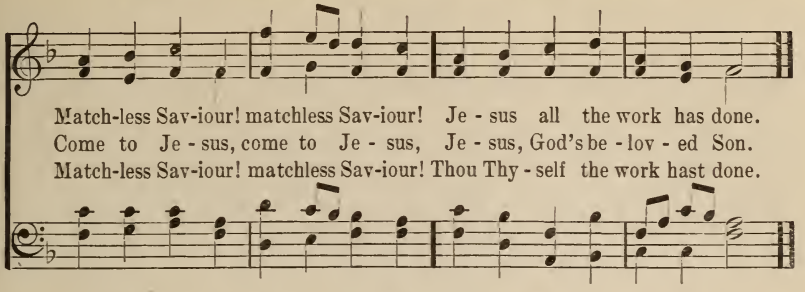

1. He knew no sin, that Ho - ly One, Yet was made sin for us;
2. For - sa - ken whol - ly on the tree, Un-heard His bit - ter cry,
3. Blood-sprinkled is the mer - cy - seat, The throne is sat - is - fied,
4. In right-eous - ness God now can bless All who His word be - lieve,
5. But soon will close that o - pen door, Be hushed that gra-cious voice,
God gave His well - be - lov - ed Son To die for sin - ners thus.
That we from judg - ment might be free, The righteous One must die.
Redemption's work is all com-plete, And Christ is glo - ri - fied.
And life e - ter - nal they pos - sess Who Christ the Son re - ceive.
Glad ti - dings shall be heard no more; Now make thy fi - nal choice.

190 Look, Thou Lost One, To the Saviour.

(Shepherd's Care. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

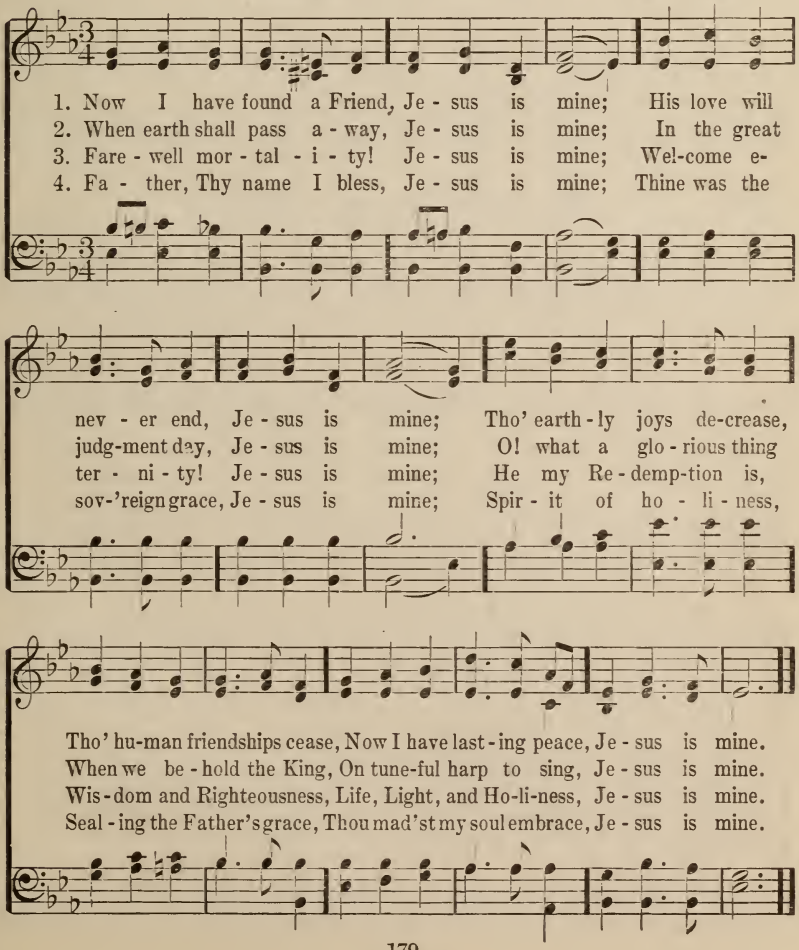

1. Look, thou lost one, to the Sav - iour, Seat - ed on yon glo - rious throne;
2. Come! thou wand'rer, time is pass - ing, Soon the days of life are gone;
3. Now be - lieve in Him the Sav - iour, Now be - lieve what He has done;
Look! this mo-ment, He will save you, For He has sal - va - tion won.
Soon will come e - ter - nal a - ges, And the tale of life be done.
Then with oth - ers tell the sto - ry, Je - sus has sal - va - tion won.

Look, Thou Lost One, To the Saviour.


Match-less Sav-iour! matchless Sav-iour! Je - sus all the work has done.
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Je - sus, God's be - lov - ed Son.
Match-less Sav-iour! matchless Sav-iour! Thou Thy - self the work hast done.

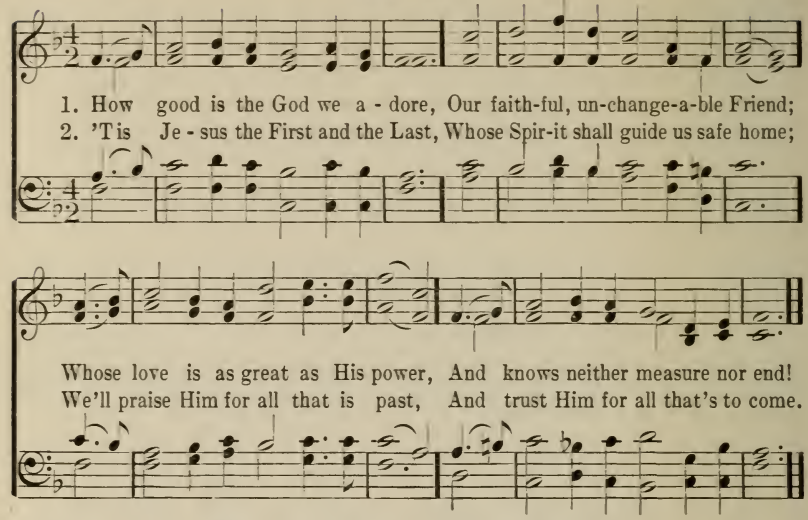
191 Now I have Found a Friend.

(Jesus Mine. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) HENRY BENNETT.

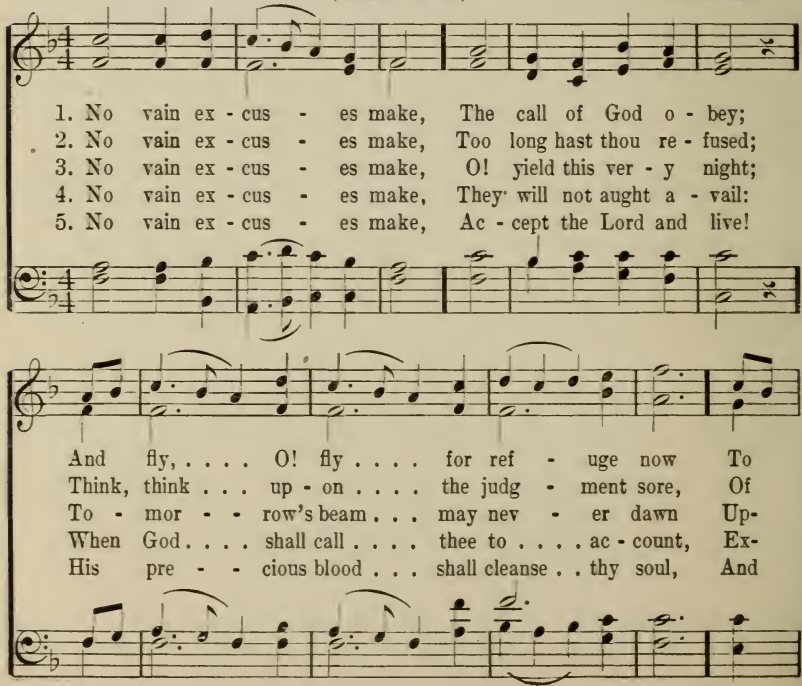

1. Now I have found a Friend, Je - sus is mine; His love will
2. When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine; In the great
3. Fare - well mor - tal - i - ty! Je - sus is mine; Wel-come e-
4. Fa - ther, Thy name I bless, Je - sus is mine; Thine was the
nev - er end, Je - sus is mine; Tho' earth - ly joys de-crease,
judg-ment day, Je - sus is mine; O! what a glo - rious thing
ter - ni - ty! Je - sus is mine; He my Re - demp-tion is,
sov-'reign grace, Je - sus is mine; Spir - it of ho - li - ness,
Tho' hu-man friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace, Je - sus is mine.
When we be - hold the King, On tune-ful harp to sing, Je - sus is mine.
Wis - dom and Righteousness, Life, Light, and Ho-li-ness, Je - sus is mine.
Seal - ing the Father's grace, Thou mad'st my soul embrace, Je - sus is mine.

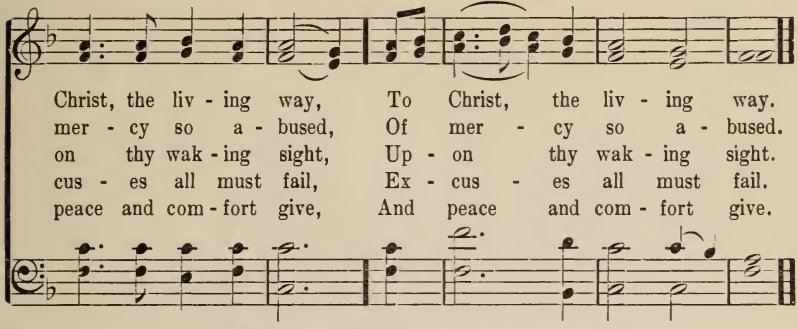
192 How Good Is the God We Adore.

HART, 1750. (Elland. 8s.)


1. How good is the God we a - dore, Our faith-ful, un-change-a-ble Friend;
2. 'T is Je - sus the First and the Last, Whose Spir-it shall guide us safe home;
Whose love is as great as His power, And knows neither measure nor end!
We'll praise Him for all that is past, And trust Him for all that's to come.

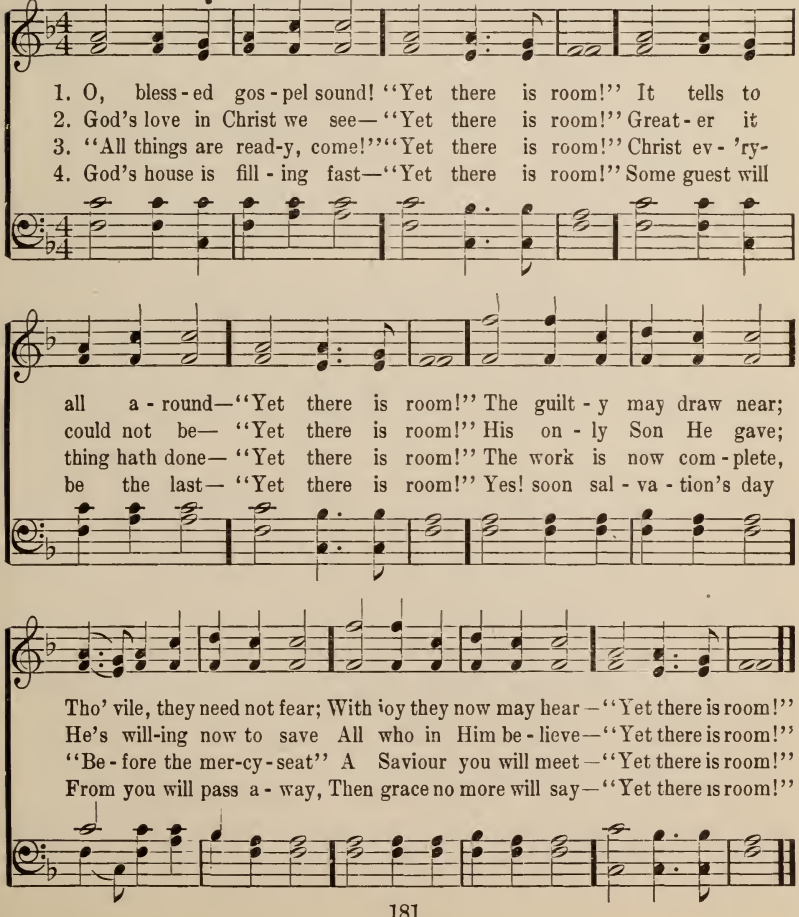
193 No Vain Excuses Make.

(Luther. S. M.) T. HASTINGS.

1. No vain ex - cus - es make, The call of God o - bey;
2. No vain ex - cus - es make, Too long hast thou re - fused;
3. No vain ex - cus - es make, O! yield this ver - y night;
4. No vain ex - cus - es make, They will not aught a - vail:
5. No vain ex - cus - es make, Ac - cept the Lord and live!
And fly, ... O! fly . . . . for ref - uge now To
Think, think . . . up - on . . . . the judg - ment sore, Of
To - mor - - row's beam . . . may nev - er dawn Up-
When God . . . . shall call . . . . thee to . . . . ac - count, Ex-
His pre - - cious blood . . . shall cleanse . . thy soul, And


Christ, the liv - ing way, To Christ, the liv - ing way.
mer - cy so a - bused, Of mer - cy so a - bused.
on thy wak - ing sight, Up - on thy wak - ing sight.
cus - es all must fail, Ex - cus - es all must fail.
peace and com - fort give, And peace and com - fort give.

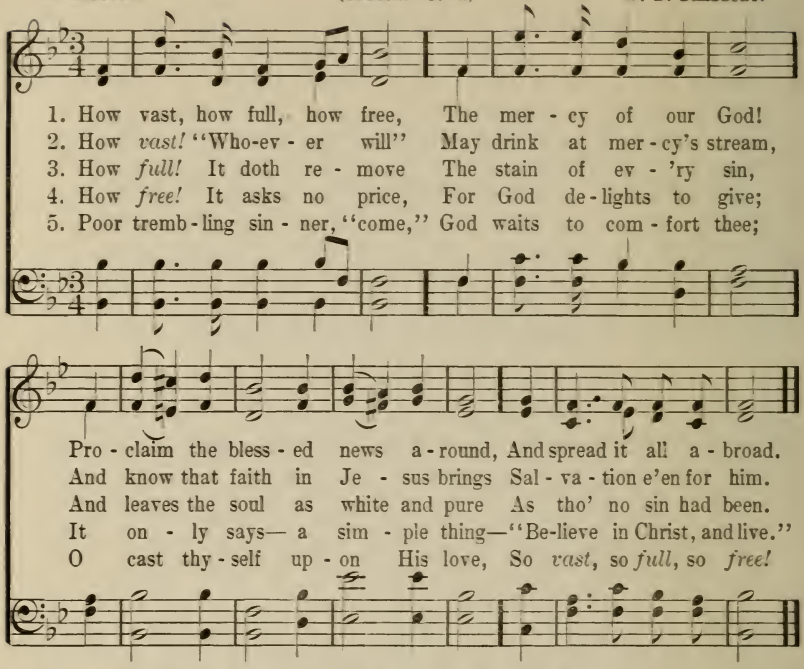
194 O, Blessed Gospel Sound!

(Happy Land. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) Hindoo.


1. O, bless - ed gos - pel sound! "Yet there is room!" It tells to
2. God's love in Christ we see— "Yet there is room!" Great - er it
3. "All things are read-y, come!" "Yet there is room!" Christ ev - 'ry-
4. God's house is fill - ing fast—"Yet there is room!" Some guest will
all a - round—"Yet there is room!" The guilt - y may draw near;
could not be— "Yet there is room!" His on - ly Son He gave;
thing hath done— "Yet there is room!" The work is now com - plete,
be the last— "Yet there is room!" Yes! soon sal - va - tion's day
Tho' vile, they need not fear; With joy they now may hear—"Yet there is room!"
He's will-ing now to save All who in Him be - lieve—"Yet there is room!"
"Be - fore the mer-cy - seat" A Saviour you will meet—"Yet there is room!"
From you will pass a - way, Then grace no more will say—"Yet there is room!"

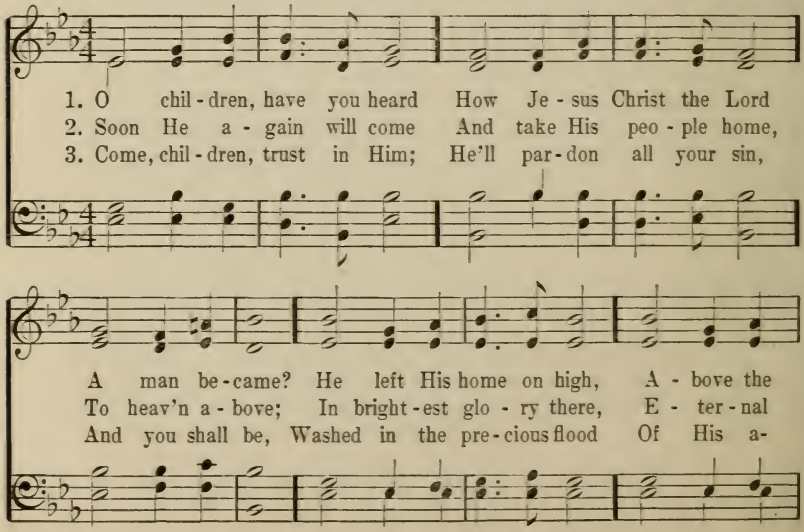
195 How Vast, How Full, How Free.

A. MIDLANE. (Braden. S. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

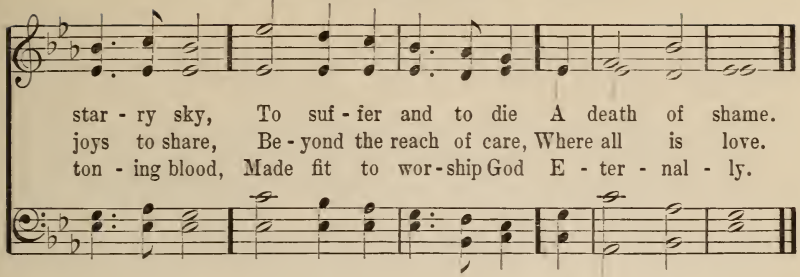

1. How vast, how full, how free, The mer - cy of our God!
2. How *vast!* "Who-ev - er will" May drink at mer - cy's stream,
3. How *full!* It doth re - move The stain of ev - 'ry sin,
4. How *free!* It asks no price, For God de - lights to give;
5. Poor tremb - ling sin - ner, "come," God waits to com - fort thee;
Pro - claim the bless - ed news a - round, And spread it all a - broad.
And know that faith in Je - sus brings Sal - va - tion e'en for him.
And leaves the soul as white and pure As tho' no sin had been.
It on - ly says— a sim - ple thing—"Be-lieve in Christ, and live."
O cast thy - self up - on His love, So *vast*, so *full*, so *free!*

196 O Children, Have You Heard?

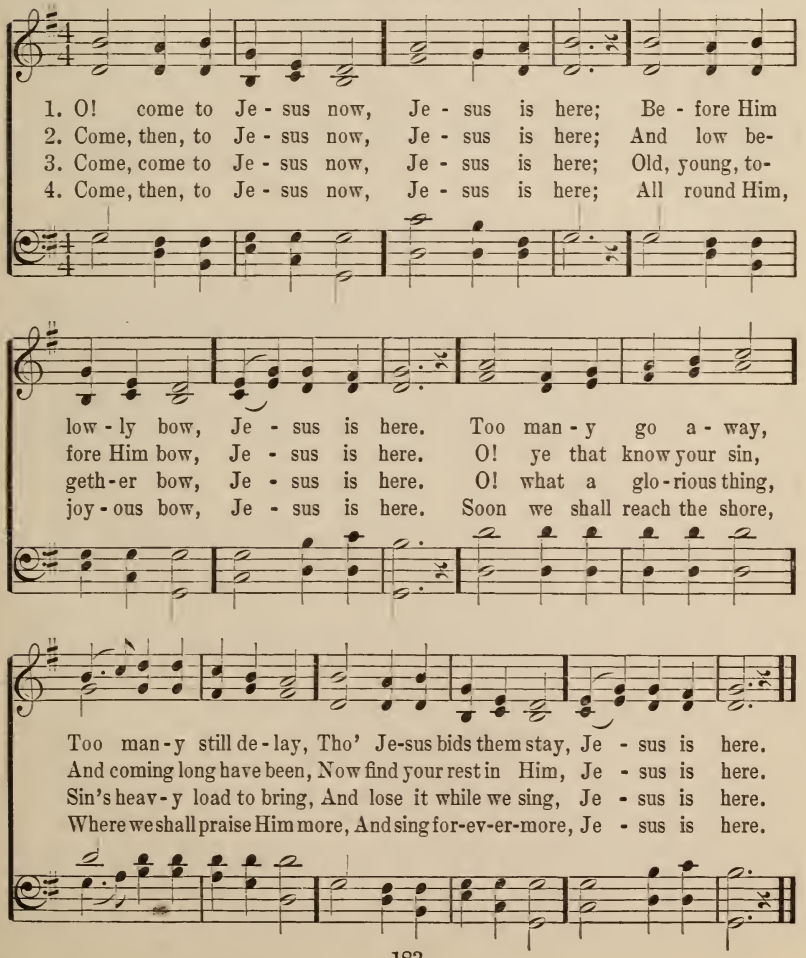
(Olivet. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) DR. L. MASON.


1. O chil - dren, have you heard How Je - sus Christ the Lord
2. Soon He a - gain will come And take His peo - ple home,
3. Come, chil - dren, trust in Him; He'll par - don all your sin,
A man be - came? He left His home on high, A - bove the
To heav'n a - bove; In bright - est glo - ry there, E - ter - nal
And you shall be, Washed in the pre - cious flood Of His a-

O Children, Have You Heard?

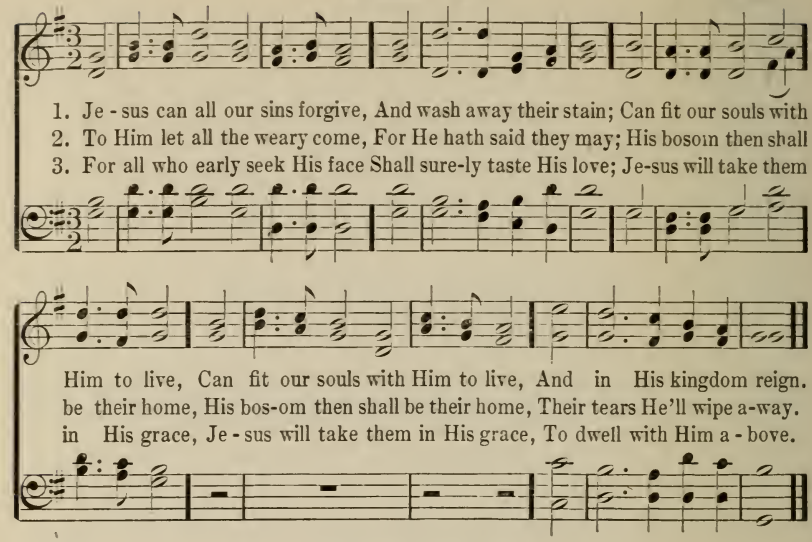

star - ry sky, To suf - fer and to die A death of shame.
joys to share, Be - yond the reach of care, Where all is love.
ton - ing blood, Made fit to wor - ship God E - ter - nal - ly.

197 O! Come To Jesus Now.

(Decision. 6 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.) T. E. PERKINS.

1. O! come to Je - sus now, Je - sus is here; Be - fore Him
2. Come, then, to Je - sus now, Je - sus is here; And low be-
3. Come, come to Je - sus now, Je - sus is here; Old, young, to-
4. Come, then, to Je - sus now, Je - sus is here; All round Him,
low - ly bow, Je - sus is here. Too man - y go a - way,
fore Him bow, Je - sus is here. O! ye that know your sin,
geth - er bow, Je - sus is here. O! what a glo - rious thing,
joy - ous bow, Je - sus is here. Soon we shall reach the shore,
Too man - y still de - lay, Tho' Je-sus bids them stay, Je - sus is here.
And coming long have been, Now find your rest in Him, Je - sus is here.
Sin's heav - y load to bring, And lose it while we sing, Je - sus is here.
Where we shall praise Him more, And sing for-ev-er-more, Je - sus is here.

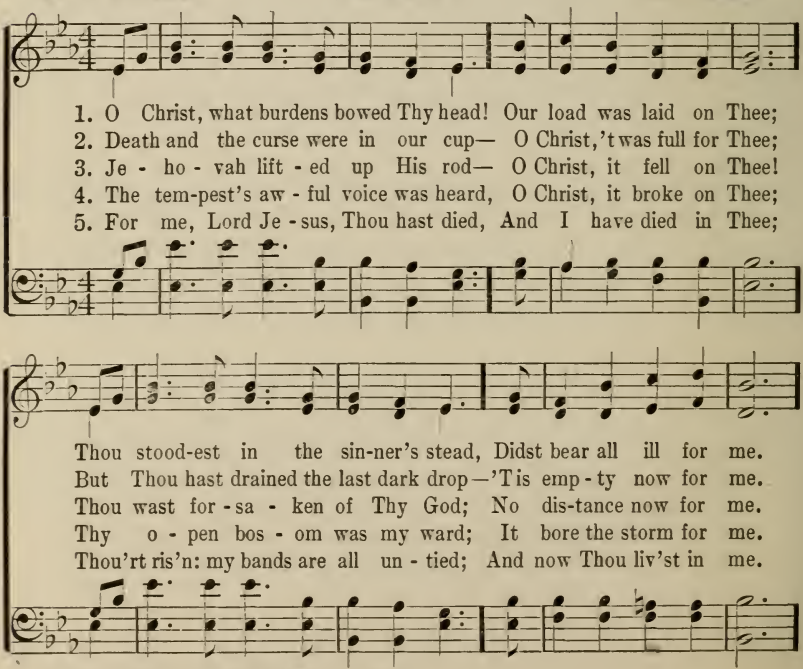
198 Jesus Can All Our Sins Forgive.

(Woodland. C. M.) N. D. GOULD.


1. Je - sus can all our sins forgive, And wash away their stain; Can fit our souls with
2. To Him let all the weary come, For He hath said they may; His bosom then shall
3. For all who early seek His face Shall sure-ly taste His love; Je-sus will take them
Him to live, Can fit our souls with Him to live, And in His kingdom reign.
be their home, His bos-om then shall be their home, Their tears He'll wipe a-way.
in His grace, Je - sus will take them in His grace, To dwell with Him a - bove.

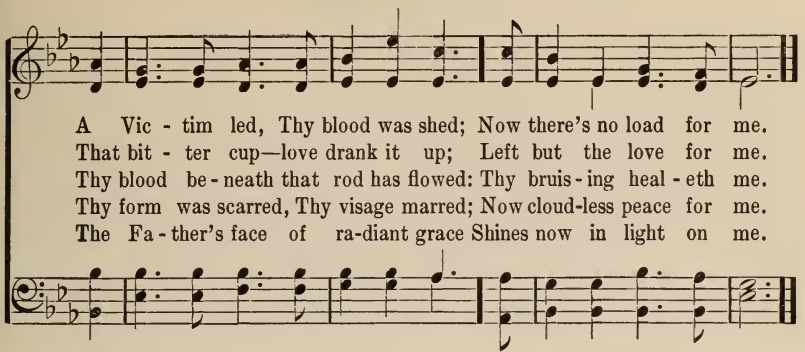
199 Substitution.

MRS. A. R. COUSIN. (8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6.) IRA D. SANKEY.


1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;
2. Death and the curse were in our cup— O Christ,'t was full for Thee;
3. Je - ho - vah lift - ed up His rod— O Christ, it fell on Thee!
4. The tem-pest's aw - ful voice was heard, O Christ, it broke on Thee;
5. For me, Lord Je - sus, Thou hast died, And I have died in Thee;
Thou stood-est in the sin-ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—'T is emp - ty now for me.
Thou wast for - sa - ken of Thy God; No dis-tance now for me.
Thy o - pen bos - om was my ward; It bore the storm for me.
Thou'rt ris'n: my bands are all un - tied; And now Thou liv'st in me.

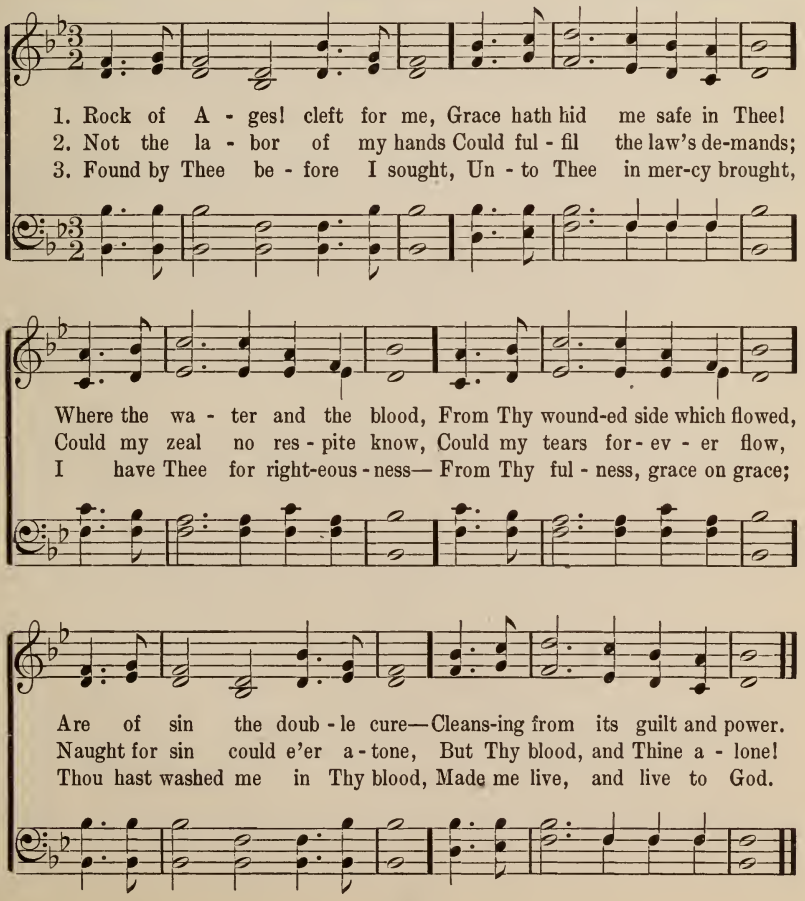
Used by permission of The Biglow & Main Co., owners.

Substitution.


A Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.
That bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Left but the love for me.
Thy blood be - neath that rod has flowed: Thy bruis - ing heal - eth me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred; Now cloud-less peace for me.
The Fa - ther's face of ra-diant grace Shines now in light on me.

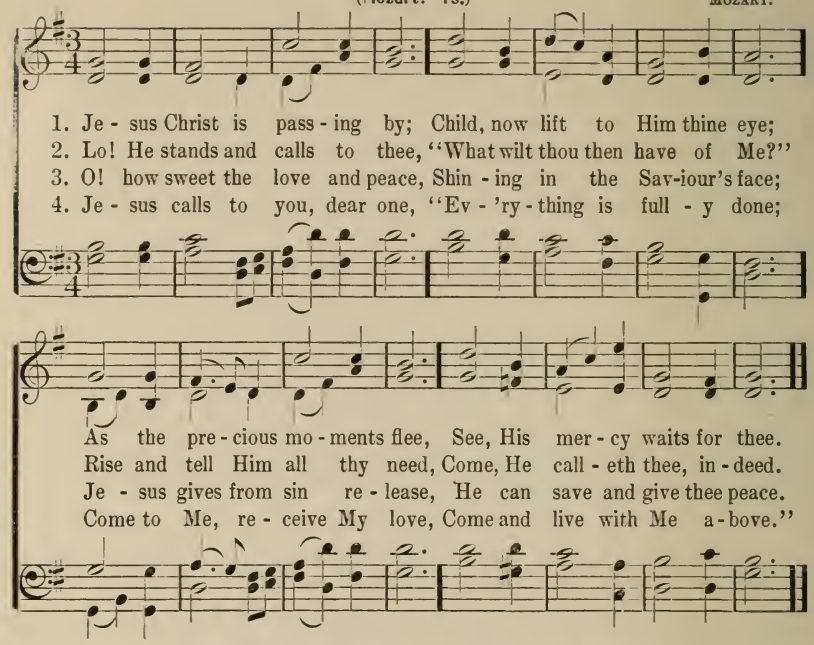
200 Rock of Ages!

A. M. Toplady. (Toplady. 6—7s.) Dr. Thos. Hastings.


1. Rock of A - ges! cleft for me, Grace hath hid me safe in Thee!
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Could ful - fil the law's de-mands;
3. Found by Thee be - fore I sought, Un - to Thee in mer-cy brought,
Where the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
I have Thee for right-eous - ness— From Thy ful - ness, grace on grace;
Are of sin the doub - le cure—Cleans-ing from its guilt and power.
Naught for sin could e'er a - tone, But Thy blood, and Thine a - lone!
Thou hast washed me in Thy blood, Made me live, and live to God.

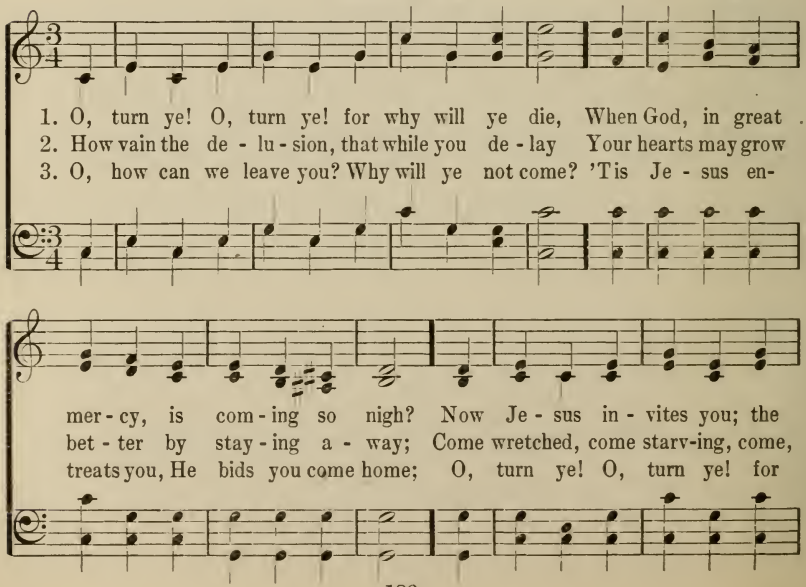
201 Jesus Christ Is Passing By.

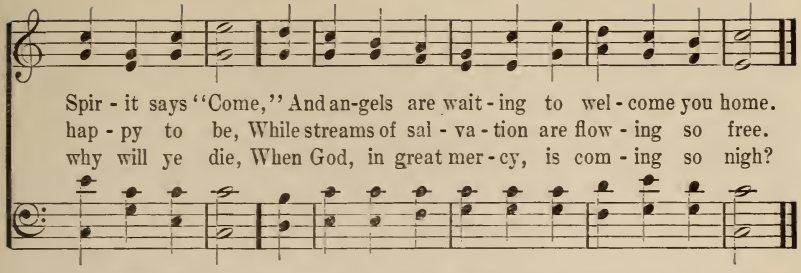
(Mozart. 7s.) MOZART.


1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by; Child, now lift to Him thine eye;
2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of Me?"
3. O! how sweet the love and peace, Shin - ing in the Sav-iour's face;
4. Je - sus calls to you, dear one, "Ev - 'ry - thing is full - y done;
As the pre - cious mo - ments flee, See, His mer - cy waits for thee.
Rise and tell Him all thy need, Come, He call - eth thee, in - deed.
Je - sus gives from sin re - lease, He can save and give thee peace.
Come to Me, re - ceive My love, Come and live with Me a - bove."

202 O, Turn Ye! O, Turn Ye!

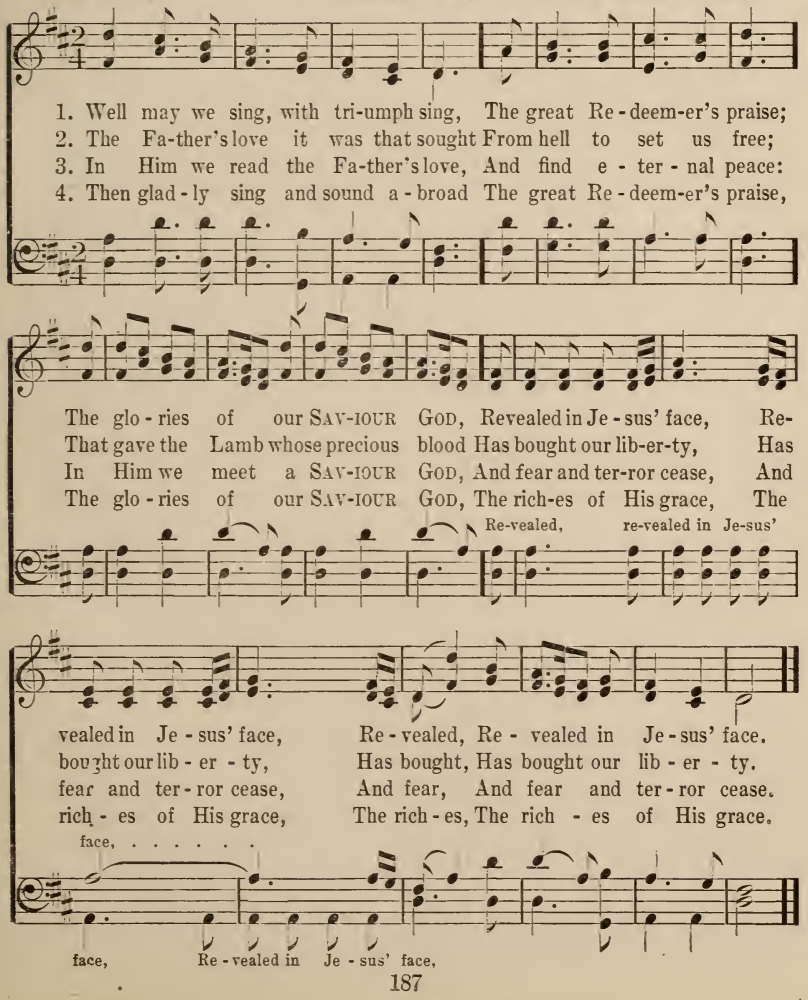
(Circleton. 11s.) Arranged.


1. O, turn ye! O, turn ye! for why will ye die, When God, in great
2. How vain the de - lu - sion, that while you de - lay Your hearts may grow
3. O, how can we leave you? Why will ye not come? 'Tis Je - sus en-
mer - cy, is com - ing so nigh? Now Je - sus in - vites you; the
bet - ter by stay - ing a - way; Come wretched, come starv-ing, come,
treats you, He bids you come home; O, turn ye! O, turn ye! for


Spir - it says "Come," And an-gels are wait - ing to wel - come you home.
hap - py to be, While streams of sal - va - tion are flow - ing so free.
why will ye die, When God, in great mer - cy, is com - ing so nigh?

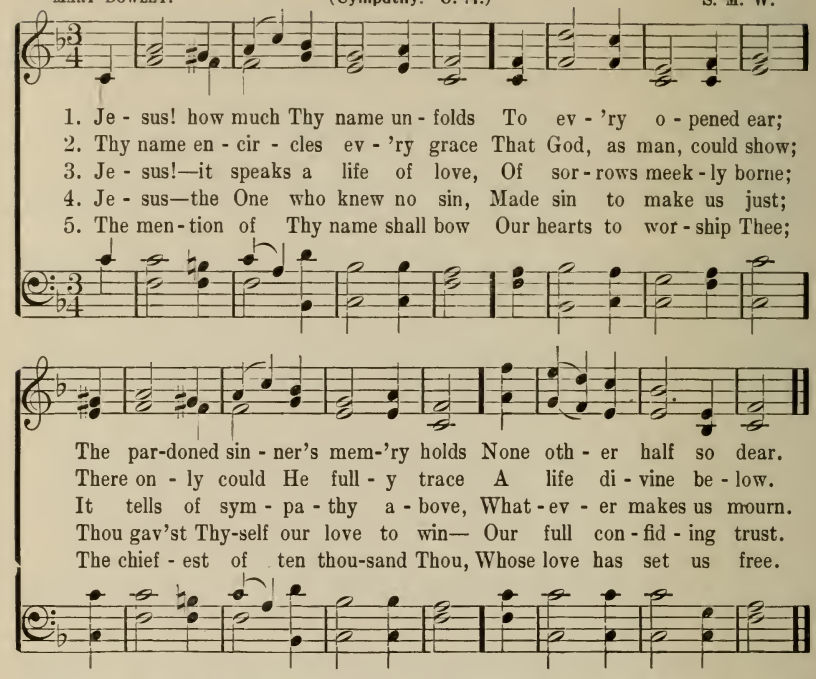
203 Well May We Sing, With Triumph Sing.

G. V. WIGRAM. (Antioch. C. M.) Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL.


1. Well may we sing, with tri-umph sing, The great Re - deem-er's praise;
2. The Fa-ther's love it was that sought From hell to set us free;
3. In Him we read the Fa-ther's love, And find e - ter - nal peace:
4. Then glad - ly sing and sound a - broad The great Re - deem-er's praise,
The glo - ries of our SAV-IOUR GOD, Revealed in Je - sus' face, Re-
That gave the Lamb whose precious blood Has bought our lib-er-ty, Has
In Him we meet a SAV-IOUR GOD, And fear and ter-ror cease, And
The glo - ries of our SAV-IOUR GOD, The rich-es of His grace, The
Re-vealed, re-vealed in Je-sus'
vealed in Je - sus' face, Re - vealed, Re - vealed in Je - sus' face.
bought our lib - er - ty, Has bought, Has bought our lib - er - ty.
fear and ter - ror cease, And fear, And fear and ter - ror cease.
rich - es of His grace, The rich - es, The rich - es of His grace.
face, ...
face, Re - vealed in Je - sus' face,

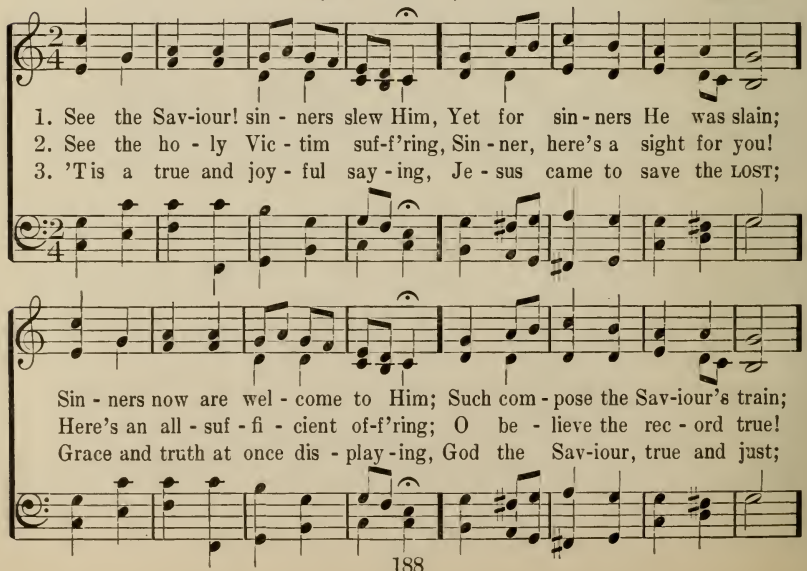
204 Jesus! How Much Thy Name Unfolds.

MARY BOWLEY. (Sympathy. C. M.) S. M. W.

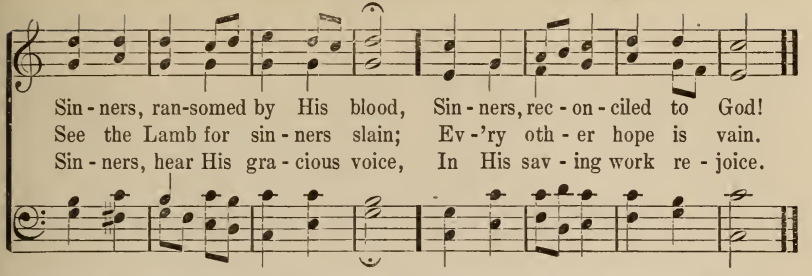

1. Je - sus! how much Thy name un - folds To ev - 'ry o - pened ear;
2. Thy name en - cir - cles ev - 'ry grace That God, as man, could show;
3. Je - sus!—it speaks a life of love, Of sor - rows meek - ly borne;
4. Je - sus—the One who knew no sin, Made sin to make us just;
5. The men - tion of Thy name shall bow Our hearts to wor - ship Thee;
The par-doned sin - ner's mem-'ry holds None oth - er half so dear.
There on - ly could He full - y trace A life di - vine be - low.
It tells of sym - pa - thy a - bove, What - ev - er makes us mourn.
Thou gav'st Thy-self our love to win— Our full con - fid - ing trust.
The chief - est of ten thou-sand Thou, Whose love has set us free.

205 See the Saviour! Sinners Slew Him.

(8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.) German.

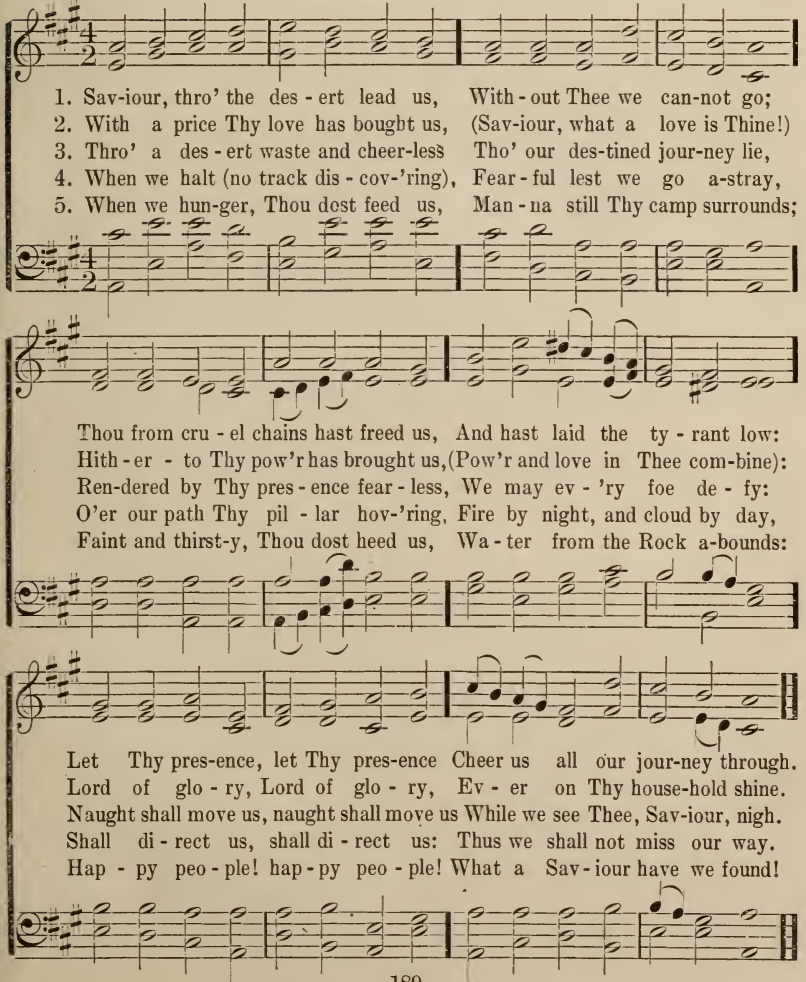

1. See the Sav-iour! sin - ners slew Him, Yet for sin - ners He was slain;
2. See the ho - ly Vic - tim suf-f'ring, Sin - ner, here's a sight for you!
3. 'T is a true and joy - ful say - ing, Je - sus came to save the LOST;
Sin - ners now are wel - come to Him; Such com - pose the Sav-iour's train;
Here's an all - suf - fi - cient of-f'ring; O be - lieve the rec - ord true!
Grace and truth at once dis - play - ing, God the Sav-iour, true and just;

See the Saviour! Sinners Slew Him.


Sin - ners, ran-somed by His blood, Sin - ners, rec - on - ciled to God!
See the Lamb for sin - ners slain; Ev - 'ry oth - er hope is vain.
Sin - ners, hear His gra - cious voice, In His sav - ing work re - joice.

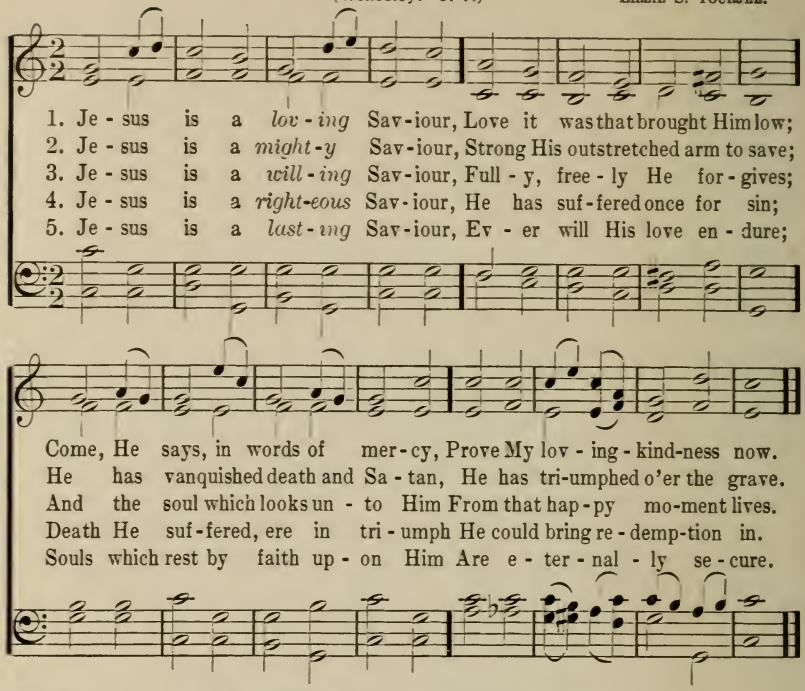
206 Saviour, Through the Desert Lead Us.

T. KELLY. (Benediction. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.) S. WEBBE.


1. Sav-iour, thro' the des - ert lead us, With - out Thee we can-not go;
2. With a price Thy love has bought us, (Sav-iour, what a love is Thine!)
3. Thro' a des - ert waste and cheer-less Tho' our des-tined jour-ney lie,
4. When we halt (no track dis - cov-'ring), Fear - ful lest we go a-stray,
5. When we hun-ger, Thou dost feed us, Man - na still Thy camp surrounds;
Thou from cru - el chains hast freed us, And hast laid the ty - rant low:
Hith - er - to Thy pow'r has brought us, (Pow'r and love in Thee com-bine):
Ren-dered by Thy pres - ence fear - less, We may ev - 'ry foe de - fy:
O'er our path Thy pil - lar hov-'ring, Fire by night, and cloud by day,
Faint and thirst-y, Thou dost heed us, Wa - ter from the Rock a-bounds:
Let Thy pres-ence, let Thy pres-ence Cheer us all our jour-ney through.
Lord of glo - ry, Lord of glo - ry, Ev - er on Thy house-hold shine.
Naught shall move us, naught shall move us While we see Thee, Sav-iour, nigh.
Shall di - rect us, shall di - rect us: Thus we shall not miss our way.
Hap - py peo - ple! hap - py peo - ple! What a Sav - iour have we found!

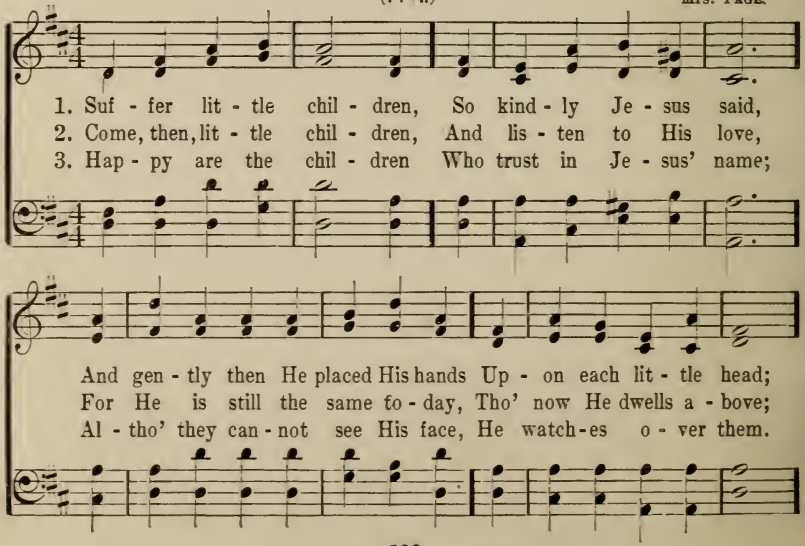
207 Jesus Is a Loving Saviour.

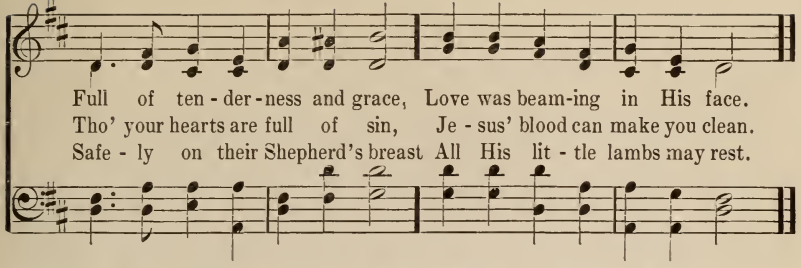
(Wellesley. 8. 7.) LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.


1. Je - sus is a lov - ing Sav - iour, Love it was that brought Him low;
2. Je - sus is a might - y Sav - iour, Strong His outstretched arm to save;
3. Je - sus is a will - ing Sav - iour, Full - y, free - ly He for - gives;
4. Je - sus is a right-eous Sav - iour, He has suf - fered once for sin;
5. Je - sus is a last - ing Sav - iour, Ev - er will His love en - dure;
Come, He says, in words of mer - cy, Prove My lov - ing - kind-ness now.
He has vanquished death and Sa - tan, He has tri-umphed o'er the grave.
And the soul which looks un - to Him From that hap - py mo-ment lives.
Death He suf - fered, ere in tri - umph He could bring re - demp-tion in.
Souls which rest by faith up - on Him Are e - ter - nal - ly se - cure.

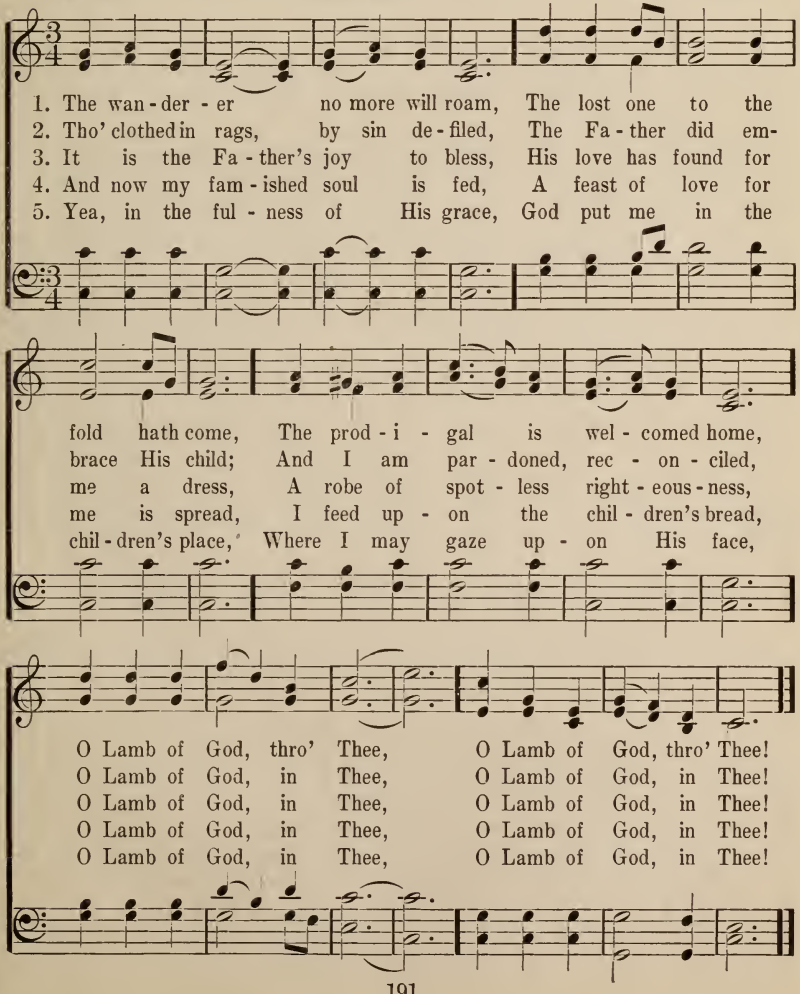
208 Suffer Little Children.

(P. M.) MRS. PAGE.


1. Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren, So kind - ly Je - sus said,
2. Come, then, lit - tle chil - dren, And lis - ten to His love,
3. Hap - py are the chil - dren Who trust in Je - sus' name;
And gen - tly then He placed His hands Up - on each lit - tle head;
For He is still the same to - day, Tho' now He dwells a - bove;
Al - tho' they can - not see His face, He watch - es o - ver them.

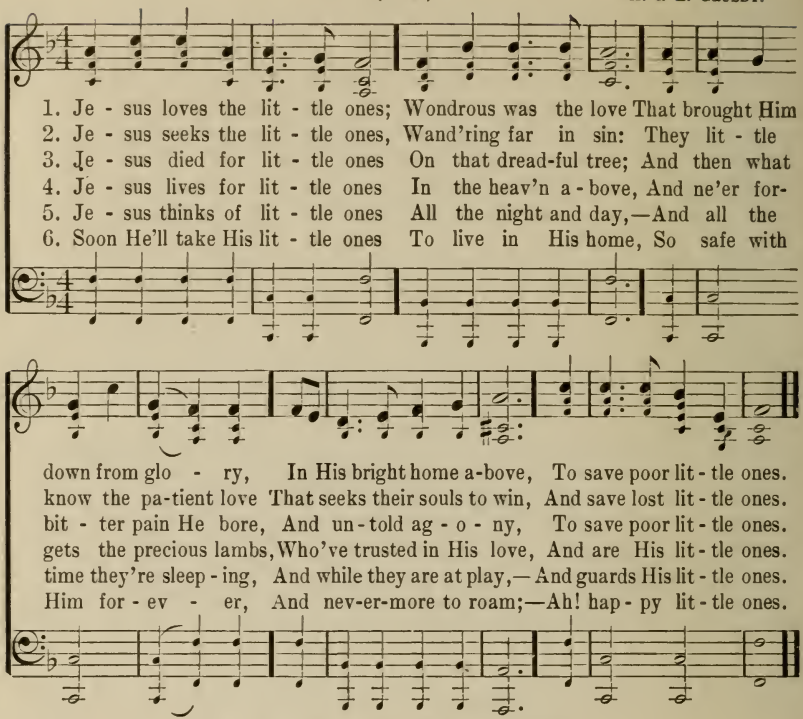

Full of ten - der - ness and grace, Love was beam-ing in His face.
Tho' your hearts are full of sin, Je - sus' blood can make you clean.
Safe - ly on their Shepherd's breast All His lit - tle lambs may rest.

209 The Wanderer No More Will Roam.

JANE DECK. (Silent Night. 8. 8. 8. 6.) MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. The wan - der - er no more will roam, The lost one to the
2. Tho' clothed in rags, by sin de - filed, The Fa - ther did em-
3. It is the Fa - ther's joy to bless, His love has found for
4. And now my fam - ished soul is fed, A feast of love for
5. Yea, in the ful - ness of His grace, God put me in the
fold hath come, The prod - i - gal is wel - comed home,
brace His child; And I am par - doned, rec - on - ciled,
me a dress, A robe of spot - less right - eous - ness,
me is spread, I feed up - on the chil - dren's bread,
chil - dren's place, Where I may gaze up - on His face,
O Lamb of God, thro' Thee, O Lamb of God, thro' Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee, O Lamb of God, in Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee, O Lamb of God, in Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee, O Lamb of God, in Thee!
O Lamb of God, in Thee, O Lamb of God, in Thee!

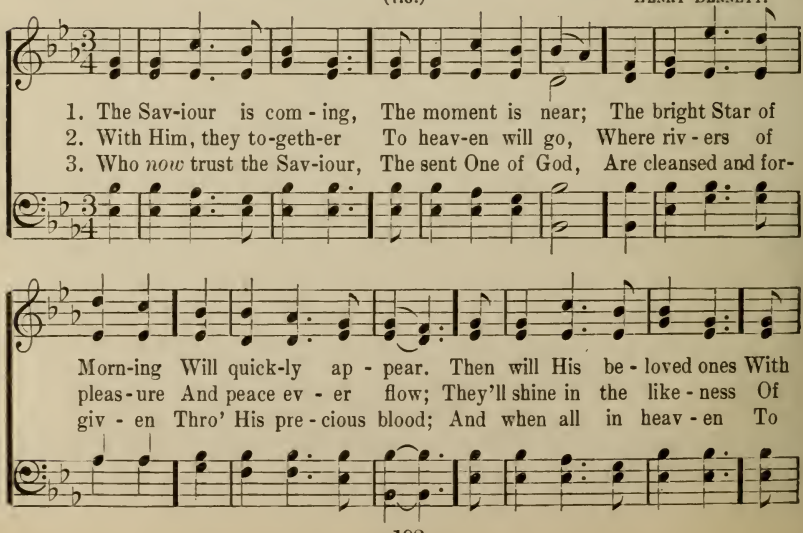
210 Jesus Loves the Little Ones.

(P. M.) A. & E. Gausby.

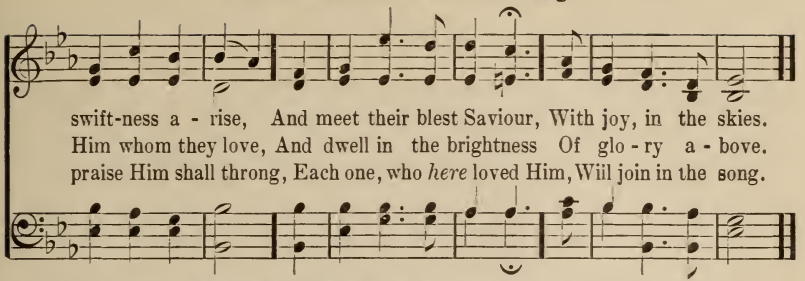

1. Je - sus loves the lit - tle ones; Wondrous was the love That brought Him
2. Je - sus seeks the lit - tle ones, Wand'ring far in sin: They lit - tle
3. Je - sus died for lit - tle ones On that dread-ful tree; And then what
4. Je - sus lives for lit - tle ones In the heav'n a - bove, And ne'er for-
5. Je - sus thinks of lit - tle ones All the night and day,—And all the
6. Soon He'll take His lit - tle ones To live in His home, So safe with
down from glo - ry, In His bright home a-bove, To save poor lit - tle ones.
know the pa-tient love That seeks their souls to win, And save lost lit - tle ones.
bit - ter pain He bore, And un - told ag - o - ny, To save poor lit - tle ones.
gets the precious lambs, Who've trusted in His love, And are His lit - tle ones.
time they're sleep - ing, And while they are at play,—And guards His lit - tle ones.
Him for - ev - er, And nev-er-more to roam;—Ah! hap - py lit - tle ones.

211 The Saviour Is Coming.

(11s.) Henry Bennett.

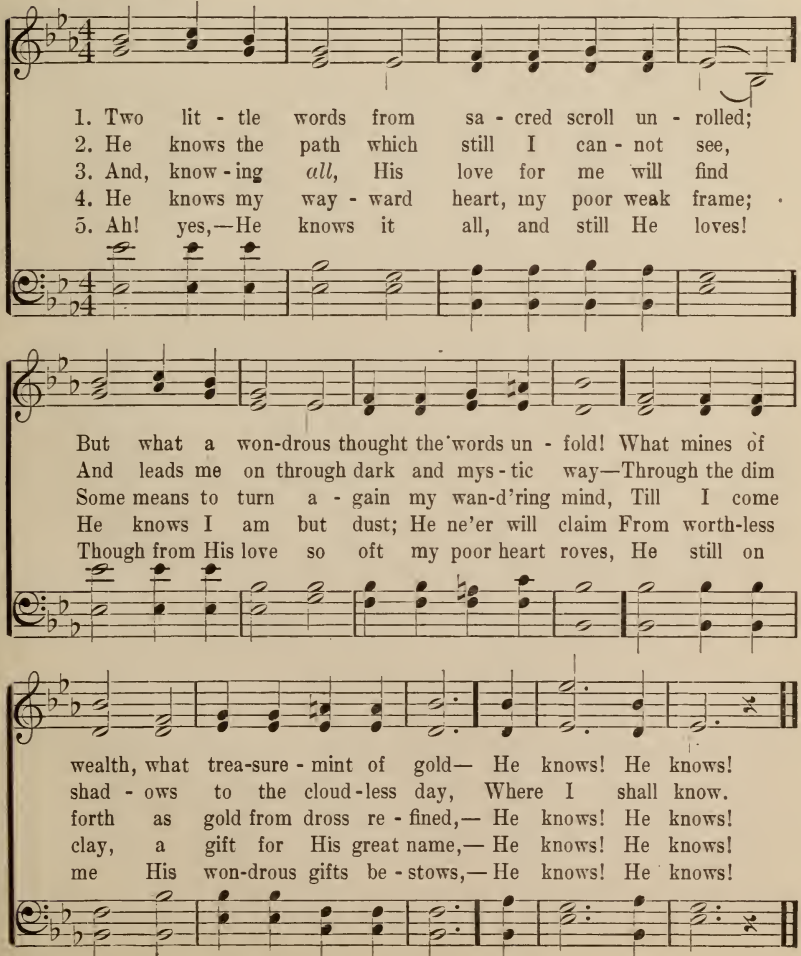

1. The Sav-iour is com - ing, The moment is near; The bright Star of
2. With Him, they to-geth-er To heav-en will go, Where riv - ers of
3. Who *now* trust the Sav-iour, The sent One of God, Are cleansed and for-
Morn-ing Will quick-ly ap - pear. Then will His be - loved ones With
pleas-ure And peace ev - er flow; They'll shine in the like - ness Of
giv - en Thro' His pre - cious blood; And when all in heav - en To

The Saviour Is Coming.

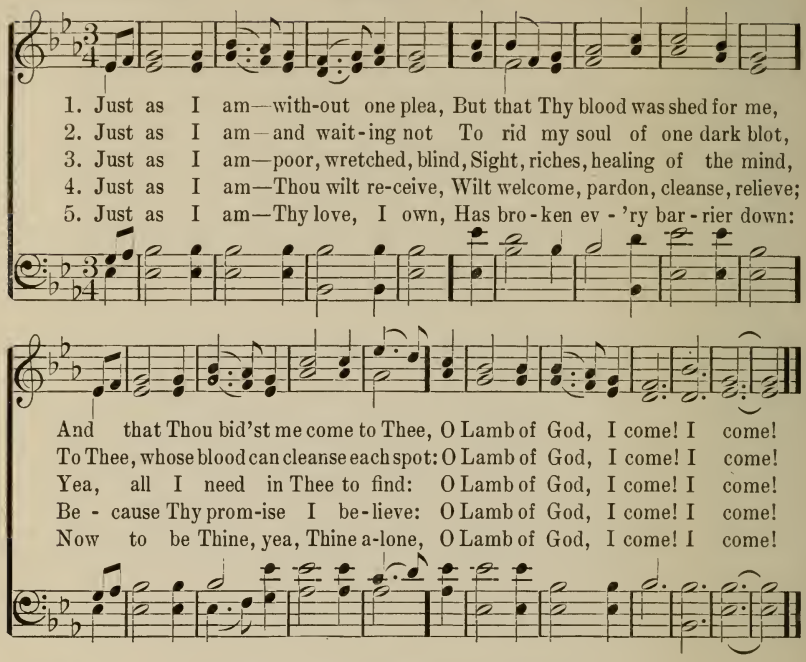

swift-ness a - rise, And meet their blest Saviour, With joy, in the skies.
Him whom they love, And dwell in the brightness Of glo - ry a - bove.
praise Him shall throng, Each one, who *here* loved Him, Will join in the song.

212 Two Little Words From Sacred Scroll Unrolled.

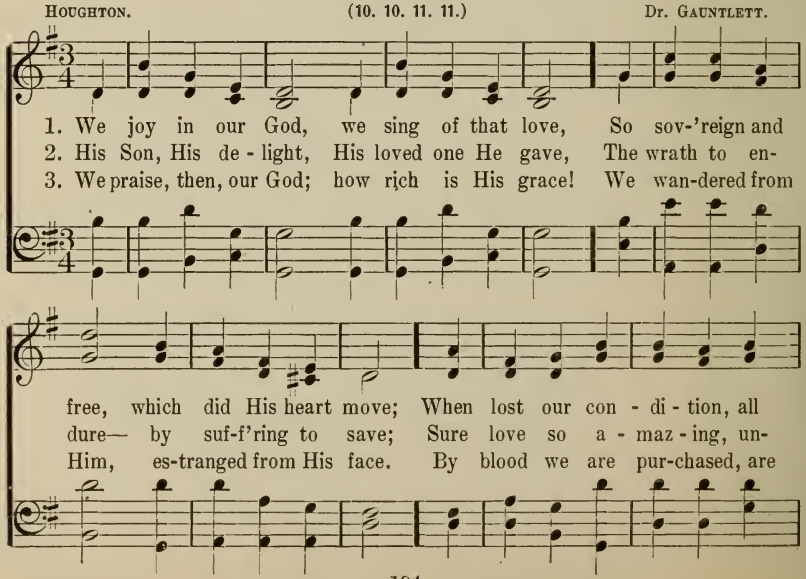
Mrs. Paul Baridon. (P. M.) Mrs. A. H. Rule.

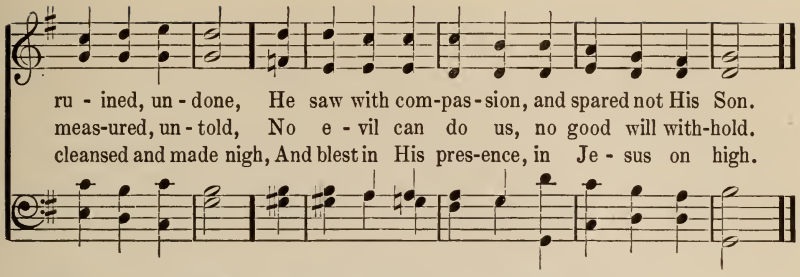

1. Two lit - tle words from sa - cred scroll un - rolled;
2. He knows the path which still I can - not see,
3. And, know - ing *all*, His love for me will find
4. He knows my way - ward heart, my poor weak frame;
5. Ah! yes,—He knows it all, and still He loves!
But what a won-drous thought the words un - fold! What mines of
And leads me on through dark and mys - tic way—Through the dim
Some means to turn a - gain my wan-d'ring mind, Till I come
He knows I am but dust; He ne'er will claim From worth-less
Though from His love so oft my poor heart roves, He still on
wealth, what trea-sure - mint of gold— He knows! He knows!
shad - ows to the cloud-less day, Where I shall know.
forth as gold from dross re - fined,— He knows! He knows!
clay, a gift for His great name,— He knows! He knows!
me His won-drous gifts be - stows,— He knows! He knows!

213 Just As I Am—Without One Plea.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (Woodworth. L. M.) WILLIAM B BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am—with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am—and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
5. Just as I am—Thy love, I own, Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down:
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot: O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find: O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve: O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

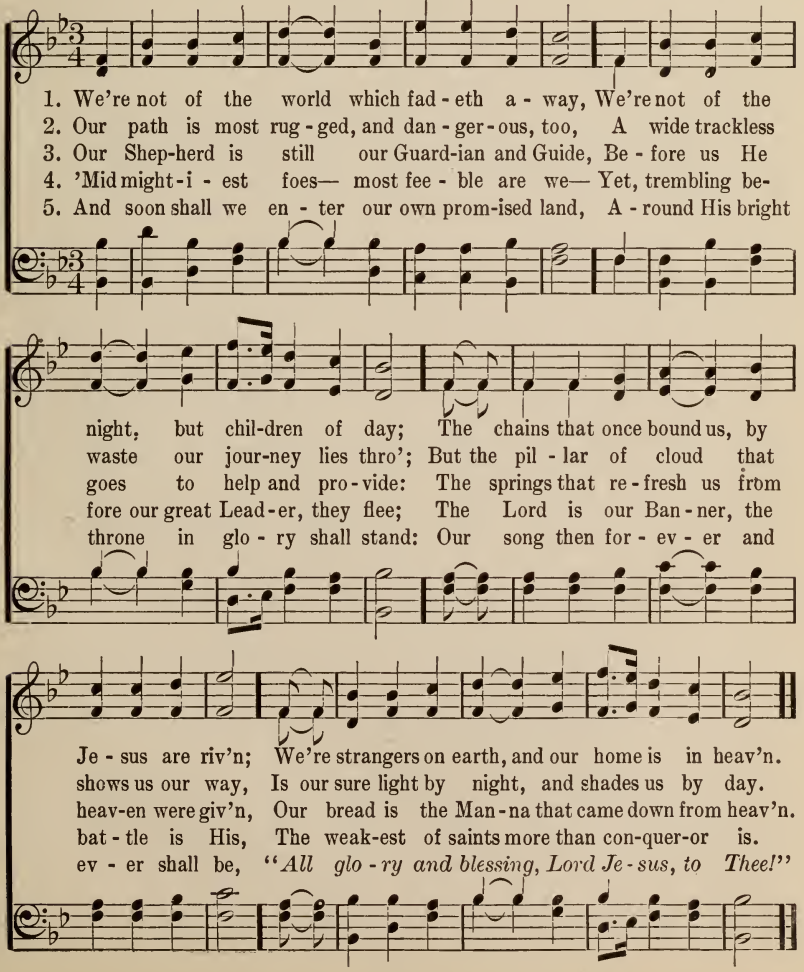
214 We Joy In Our God.

HOUGHTON. (10. 10. 11. 11.) Dr. GAUNTLETT.

1. We joy in our God, we sing of that love, So sov-'reign and
2. His Son, His de-light, His loved one He gave, The wrath to en-
3. We praise, then, our God; how rich is His grace! We wan-dered from
free, which did His heart move; When lost our con-di-tion, all
dure— by suf-f'ring to save; Sure love so a-maz-ing, un-
Him, es-tranged from His face. By blood we are pur-chased, are

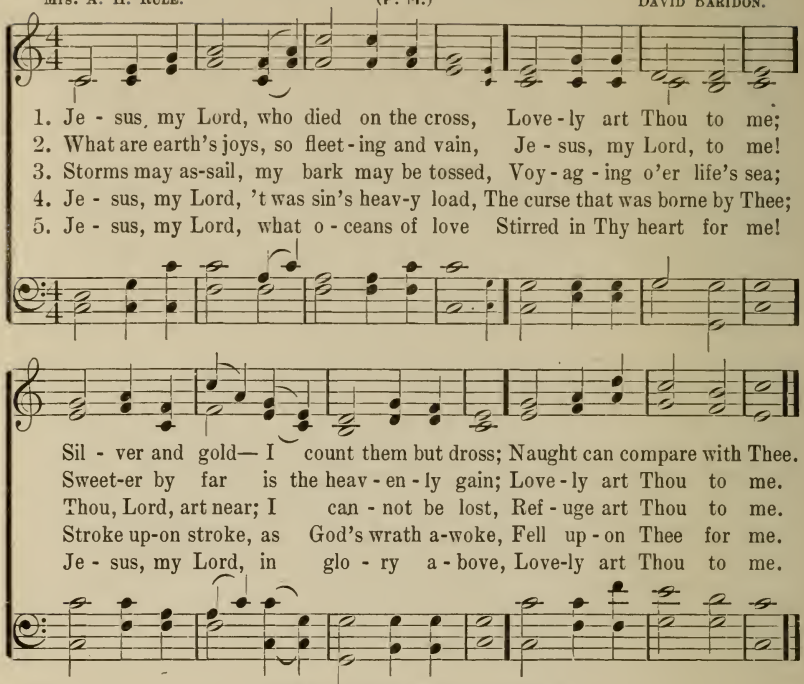

ru - ined, un - done, He saw with com-pas-sion, and spared not His Son.
meas-ured, un - told, No e - vil can do us, no good will with-hold.
cleansed and made nigh, And blest in His pres-ence, in Je - sus on high.

215 We're Not Of the World.

J. G. Deck (Lyons. 10. 10. 11. 11.) F. J. Haydn.

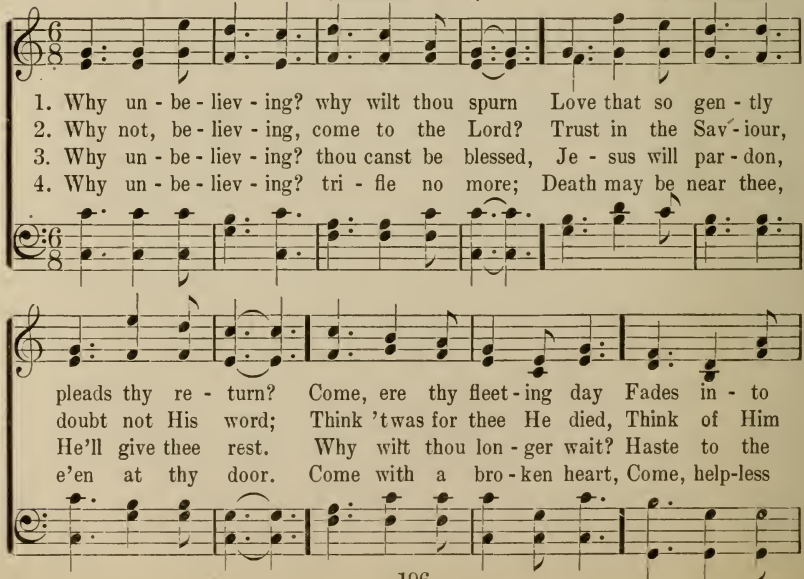

1. We're not of the world which fad - eth a - way, We're not of the
2. Our path is most rug - ged, and dan - ger - ous, too, A wide trackless
3. Our Shep-herd is still our Guard-ian and Guide, Be - fore us He
4. 'Mid might-i - est foes— most fee - ble are we— Yet, trembling be-
5. And soon shall we en - ter our own prom-ised land, A - round His bright
night, but chil-dren of day; The chains that once bound us, by
waste our jour-ney lies thro'; But the pil - lar of cloud that
goes to help and pro - vide: The springs that re - fresh us from
fore our great Lead-er, they flee; The Lord is our Ban - ner, the
throne in glo - ry shall stand: Our song then for - ev - er and
Je - sus are riv'n; We're strangers on earth, and our home is in heav'n.
shows us our way, Is our sure light by night, and shades us by day.
heav-en were giv'n, Our bread is the Man - na that came down from heav'n.
bat - tle is His, The weak-est of saints more than con-quer-or is.
ev - er shall be, "*All glo - ry and blessing, Lord Je - sus, to Thee!*"

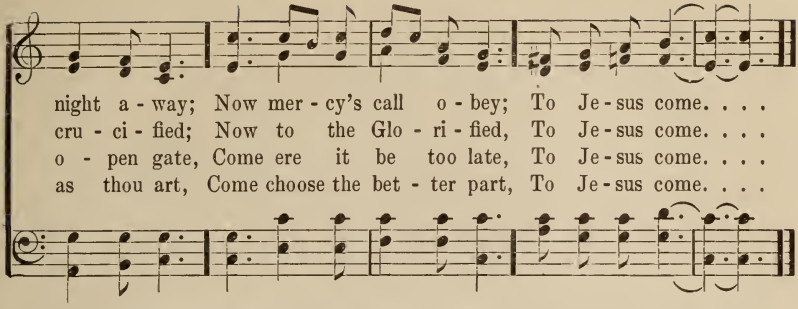
216 Jesus, My Lord.

Mrs. A. H. Rule. (P. M.) David Baridon.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, who died on the cross, Love - ly art Thou to me;
2. What are earth's joys, so fleet - ing and vain, Je - sus, my Lord, to me!
3. Storms may as-sail, my bark may be tossed, Voy - ag - ing o'er life's sea;
4. Je - sus, my Lord, 't was sin's heav-y load, The curse that was borne by Thee;
5. Je - sus, my Lord, what o - ceans of love Stirred in Thy heart for me!
Sil - ver and gold— I count them but dross; Naught can compare with Thee.
Sweet-er by far is the heav - en - ly gain; Love - ly art Thou to me.
Thou, Lord, art near; I can - not be lost, Ref - uge art Thou to me.
Stroke up-on stroke, as God's wrath a-woke, Fell up - on Thee for me.
Je - sus, my Lord, in glo - ry a - bove, Love-ly art Thou to me.

217 Why Unbelieving?

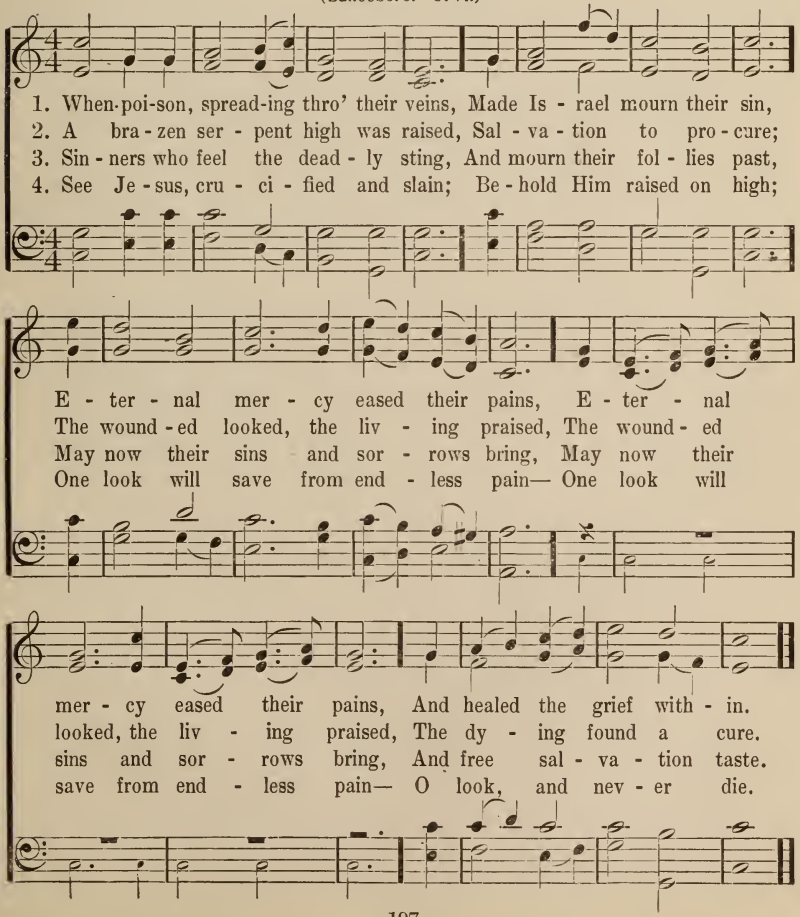
(Lausanne. P. M.) M. W. Smith.


1. Why un - be - liev - ing? why wilt thou spurn Love that so gen - tly
2. Why not, be - liev - ing, come to the Lord? Trust in the Sav - iour,
3. Why un - be - liev - ing? thou canst be blessed, Je - sus will par - don,
4. Why un - be - liev - ing? tri - fle no more; Death may be near thee,
pleads thy re - turn? Come, ere thy fleet - ing day Fades in - to
doubt not His word; Think 't was for thee He died, Think of Him
He'll give thee rest. Why wilt thou lon - ger wait? Haste to the
e'en at thy door. Come with a bro - ken heart, Come, help-less


night a - way; Now mer - cy's call o - bey; To Je - sus come. . . .
cru - ci - fied; Now to the Glo - ri - fied, To Je - sus come. . . .
o - pen gate, Come ere it be too late, To Je - sus come. . . .
as thou art, Come choose the bet - ter part, To Je - sus come. . . .

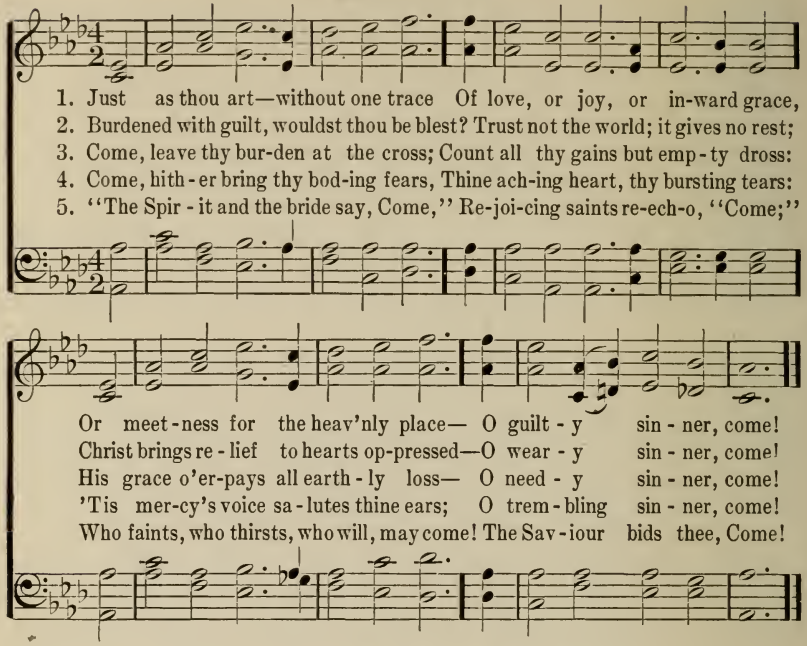
218 When Poison, Spreading Through Their Veins.

(Lanesboro. G. M.)


1. When poi-son, spread-ing thro' their veins, Made Is - rael mourn their sin,
2. A bra - zen ser - pent high was raised, Sal - va - tion to pro - cure;
3. Sin - ners who feel the dead - ly sting, And mourn their fol - lies past,
4. See Je - sus, cru - ci - fied and slain; Be - hold Him raised on high;
E - ter - nal mer - cy eased their pains, E - ter - nal
The wound - ed looked, the liv - ing praised, The wound - ed
May now their sins and sor - rows bring, May now their
One look will save from end - less pain— One look will
mer - cy eased their pains, And healed the grief with - in.
looked, the liv - ing praised, The dy - ing found a cure.
sins and sor - rows bring, And free sal - va - tion taste.
save from end - less pain— O look, and nev - er die.

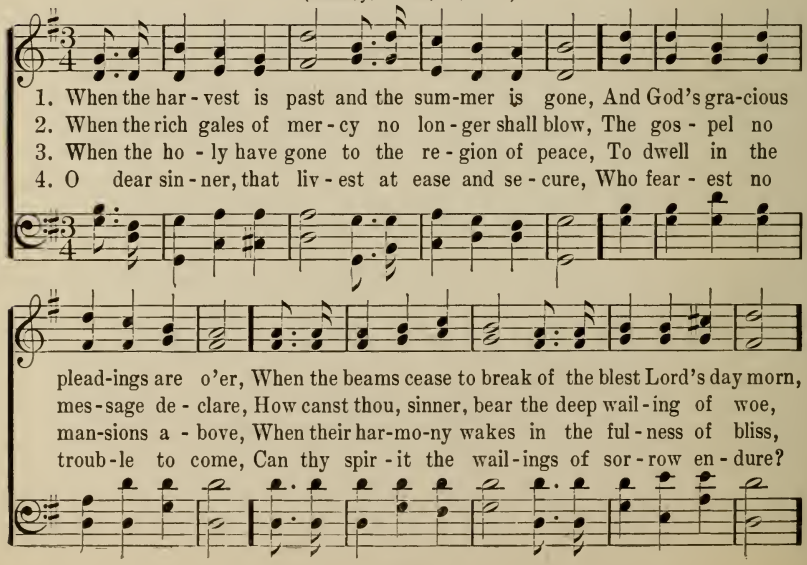
219 Just As Thou Art—Without One Trace.

(Ilsley. 8. 8. 8. 6.)

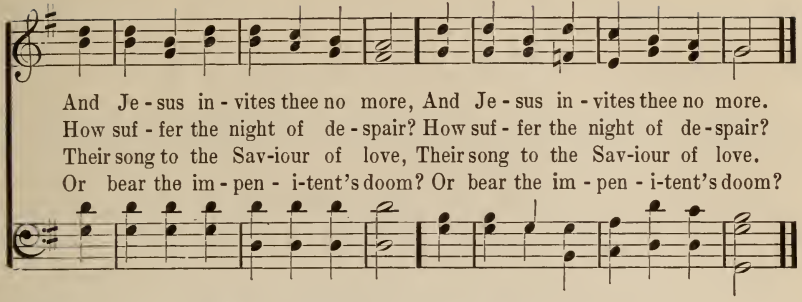

1. Just as thou art—without one trace Of love, or joy, or in-ward grace,
2. Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest? Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
3. Come, leave thy bur-den at the cross; Count all thy gains but emp-ty dross:
4. Come, hith-er bring thy bod-ing fears, Thine ach-ing heart, thy bursting tears:
5. "The Spir-it and the bride say, Come," Re-joi-cing saints re-ech-o, "Come;"
Or meet-ness for the heav'nly place— O guilt-y sin-ner, come!
Christ brings re-lief to hearts op-pressed—O wear-y sin-ner, come!
His grace o'er-pays all earth-ly loss— O need-y sin-ner, come!
'Tis mer-cy's voice sa-lutes thine ears; O trem-bling sin-ner, come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come! The Sav-iour bids thee, Come!

220 When the Harvest Is Past.

(Rowley. 12. 8. 12. 8. 8.)

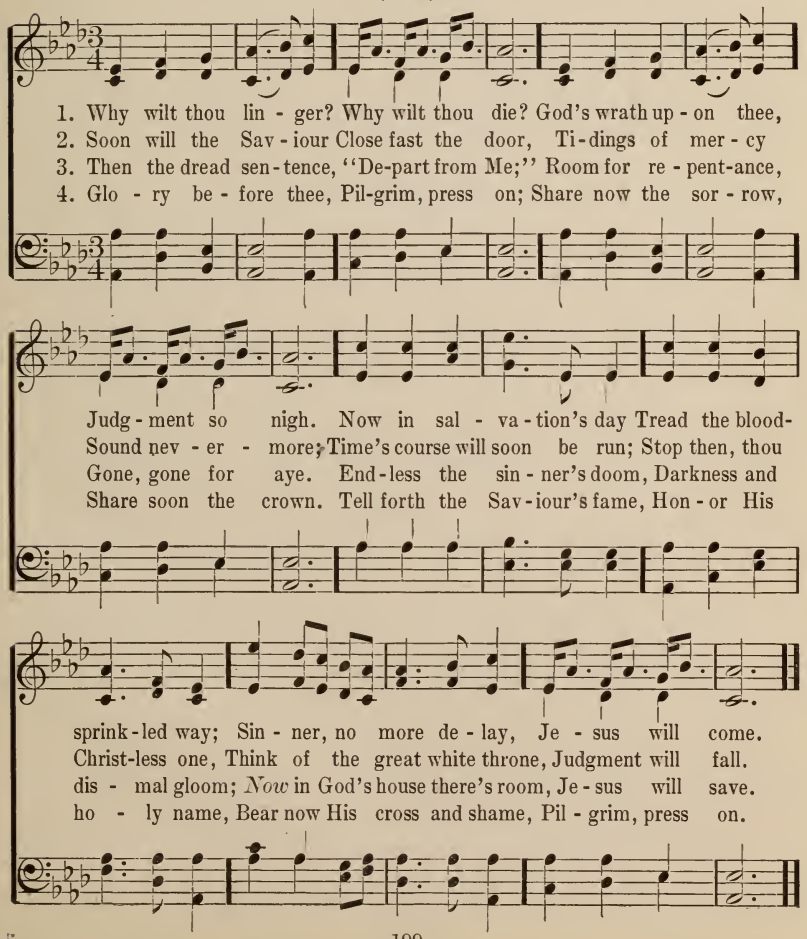

1. When the har-vest is past and the sum-mer is gone, And God's gra-cious
2. When the rich gales of mer-cy no lon-ger shall blow, The gos-pel no
3. When the ho-ly have gone to the re-gion of peace, To dwell in the
4. O dear sin-ner, that liv-est at ease and se-cure, Who fear-est no
plead-ings are o'er, When the beams cease to break of the blest Lord's day morn,
mes-sage de-clare, How canst thou, sinner, bear the deep wail-ing of woe,
man-sions a-bove, When their har-mo-ny wakes in the ful-ness of bliss,
troub-le to come, Can thy spir-it the wail-ings of sor-row en-dure?

When the Harvest Is Past.


And Je - sus in - vites thee no more, And Je - sus in - vites thee no more.
How suf - fer the night of de - spair? How suf - fer the night of de - spair?
Their song to the Sav-iour of love, Their song to the Sav-iour of love.
Or bear the im - pen - i-tent's doom? Or bear the im - pen - i-tent's doom?

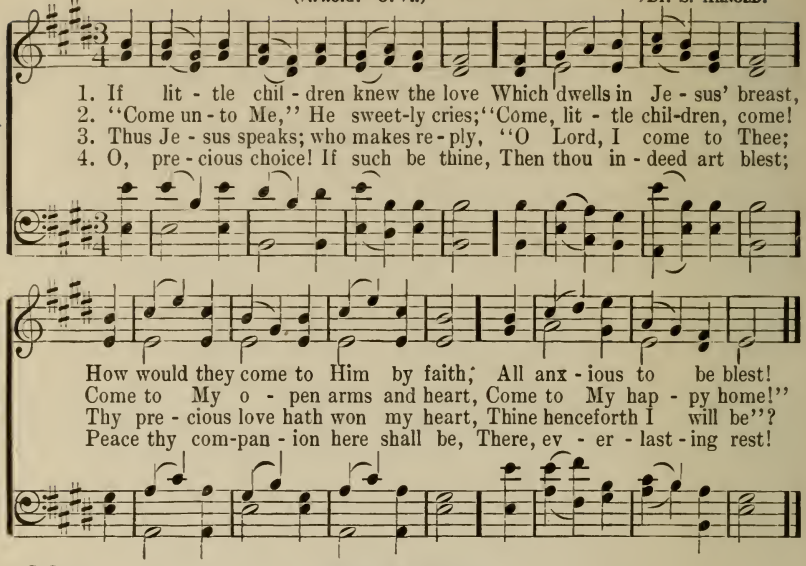
221 Why Wilt Thou Linger?

(P. M.)


1. Why wilt thou lin - ger? Why wilt thou die? God's wrath up - on thee,
2. Soon will the Sav - iour Close fast the door, Ti-dings of mer - cy
3. Then the dread sen-tence, "De-part from Me;" Room for re - pent-ance,
4. Glo - ry be - fore thee, Pil-grim, press on; Share now the sor - row,
Judg - ment so nigh. Now in sal - va - tion's day Tread the blood-
Sound nev - er - more; Time's course will soon be run; Stop then, thou
Gone, gone for aye. End-less the sin - ner's doom, Darkness and
Share soon the crown. Tell forth the Sav - iour's fame, Hon - or His
sprink - led way; Sin - ner, no more de - lay, Je - sus will come.
Christ-less one, Think of the great white throne, Judgment will fall.
dis - mal gloom; *Now* in God's house there's room, Je - sus will save.
ho - ly name, Bear now His cross and shame, Pil - grim, press on.

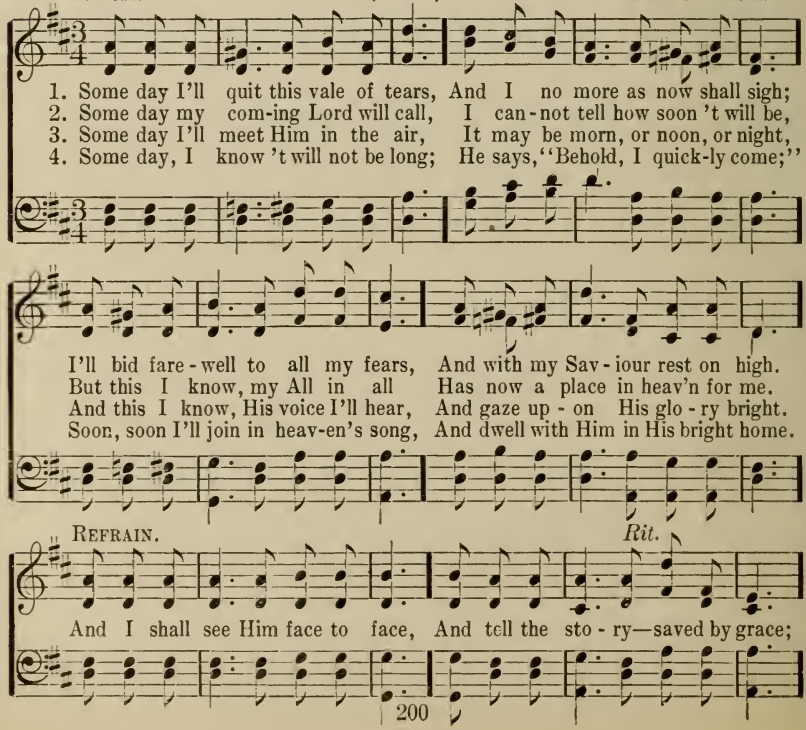
222 If Little Children Knew the Love.

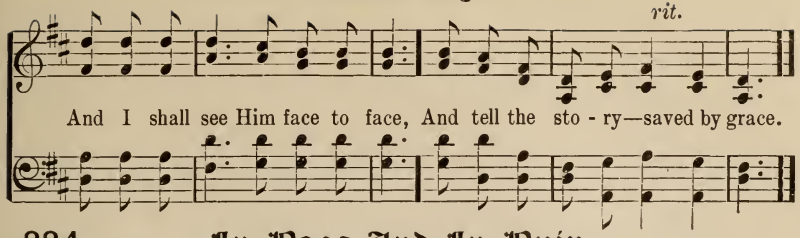
(Arnold. G. M.) Dr. S. Arnold.


1. If lit - tle chil - dren knew the love Which dwells in Je - sus' breast,
2. "Come un - to Me," He sweet-ly cries; "Come, lit - tle chil-dren, come!
3. Thus Je - sus speaks; who makes re - ply, "O Lord, I come to Thee;
4. O, pre - cious choice! If such be thine, Then thou in - deed art blest;
How would they come to Him by faith; All anx - ious to be blest!
Come to My o - pen arms and heart, Come to My hap - py home!"
Thy pre - cious love hath won my heart, Thine henceforth I will be"?
Peace thy com-pan - ion here shall be, There, ev - er - last - ing rest!

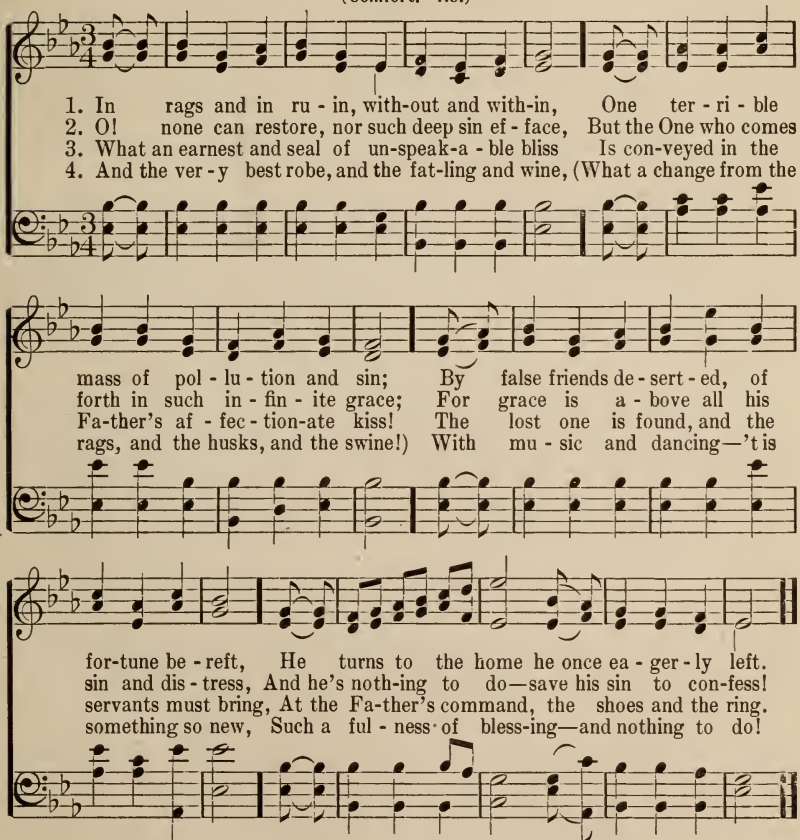
223 Some Day.

A. H. Rule. (8s. D.) Mrs. A. H. Rule.


1. Some day I'll quit this vale of tears, And I no more as now shall sigh;
2. Some day my com-ing Lord will call, I can - not tell how soon 't will be,
3. Some day I'll meet Him in the air, It may be morn, or noon, or night,
4. Some day, I know 't will not be long; He says, "Behold, I quick-ly come;"
I'll bid fare - well to all my fears, And with my Sav - iour rest on high.
But this I know, my All in all Has now a place in heav'n for me.
And this I know, His voice I'll hear, And gaze up - on His glo - ry bright.
Soon, soon I'll join in heav-en's song, And dwell with Him in His bright home.
Refrain.
Rit.
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—saved by grace;



224 In Rags And In Ruin.

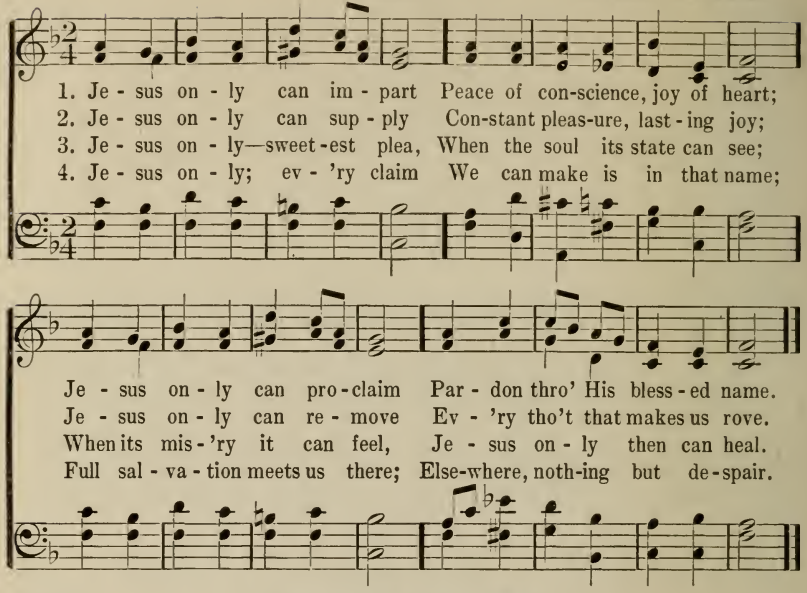
(Gomfort. 11s.)

1. In rags and in ru - in, with-out and with-in, One ter - ri - ble
2. O! none can restore, nor such deep sin ef - face, But the One who comes
3. What an earnest and seal of un-speak-a - ble bliss Is con-veyed in the
4. And the ver - y best robe, and the fat-ling and wine, (What a change from the
mass of pol - lu - tion and sin; By false friends de - sert - ed, of
forth in such in - fin - ite grace; For grace is a - bove all his
Fa-ther's af - fec - tion-ate kiss! The lost one is found, and the
rags, and the husks, and the swine!) With mu - sic and dancing—'t is
for-tune be - reft, He turns to the home he once ea - ger - ly left.
sin and dis - tress, And he's noth-ing to do—save his sin to con-fess!
servants must bring, At the Fa-ther's command, the shoes and the ring.
something so new, Such a ful - ness of bless-ing—and nothing to do!

5 Ah! nothing to do! for the sinner that's dead
Must needs have another to work in his stead:
And Jesus, in Calvary's terrible hour,
Redemption accomplished in marvelous power,

6 Which shut up the world to its folly and strife,
But opened a passage from death unto life.
Are you ruined and helpless? God offers to you
A free, full salvation – and nothing to do!

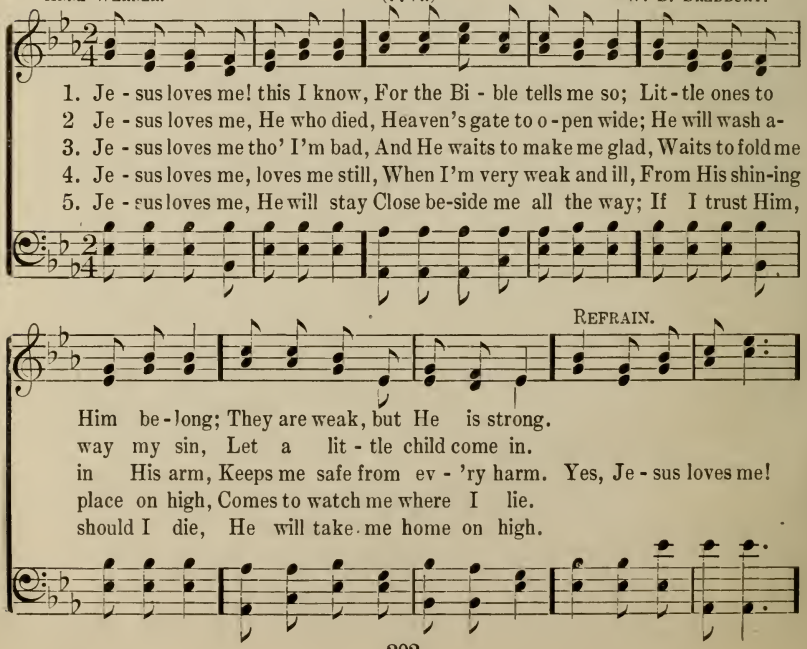
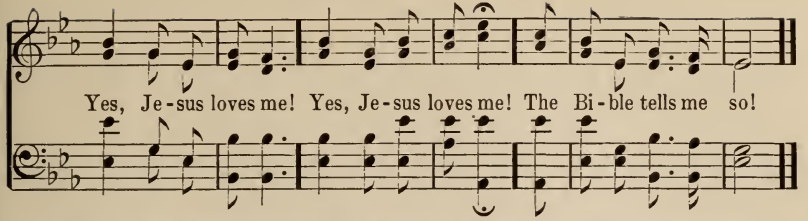
225 Jesus Only Can Impart.

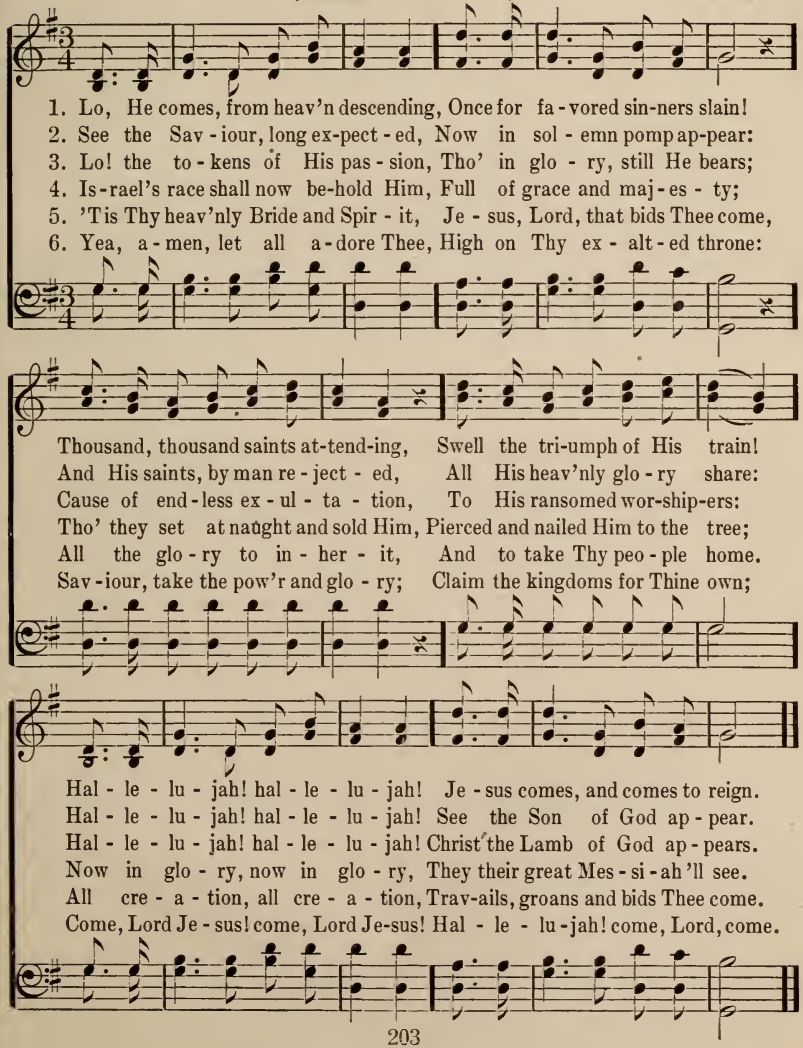
(Seymour. 7s.) CARL MARIA VON WEBER.


1. Je - sus on - ly can im - part Peace of con-science, joy of heart;
2. Je - sus on - ly can sup - ply Con-stant pleas-ure, last - ing joy;
3. Je - sus on - ly—sweet - est plea, When the soul its state can see;
4. Je - sus on - ly; ev - 'ry claim We can make is in that name;
Je - sus on - ly can pro - claim Par - don thro' His bless - ed name.
Je - sus on - ly can re - move Ev - 'ry tho't that makes us rove.
When its mis - 'ry it can feel, Je - sus on - ly then can heal.
Full sal - va - tion meets us there; Else-where, noth-ing but de - spair.

226 Jesus Loves Me!

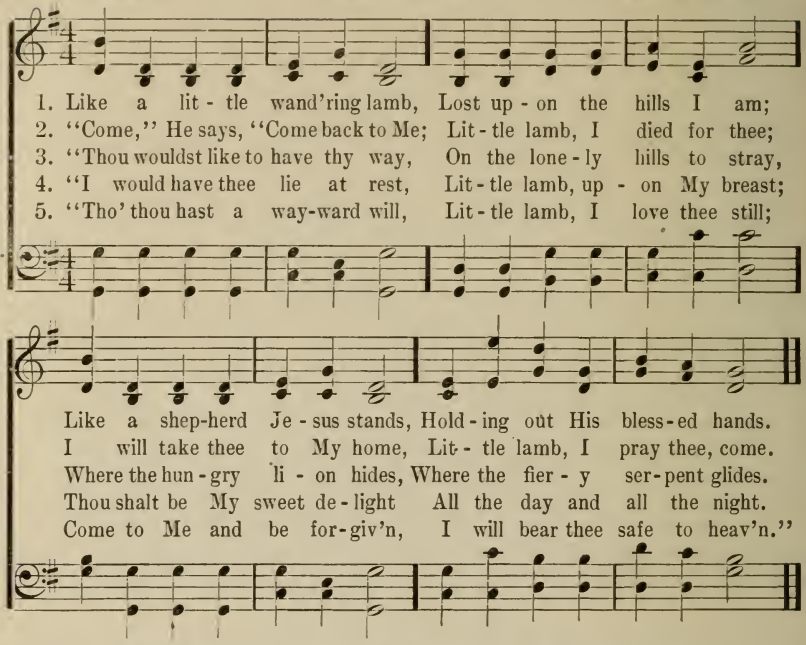
ANNA WARNER. (P. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to
2 Je - sus loves me, He who died, Heaven's gate to o - pen wide; He will wash a-
3. Je - sus loves me tho' I'm bad, And He waits to make me glad, Waits to fold me
4. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, When I'm very weak and ill, From His shin-ing
5. Je - sus loves me, He will stay Close be-side me all the way; If I trust Him,
REFRAIN.
Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
way my sin, Let a lit - tle child come in.
in His arm, Keeps me safe from ev - 'ry harm. Yes, Je - sus loves me!
place on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
should I die, He will take me home on high.

227 Lo, He Comes, From Heaven Descending.

(Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.) Dr. L. Mason.

1. Lo, He comes, from heav'n descending, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain!
2. See the Sav-iour, long ex-pect-ed, Now in sol-emn pomp ap-pear:
3. Lo! the to-kens of His pas-sion, Tho' in glo-ry, still He bears;
4. Is-rael's race shall now be-hold Him, Full of grace and maj-es-ty;
5. 'Tis Thy heav'nly Bride and Spir-it, Je-sus, Lord, that bids Thee come,
6. Yea, a-men, let all a-dore Thee, High on Thy ex-alt-ed throne:
Thousand, thousand saints at-tend-ing, Swell the tri-umph of His train!
And His saints, by man re-ject-ed, All His heav'nly glo-ry share:
Cause of end-less ex-ul-ta-tion, To His ransomed wor-ship-ers:
Tho' they set at naught and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree;
All the glo-ry to in-her-it, And to take Thy peo-ple home.
Sav-iour, take the pow'r and glo-ry; Claim the kingdoms for Thine own;
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus comes, and comes to reign.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! See the Son of God ap-pear.
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Christ the Lamb of God ap-pears.
Now in glo-ry, now in glo-ry, They their great Mes-si-ah'll see.
All cre-a-tion, all cre-a-tion, Trav-ails, groans and bids Thee come.
Come, Lord Je-sus! come, Lord Je-sus! Hal-le-lu-jah! come, Lord, come.

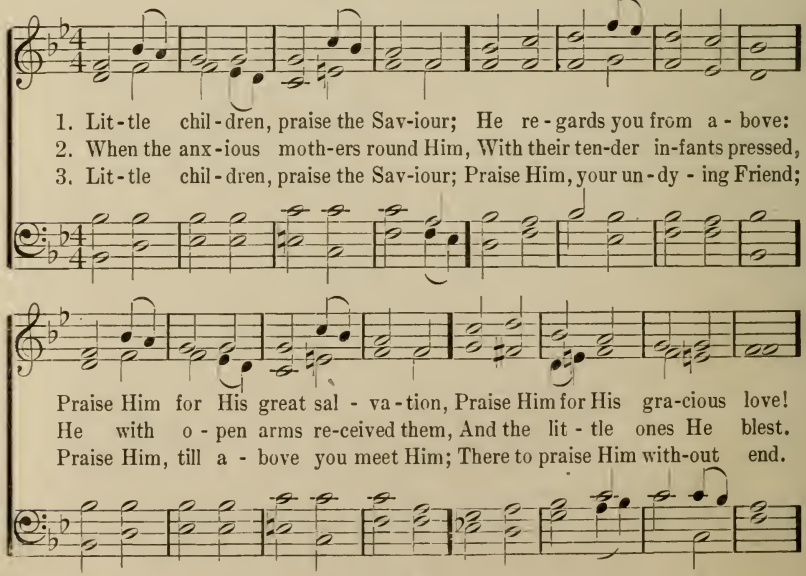
228 Like a Little Wandering Lamb.

TER STEEGEN. (Homeward. 7s.) Miss A. GAUSBY.


1. Like a lit - tle wand'ring lamb, Lost up - on the hills I am;
2. "Come," He says, "Come back to Me; Lit - tle lamb, I died for thee;
3. "Thou wouldst like to have thy way, On the lone - ly hills to stray,
4. "I would have thee lie at rest, Lit - tle lamb, up - on My breast;
5. "Tho' thou hast a way-ward will, Lit - tle lamb, I love thee still;
Like a shep-herd Je - sus stands, Hold - ing out His bless-ed hands.
I will take thee to My home, Lit - tle lamb, I pray thee, come.
Where the hun - gry li - on hides, Where the fier - y ser-pent glides.
Thou shalt be My sweet de - light All the day and all the night.
Come to Me and be for-giv'n, I will bear thee safe to heav'n."

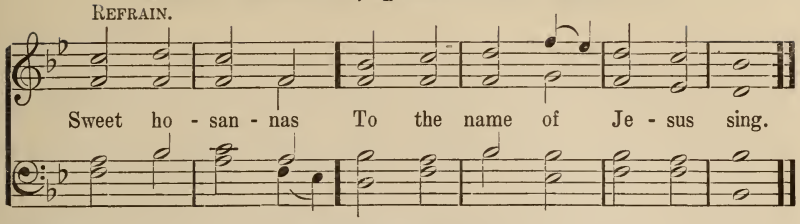
229 Little Children, Praise the Saviour.

(Nain. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.)


1. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Sav-iour; He re - gards you from a - bove:
2. When the anx - ious moth-ers round Him, With their ten-der in-fants pressed,
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Sav-iour; Praise Him, your un - dy - ing Friend;
Praise Him for His great sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His gra-cious love!
He with o - pen arms re-ceived them, And the lit - tle ones He blest.
Praise Him, till a - bove you meet Him; There to praise Him with-out end.

Little Children, Praise the Saviour.

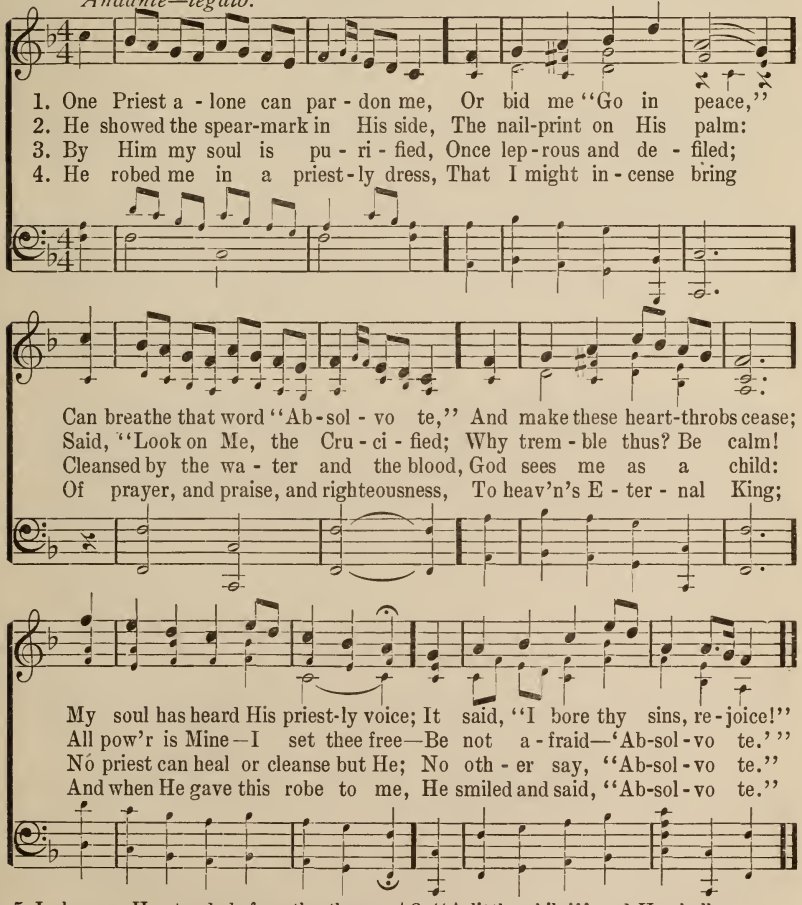
REFRAIN.



230 "Absolvo te."

(I Absolve Thee. P. M.) H. BENNETT.

Andante—legato.

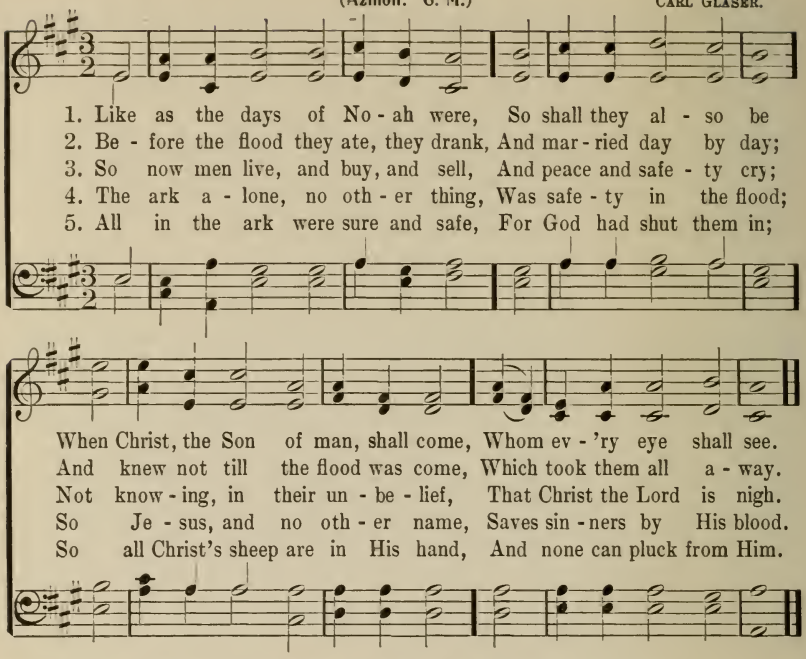

1. One Priest a - lone can par - don me, Or bid me "Go in peace,"
2. He showed the spear-mark in His side, The nail-print on His palm:
3. By Him my soul is pu - ri - fied, Once lep - rous and de - filed;
4. He robed me in a priest - ly dress, That I might in - cense bring
Can breathe that word "Ab - sol - vo te," And make these heart-throbs cease;
Said, "Look on Me, the Cru - ci - fied; Why trem - ble thus? Be calm!
Cleansed by the wa - ter and the blood, God sees me as a child:
Of prayer, and praise, and righteousness, To heav'n's E - ter - nal King;
My soul has heard His priest-ly voice; It said, "I bore thy sins, re - joice!"
All pow'r is Mine—I set thee free—Be not a - fraid—'Ab-sol - vo te.'"
No priest can heal or cleanse but He; No oth - er say, "Ab-sol - vo te."
And when He gave this robe to me, He smiled and said, "Ab-sol - vo te."

5 In heaven He stands before the throne,
The Great High Priest above,
"Melchisedec"—that One alone
Can sin's dark stain remove;
To Him I look on bended knee,
And hear that sweet "Absolvo te."

6 "A little while!" and He shall come
Forth from the inner shrine,
To call His pardoned brethren home:
O bliss supreme, divine!
When every blood-bought child shall see
The Priest who said, "Absolvo te."

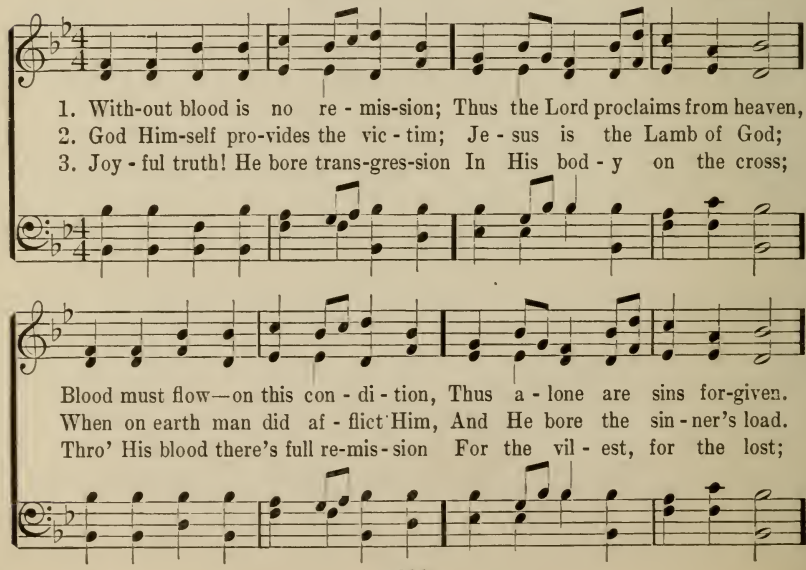
231 Like As the Days of Noah Were.

(Azmon. C. M.) CARL GLASER.

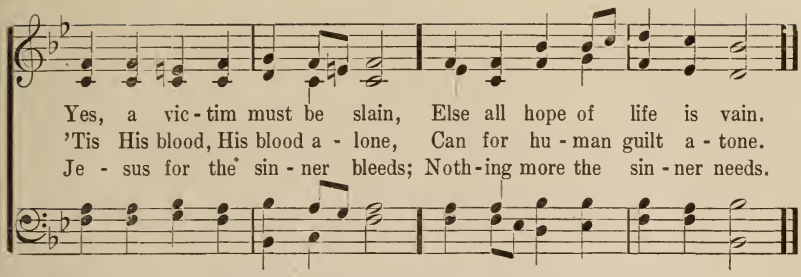

1. Like as the days of No - ah were, So shall they al - so be
2. Be - fore the flood they ate, they drank, And mar - ried day by day;
3. So now men live, and buy, and sell, And peace and safe - ty cry;
4. The ark a - lone, no oth - er thing, Was safe - ty in the flood;
5. All in the ark were sure and safe, For God had shut them in;
When Christ, the Son of man, shall come, Whom ev - 'ry eye shall see.
And knew not till the flood was come, Which took them all a - way.
Not know - ing, in their un - be - lief, That Christ the Lord is nigh.
So Je - sus, and no oth - er name, Saves sin - ners by His blood.
So all Christ's sheep are in His hand, And none can pluck from Him.

232 Without Blood Is No Remission.

(Rosefield. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.) C. H. A. MALAN.


1. With-out blood is no re - mis-sion; Thus the Lord proclaims from heaven,
2. God Him-self pro-vides the vic - tim; Je - sus is the Lamb of God;
3. Joy - ful truth! He bore trans-gres-sion In His bod - y on the cross;
Blood must flow—on this con - di - tion, Thus a - lone are sins for-given.
When on earth man did af - flict Him, And He bore the sin - ner's load.
Thro' His blood there's full re-mis - sion For the vil - est, for the lost;

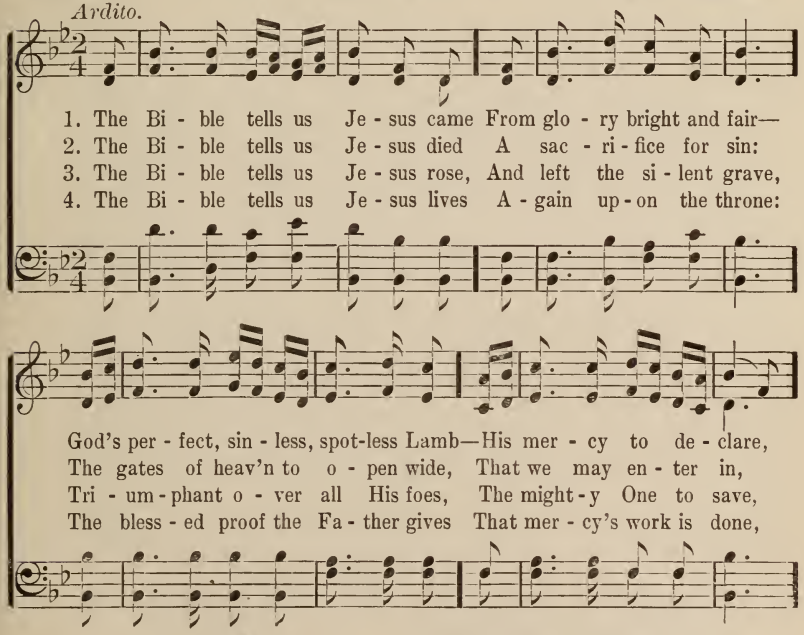
Without Blood Is No Remission.

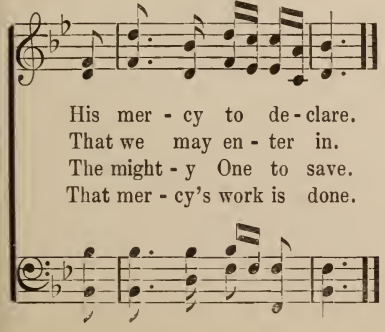

Yes, a vic - tim must be slain, Else all hope of life is vain.
'Tis His blood, His blood a - lone, Can for hu - man guilt a - tone.
Je - sus for the sin - ner bleeds; Noth - ing more the sin - ner needs.

233 The Bible Tells Us Jesus Came.

CLARK. (Clark. C. M.) Arr. by R. B. ROBERTSON.

Ardito.


1. The Bi - ble tells us Je - sus came From glo - ry bright and fair—
2. The Bi - ble tells us Je - sus died A sac - ri - fice for sin:
3. The Bi - ble tells us Je - sus rose, And left the si - lent grave,
4. The Bi - ble tells us Je - sus lives A - gain up - on the throne:
God's per - fect, sin - less, spot-less Lamb—His mer - cy to de - clare,
The gates of heav'n to o - pen wide, That we may en - ter in,
Tri - um - phant o - ver all His foes, The might - y One to save,
The bless - ed proof the Fa - ther gives That mer - cy's work is done,



5 The Bible tells us He will come
To take His saints away,
To dwell with Him in His blest home
Through everlasting day.

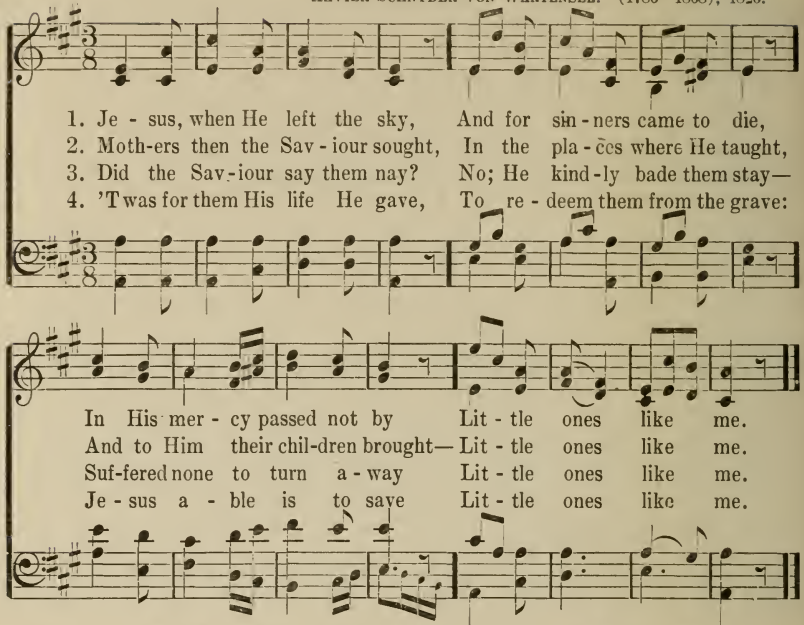
6 The Bible tells us He will reign
O'er all the earth ere long; [strain
When heaven and earth shall wake the
Of an eternal song.

7 The Bible tells us *all* may come,
And drink at mercy's stream;
That Jesus soon will share this home
With all who trust in Him.

234 Jesus, When He Left the Sky.

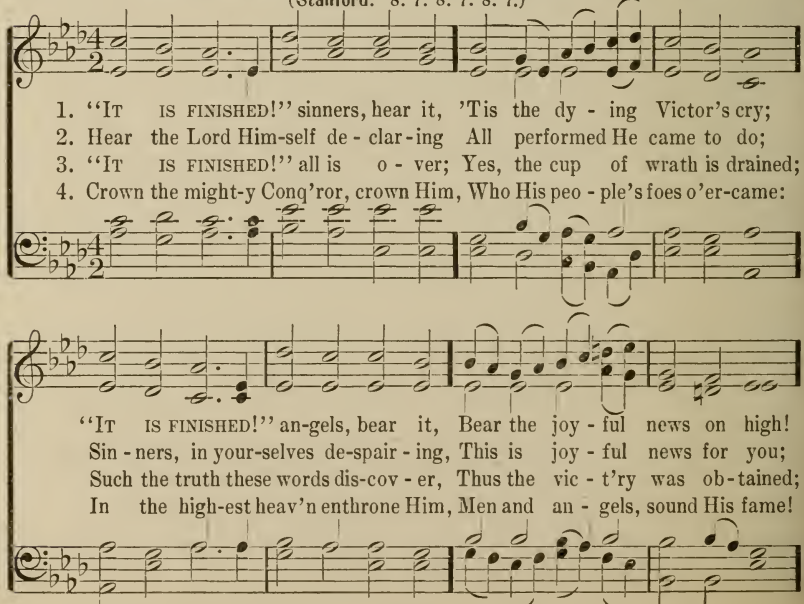
(Horton. 7. 7. 7. 5.)

Xavier Schnyder von Wartensee. (1786—1868), 1826.

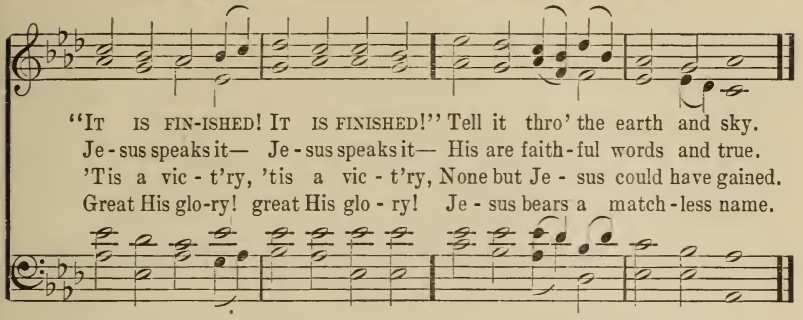

1. Je - sus, when He left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,
2. Moth-ers then the Sav - iour sought, In the pla - ces where He taught,
3. Did the Sav - iour say them nay? No; He kind - ly bade them stay—
4. 'Twas for them His life He gave, To re - deem them from the grave:
In His mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
And to Him their chil-dren brought— Lit - tle ones like me.
Suf-fered none to turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
Je - sus a - ble is to save Lit - tle ones like me.

235 "It Is Finished!" Sinners, Hear It.

(Stanford. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

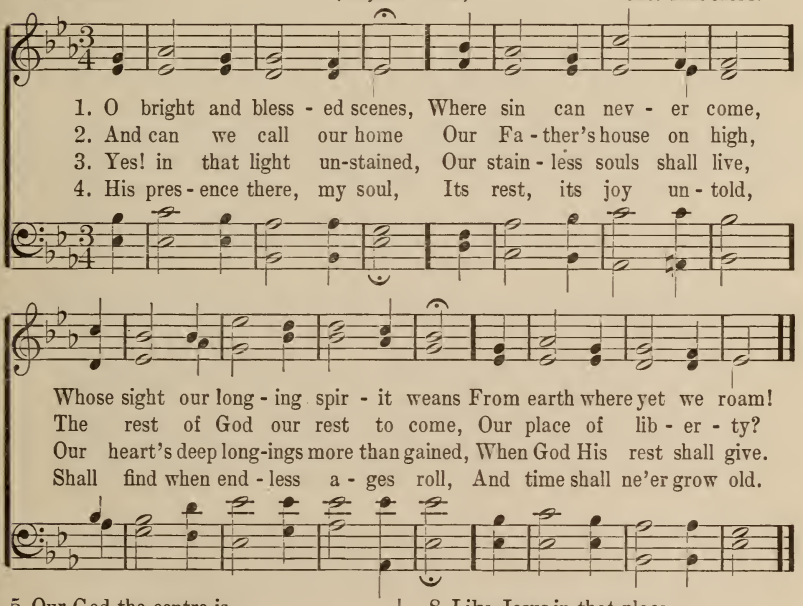

1. "It is finished!" sinners, hear it, 'Tis the dy - ing Victor's cry;
2. Hear the Lord Him-self de - clar - ing All performed He came to do;
3. "It is finished!" all is o - ver; Yes, the cup of wrath is drained;
4. Crown the might-y Conq'ror, crown Him, Who His peo - ple's foes o'er-came:
"It is finished!" an-gels, bear it, Bear the joy - ful news on high!
Sin - ners, in your-selves de-spair - ing, This is joy - ful news for you;
Such the truth these words dis-cov - er, Thus the vic - t'ry was ob-tained;
In the high-est heav'n enthrone Him, Men and an - gels, sound His fame!

"It Is Finished!" Sinners, Hear It.


"It is fin-ished! It is finished!" Tell it thro' the earth and sky.
Je-sus speaks it— Je-sus speaks it— His are faith-ful words and true.
'Tis a vic-t'ry, 'tis a vic-t'ry, None but Je-sus could have gained.
Great His glo-ry! great His glo-ry! Je-sus bears a match-less name.

236 O Bright and Blessed Scenes.

J. N. Darby. (Solyma. S. M.) Geo. Tredcroft.


1. O bright and bless-ed scenes, Where sin can nev-er come,
2. And can we call our home Our Fa-ther's house on high,
3. Yes! in that light un-stained, Our stain-less souls shall live,
4. His pres-ence there, my soul, Its rest, its joy un-told,
Whose sight our long-ing spir-it weans From earth where yet we roam!
The rest of God our rest to come, Our place of lib-er-ty?
Our heart's deep long-ings more than gained, When God His rest shall give.
Shall find when end-less a-ges roll, And time shall ne'er grow old.

5 Our God the centre is,
His presence fills that land,
And countless myriads owned as His,
Round Him adoring stand.

6 Our God whom we have known,
Well known in Jesus' love,
Rests in the blessing of His own,
Before Himself above.

7 Glory supreme is there,
Glory that shines through all,
More precious still that love to share
As those that love did call.

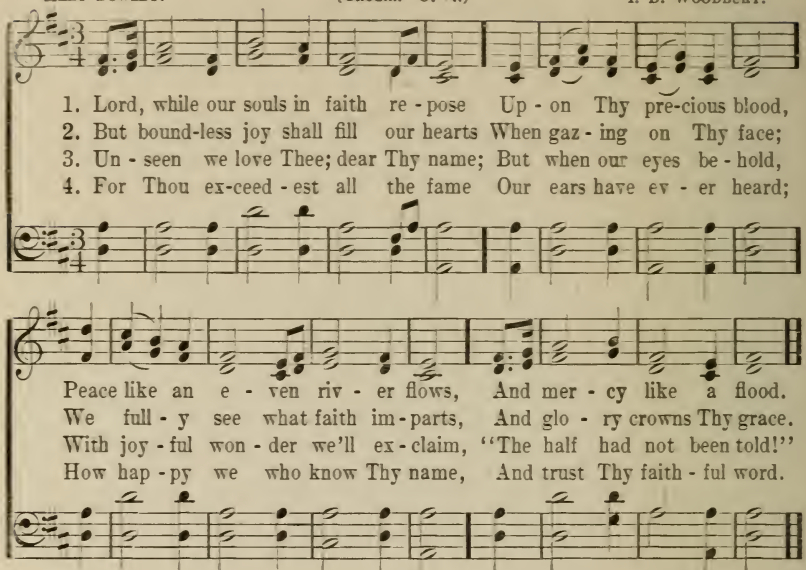
8 Like Jesus in that place
Of light and love supreme;
Once Man of Sorrows full of grace,
Heaven's blest and endless theme.

9 Like Him! O grace supreme!
Like Him before Thy face,
Like Him to know that glory beam
Unhindered face to face!

10 O love supreme and bright,
Good to the feeblest heart,
That gives us now, as heavenly light,
What soon shall be our part.

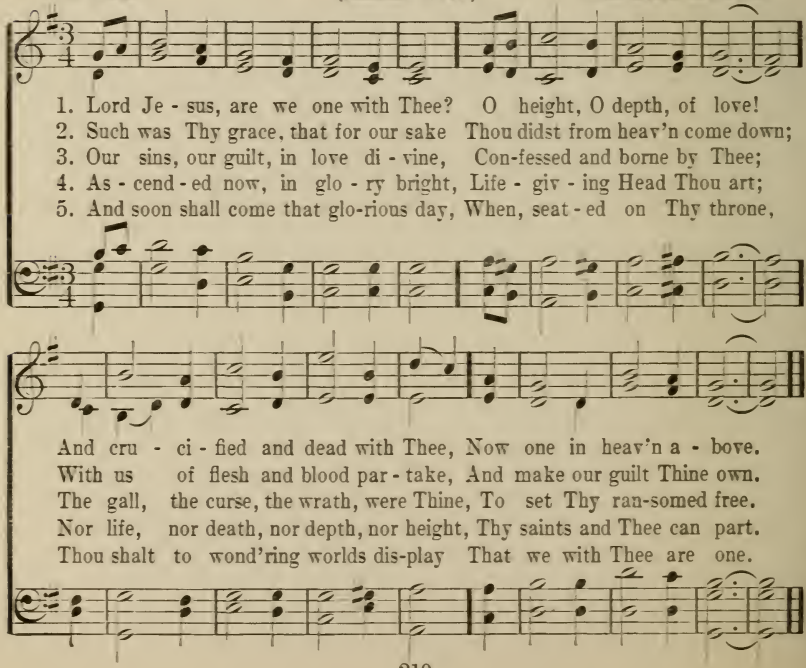
237 Lord, While Our Souls in Faith Repose.

MARY BOWLEY. (Siloam. C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.


1. Lord, while our souls in faith re - pose Up - on Thy pre-cious blood,
2. But bound-less joy shall fill our hearts When gaz - ing on Thy face;
3. Un - seen we love Thee; dear Thy name; But when our eyes be - hold,
4. For Thou ex-ceed - est all the fame Our ears have ev - er heard;
Peace like an e - ven riv - er flows, And mer - cy like a flood.
We full - y see what faith im - parts, And glo - ry crowns Thy grace.
With joy - ful won - der we'll ex - claim, "The half had not been told!"
How hap - py we who know Thy name, And trust Thy faith - ful word.

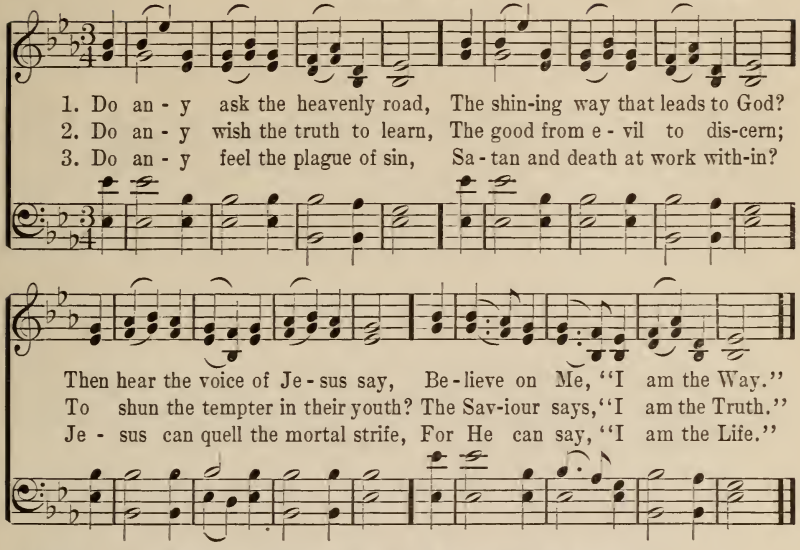
238 Lord Jesus, Are We One With Thee?

J. G. DECK. (Manoah. C. M.) From MEHUL & HAYDN.


1. Lord Je - sus, are we one with Thee? O height, O depth, of love!
2. Such was Thy grace, that for our sake Thou didst from heav'n come down;
3. Our sins, our guilt, in love di - vine, Con-fessed and borne by Thee;
4. As - cend - ed now, in glo - ry bright, Life - giv - ing Head Thou art;
5. And soon shall come that glo-rious day, When, seat - ed on Thy throne,
And cru - ci - fied and dead with Thee, Now one in heav'n a - bove.
With us of flesh and blood par - take, And make our guilt Thine own.
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine, To set Thy ran-somed free.
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height, Thy saints and Thee can part.
Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds dis-play That we with Thee are one.

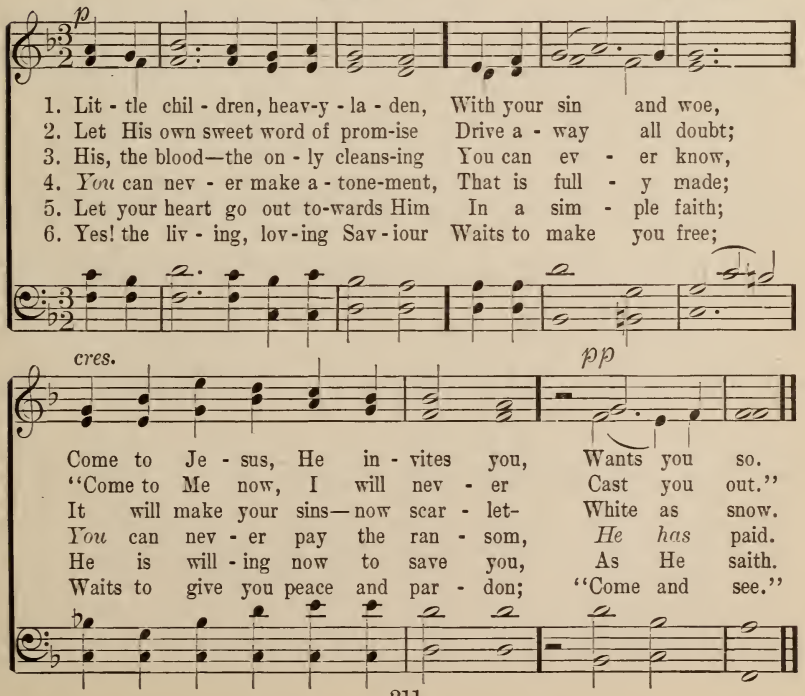
239 Do Any Ask the Heavenly Road?

(Gratitude. L. M.) T. HASTINGS.


1. Do an - y ask the heavenly road, The shin-ing way that leads to God?
2. Do an - y wish the truth to learn, The good from e - vil to dis-cern;
3. Do an - y feel the plague of sin, Sa - tan and death at work with-in?
Then hear the voice of Je - sus say, Be - lieve on Me, "I am the Way."
To shun the tempter in their youth? The Sav-iour says, "I am the Truth."
Je - sus can quell the mortal strife, For He can say, "I am the Life."

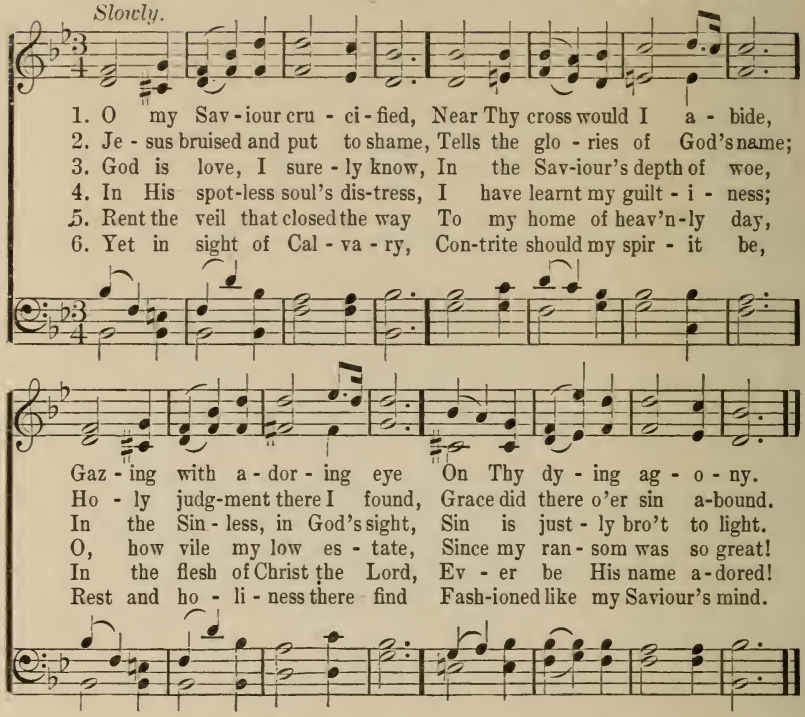
240 Little Children, Heavy-Laden.

(Ashford. 8. 5. 8. 3.) W. C. FILBY.


p
1. Lit - tle chil - dren, heav-y - la - den, With your sin and woe,
2. Let His own sweet word of prom-ise Drive a - way all doubt;
3. His, the blood—the on - ly cleans-ing You can ev - er know,
4. You can nev - er make a - tone-ment, That is full - y made;
5. Let your heart go out to-wards Him In a sim - ple faith;
6. Yes! the liv - ing, lov-ing Sav - iour Waits to make you free;
cres.
pp
Come to Je - sus, He in - vites you, Wants you so.
"Come to Me now, I will nev - er Cast you out."
It will make your sins—now scar - let- White as snow.
You can nev - er pay the ran - som, He has paid.
He is will - ing now to save you, As He saith.
Waits to give you peace and par - don; "Come and see."

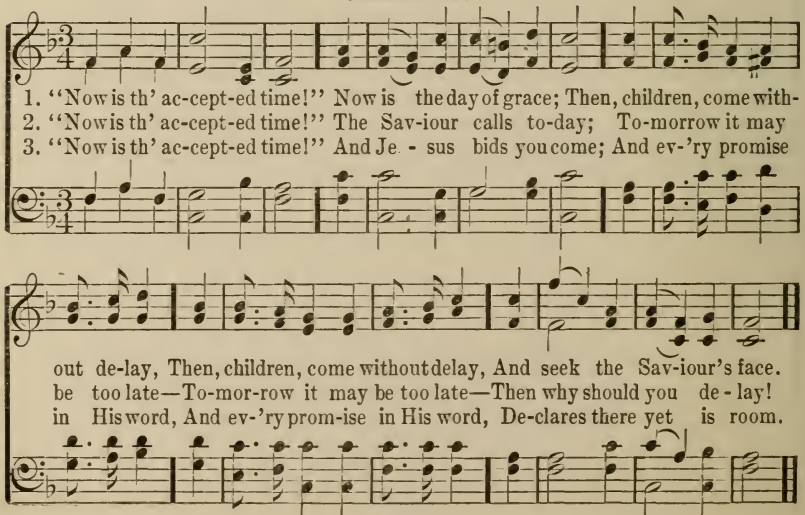
241 O My Saviour Crucified.

R. CHAPMAN. (Mercy. 7s.) L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

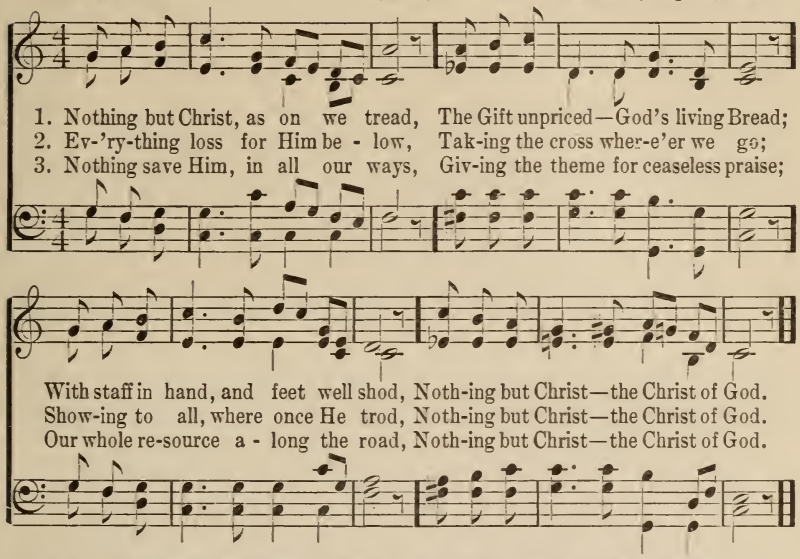
Slowly.

1. O my Sav - iour cru - ci - fied, Near Thy cross would I a - bide,
2. Je - sus bruised and put to shame, Tells the glo - ries of God's name;
3. God is love, I sure - ly know, In the Sav-iour's depth of woe,
4. In His spot-less soul's dis-tress, I have learnt my guilt - i - ness;
5. Rent the veil that closed the way To my home of heav'n-ly day,
6. Yet in sight of Cal - va - ry, Con-trite should my spir - it be,
Gaz - ing with a - dor - ing eye On Thy dy - ing ag - o - ny.
Ho - ly judg-ment there I found, Grace did there o'er sin a-bound.
In the Sin - less, in God's sight, Sin is just - ly bro't to light.
O, how vile my low es - tate, Since my ran - som was so great!
In the flesh of Christ the Lord, Ev - er be His name a-dored!
Rest and ho - li - ness there find Fash-ioned like my Saviour's mind.

242 "Now Is the Accepted Time!"

(Gerar. S. M.)

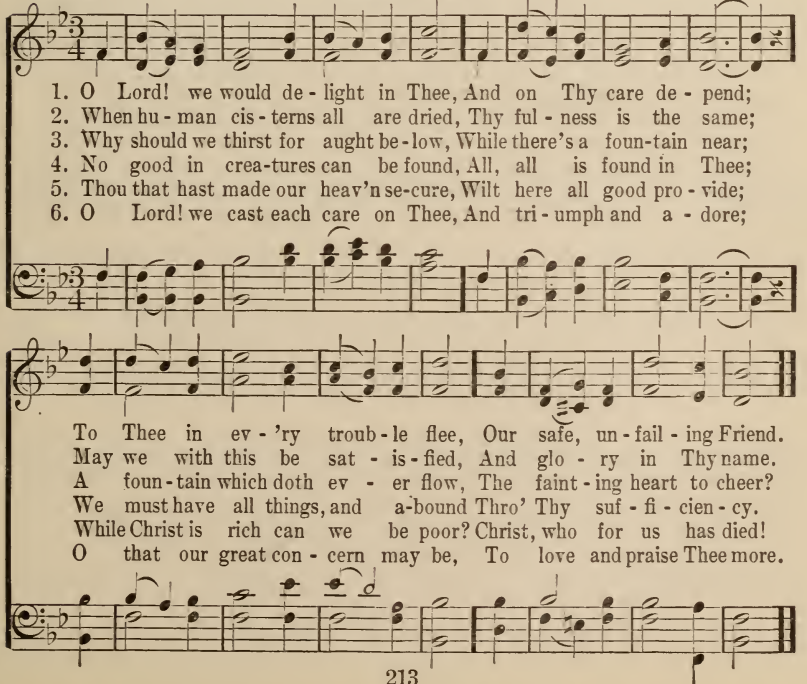

1. "Now is th' ac-cept-ed time!" Now is the day of grace; Then, children, come with-
2. "Now is th' ac-cept-ed time!" The Sav-iour calls to-day; To-morrow it may
3. "Now is th' ac-cept-ed time!" And Je - sus bids you come; And ev-'ry promise
out de-lay, Then, children, come without delay, And seek the Sav-iour's face.
be too late—To-mor-row it may be too late—Then why should you de - lay!
in His word, And ev-'ry prom-ise in His word, De-clares there yet is room.

243 Nothing But Christ, As On We Tread.

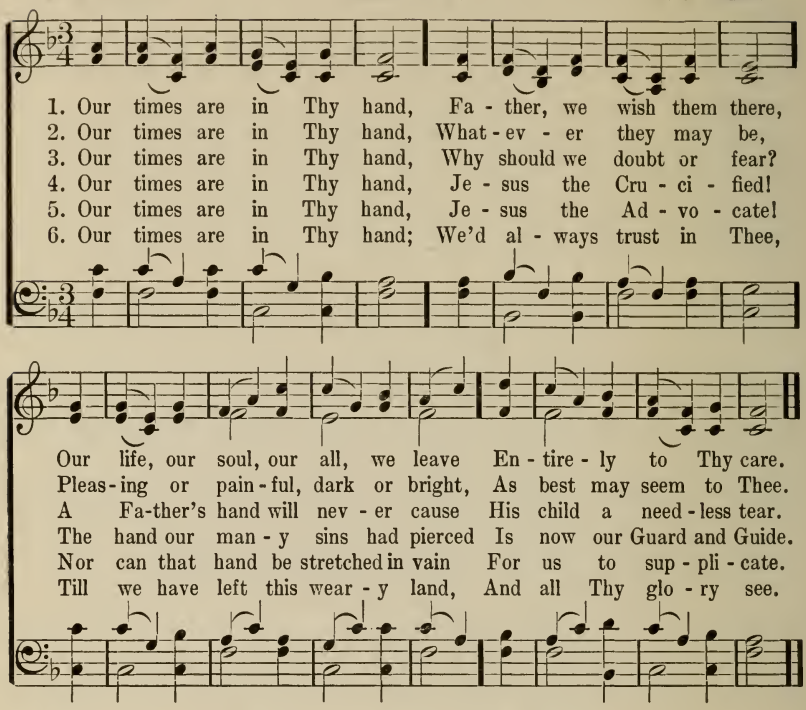
S. O'M. Cluff. (L. M.) B. U. Gebhardt, Aug. 14, 1909.

1. Nothing but Christ, as on we tread, The Gift unpriced—God's living Bread;
2. Ev-'ry-thing loss for Him be - low, Tak-ing the cross wher-e'er we go;
3. Nothing save Him, in all our ways, Giv-ing the theme for ceaseless praise;
With staff in hand, and feet well shod, Noth-ing but Christ—the Christ of God.
Show-ing to all, where once He trod, Noth-ing but Christ—the Christ of God.
Our whole re-source a - long the road, Noth-ing but Christ—the Christ of God.

244 O Lord! We Would Delight In Thee.

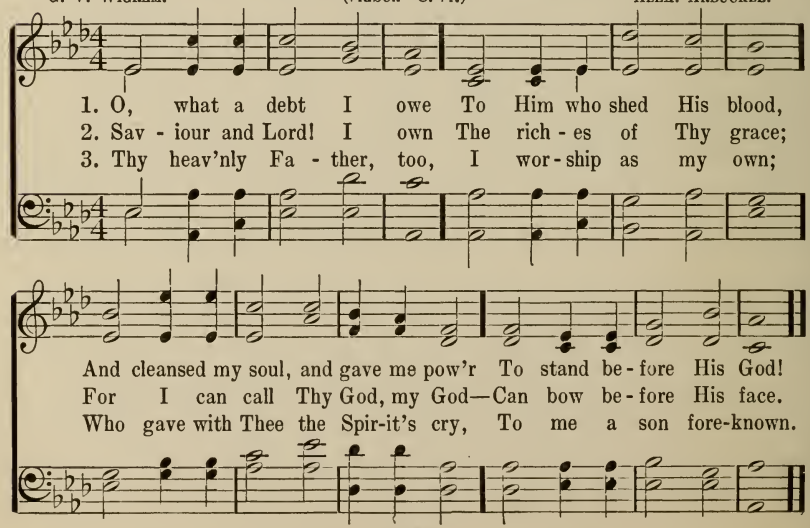
Ryland. (Delight. G. M.)


1. O Lord! we would de - light in Thee, And on Thy care de - pend;
2. When hu - man cis - terns all are dried, Thy ful - ness is the same;
3. Why should we thirst for aught be - low, While there's a foun-tain near;
4. No good in crea-tures can be found, All, all is found in Thee;
5. Thou that hast made our heav'n se-cure, Wilt here all good pro - vide;
6. O Lord! we cast each care on Thee, And tri - umph and a - dore;
To Thee in ev - 'ry troub - le flee, Our safe, un - fail - ing Friend.
May we with this be sat - is - fied, And glo - ry in Thy name.
A foun - tain which doth ev - er flow, The faint - ing heart to cheer?
We must have all things, and a-bound Thro' Thy suf - fi - cien - cy.
While Christ is rich can we be poor? Christ, who for us has died!
O that our great con - cern may be, To love and praise Thee more.

245 Our Times Are In Thy Hand.

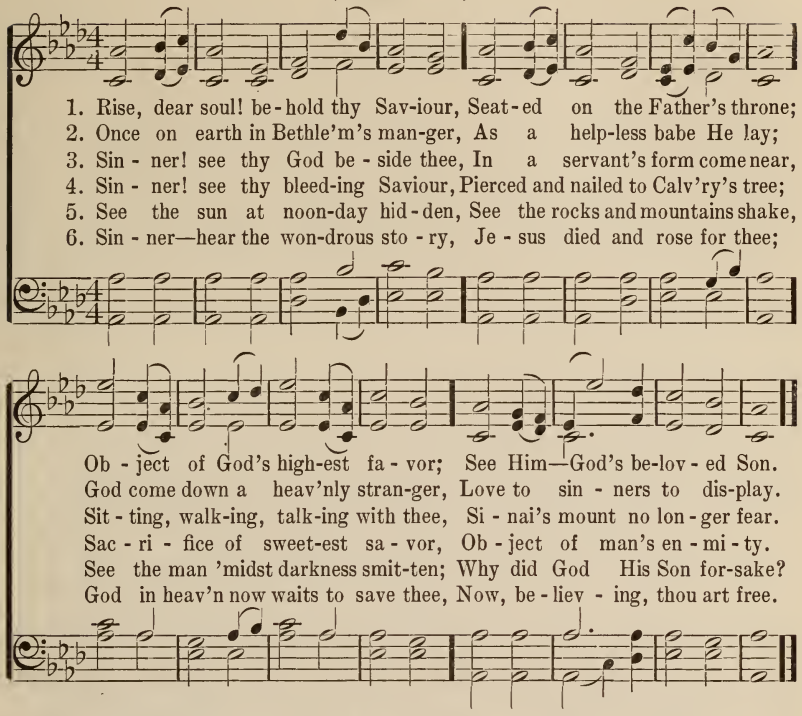
W. F. LLOYD. (Dennis. S. M.) H. G. NAGELI.

1. Our times are in Thy hand, Fa - ther, we wish them there,
2. Our times are in Thy hand, What - ev - er they may be,
3. Our times are in Thy hand, Why should we doubt or fear?
4. Our times are in Thy hand, Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied!
5. Our times are in Thy hand, Je - sus the Ad - vo - cate!
6. Our times are in Thy hand; We'd al - ways trust in Thee,
Our life, our soul, our all, we leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
A Fa-ther's hand will nev - er cause His child a need - less tear.
The hand our man - y sins had pierced Is now our Guard and Guide.
Nor can that hand be stretched in vain For us to sup - pli - cate.
Till we have left this wear - y land, And all Thy glo - ry see.

246 O, What a Debt I Owe.

G. V. WIGRAM. (Mabel. S. M.) ALEX. ARBUCKLE.

1. O, what a debt I owe To Him who shed His blood,
2. Sav - iour and Lord! I own The rich - es of Thy grace;
3. Thy heav'nly Fa - ther, too, I wor - ship as my own;
And cleansed my soul, and gave me pow'r To stand be - fore His God!
For I can call Thy God, my God—Can bow be - fore His face.
Who gave with Thee the Spir-it's cry, To me a son fore-known.

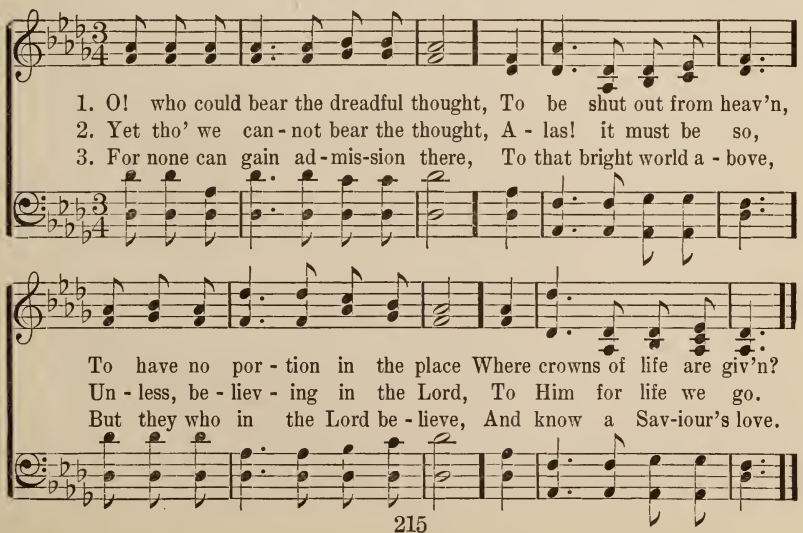
247 Rise, Dear Soul! Behold Thy Saviour.

(Suffield. 8. 7.)


1. Rise, dear soul! be-hold thy Sav-iour, Seat-ed on the Father's throne;
2. Once on earth in Bethle'm's man-ger, As a help-less babe He lay;
3. Sin-ner! see thy God be-side thee, In a servant's form come near,
4. Sin-ner! see thy bleed-ing Saviour, Pierced and nailed to Calv'ry's tree;
5. See the sun at noon-day hid-den, See the rocks and mountains shake,
6. Sin-ner—hear the won-drous sto-ry, Je-sus died and rose for thee;
Ob-ject of God's high-est fa-vor; See Him—God's be-lov-ed Son.
God come down a heav'nly stran-ger, Love to sin-ners to dis-play.
Sit-ting, walk-ing, talk-ing with thee, Si-nai's mount no lon-ger fear.
Sac-ri-fice of sweet-est sa-vor, Ob-ject of man's en-mi-ty.
See the man 'midst darkness smit-ten; Why did God His Son for-sake?
God in heav'n now waits to save thee, Now, be-liev-ing, thou art free.

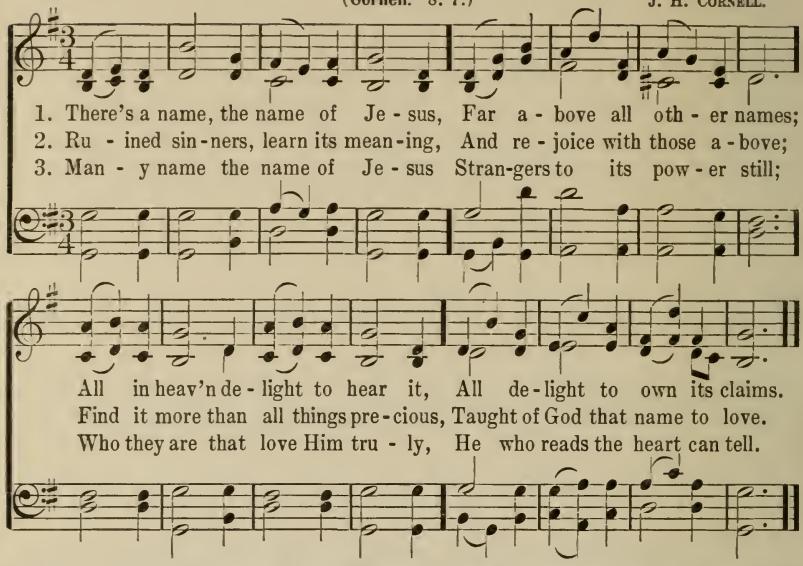
248 O! Who Could Bear the Dreadful Thought?

(Saving Name. C. M.) C. L.


1. O! who could bear the dreadful thought, To be shut out from heav'n,
2. Yet tho' we can-not bear the thought, A-las! it must be so,
3. For none can gain ad-mis-sion there, To that bright world a-bove,
To have no por-tion in the place Where crowns of life are giv'n?
Un-less, be-liev-ing in the Lord, To Him for life we go.
But they who in the Lord be-lieve, And know a Sav-iour's love.

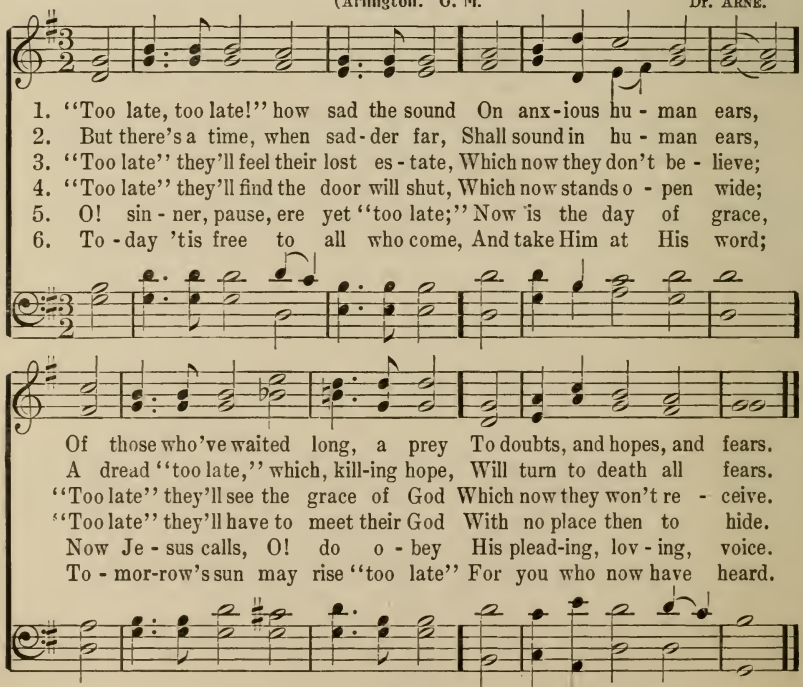
249 There's a Name, the Name of Jesus.

(Gornell. 8. 7.) J. H. Cornell.


1. There's a name, the name of Je - sus, Far a - bove all oth - er names;
2. Ru - ined sin - ners, learn its mean - ing, And re - joice with those a - bove;
3. Man - y name the name of Je - sus Stran - gers to its pow - er still;
All in heav'n de - light to hear it, All de - light to own its claims.
Find it more than all things pre - cious, Taught of God that name to love.
Who they are that love Him tru - ly, He who reads the heart can tell.

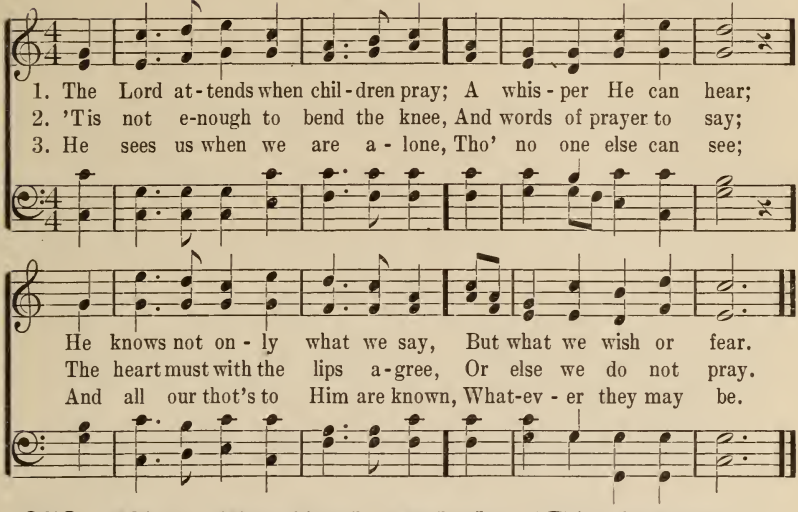
250 "Too Late, Too Late!" How Sad the Sound.

(Arlington. C. M. Dr. Arne.


1. "Too late, too late!" how sad the sound On anx - ious hu - man ears,
2. But there's a time, when sad - der far, Shall sound in hu - man ears,
3. "Too late" they'll feel their lost es - tate, Which now they don't be - lieve;
4. "Too late" they'll find the door will shut, Which now stands o - pen wide;
5. O! sin - ner, pause, ere yet "too late;" Now is the day of grace,
6. To - day 'tis free to all who come, And take Him at His word;
Of those who've waited long, a prey To doubts, and hopes, and fears.
A dread "too late," which, kill - ing hope, Will turn to death all fears.
"Too late" they'll see the grace of God Which now they won't re - ceive.
"Too late" they'll have to meet their God With no place then to hide.
Now Je - sus calls, O! do o - bey His plead - ing, lov - ing, voice.
To - mor - row's sun may rise "too late" For you who now have heard.

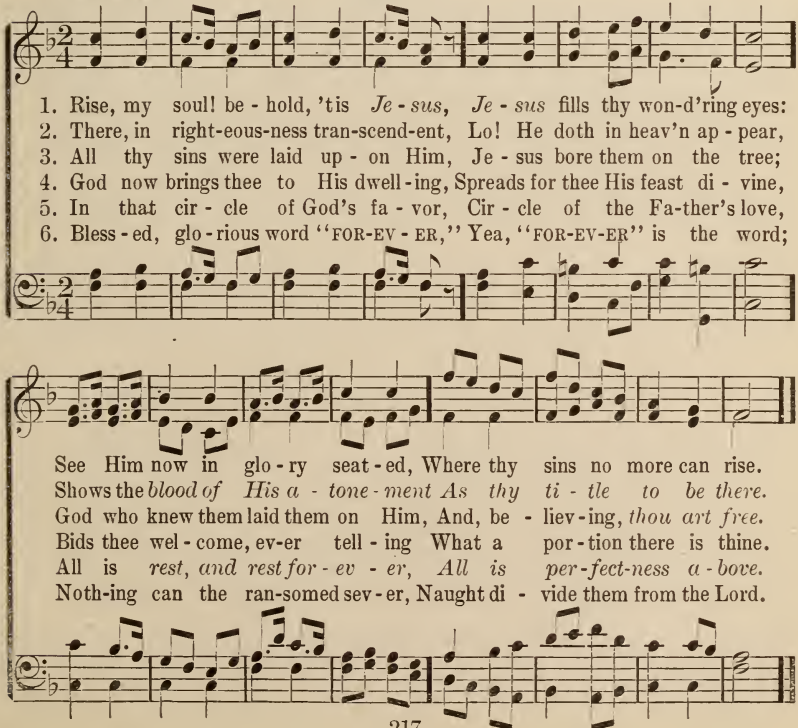
251 The Lord Attends When Children Pray.

(Brown. G. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

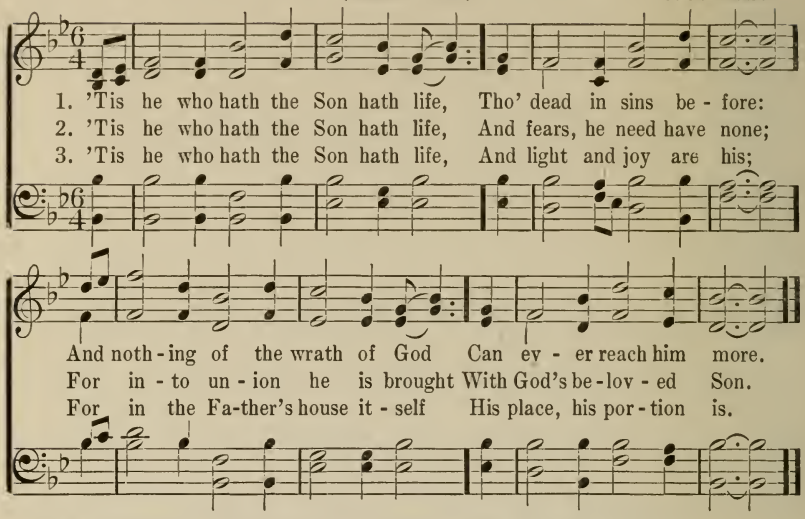

1. The Lord at-tends when chil-dren pray; A whis-per He can hear;
2. 'Tis not e-nough to bend the knee, And words of prayer to say;
3. He sees us when we are a-lone, Tho' no one else can see;
He knows not on-ly what we say, But what we wish or fear.
The heart must with the lips a-gree, Or else we do not pray.
And all our thot's to Him are known, What-ev-er they may be.

252 Rise, My Soul! Behold, 'Tis Jesus.

J. DENHAM SMITH. (Sicily. 8. 7.)

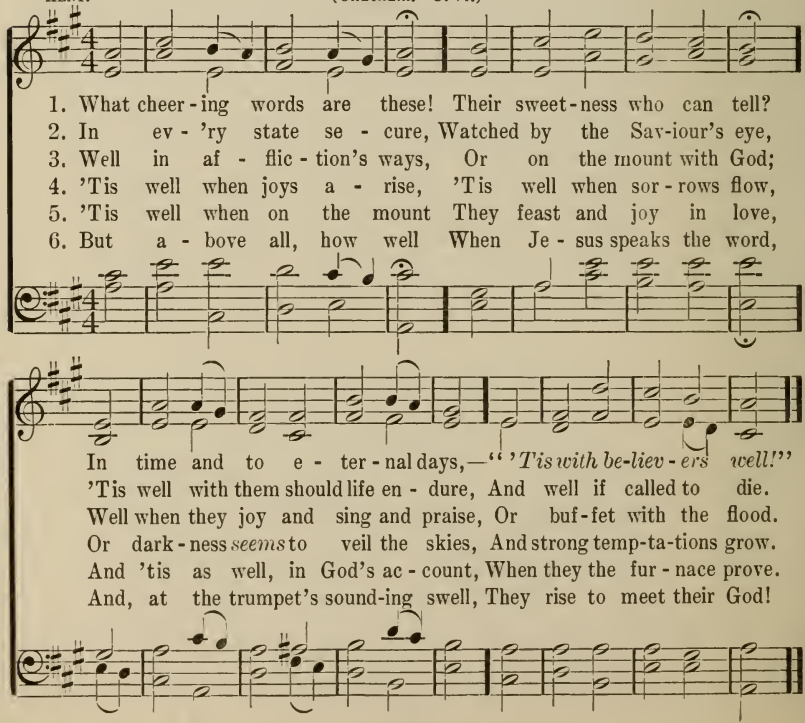

1. Rise, my soul! be-hold, 'tis *Je-sus*, *Je-sus* fills thy won-d'ring eyes:
2. There, in right-eous-ness tran-scend-ent, Lo! He doth in heav'n ap-pear,
3. All thy sins were laid up-on Him, Je-sus bore them on the tree;
4. God now brings thee to His dwell-ing, Spreads for thee His feast di-vine,
5. In that cir-cle of God's fa-vor, Cir-cle of the Fa-ther's love,
6. Bless-ed, glo-rious word "FOR-EV-ER," Yea, "FOR-EV-ER" is the word;
See Him now in glo-ry seat-ed, Where thy sins no more can rise.
Shows the *blood of His a-tone-ment As thy ti-tle to be there.*
God who knew them laid them on Him, And, be-liev-ing, *thou art free.*
Bids thee wel-come, ev-er tell-ing What a por-tion there is thine.
All is *rest, and rest for-ev-er, All is per-fect-ness a-bove.*
Noth-ing can the ran-somed sev-er, Naught di-vide them from the Lord.

253 'Tis he Who hath the Son hath Life.

(Grown. G. M.) G. N. Allen.

1. 'Tis he who hath the Son hath life, Tho' dead in sins be - fore:
2. 'Tis he who hath the Son hath life, And fears, he need have none;
3. 'Tis he who hath the Son hath life, And light and joy are his;
And noth - ing of the wrath of God Can ev - er reach him more.
For in - to un - ion he is brought With God's be - lov - ed Son.
For in the Fa-ther's house it - self His place, his por - tion is.

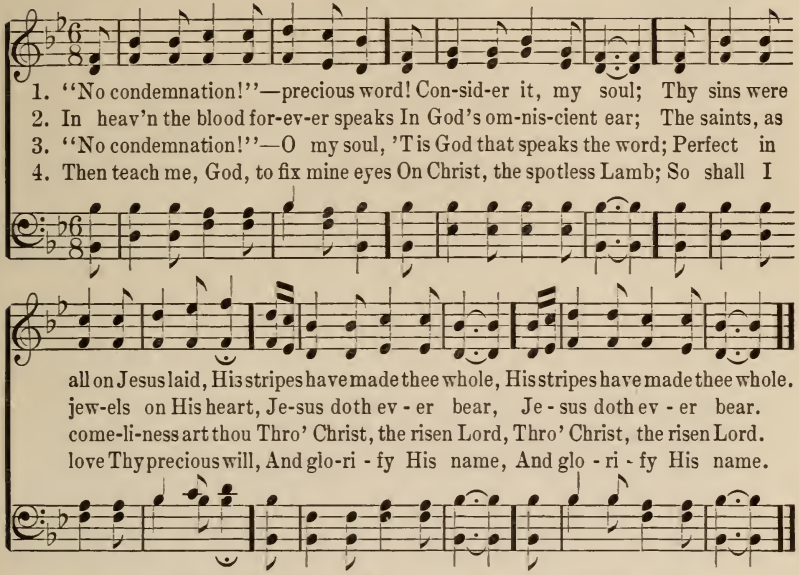
254 What Cheering Words Are These!

Kent. (Chatham. S. M.)


1. What cheer - ing words are these! Their sweet - ness who can tell?
2. In ev - 'ry state se - cure, Watched by the Sav-iour's eye,
3. Well in af - flic - tion's ways, Or on the mount with God;
4. 'Tis well when joys a - rise, 'Tis well when sor - rows flow,
5. 'Tis well when on the mount They feast and joy in love,
6. But a - bove all, how well When Je - sus speaks the word,
In time and to e - ter - nal days,—"'Tis with be-liev - ers well!"
'Tis well with them should life en - dure, And well if called to die.
Well when they joy and sing and praise, Or buf - fet with the flood.
Or dark - ness seems to veil the skies, And strong temp-ta-tions grow.
And 'tis as well, in God's ac - count, When they the fur - nace prove.
And, at the trumpet's sound-ing swell, They rise to meet their God!

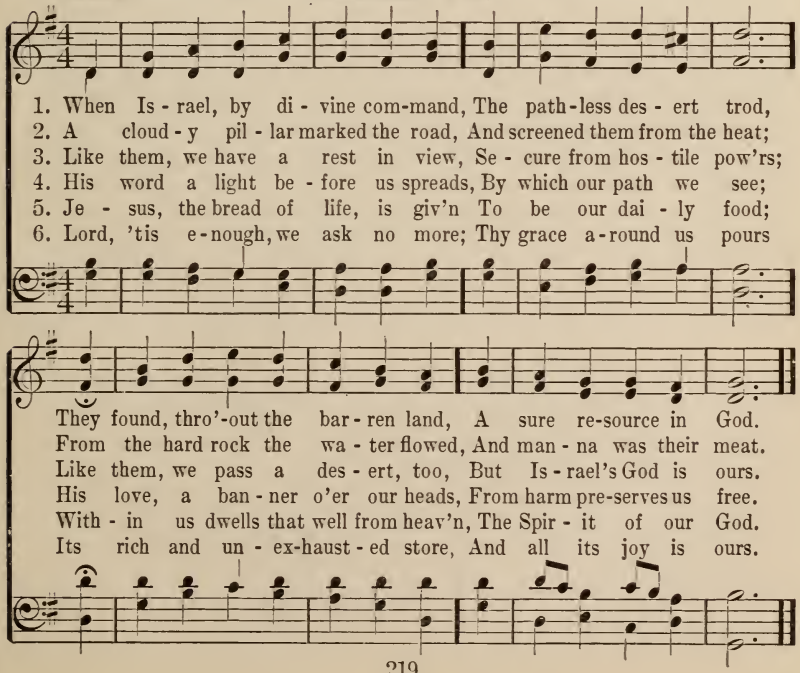
255 "No Condemnation!"—Precious Word!

R. Chapman. (Ortonville. C. M.) Dr. Hastings.


1. "No condemnation!"—precious word! Con-sid-er it, my soul; Thy sins were all on Jesus laid, His stripes have made thee whole, His stripes have made thee whole.
2. In heav'n the blood for-ev-er speaks In God's om-nis-cient ear; The saints, as jew-els on His heart, Je-sus doth ev - er bear, Je - sus doth ev - er bear.
3. "No condemnation!"—O my soul, 'T is God that speaks the word; Perfect in come-li-ness art thou Thro' Christ, the risen Lord, Thro' Christ, the risen Lord.
4. Then teach me, God, to fix mine eyes On Christ, the spotless Lamb; So shall I love Thy precious will, And glo-ri - fy His name, And glo - ri - fy His name.

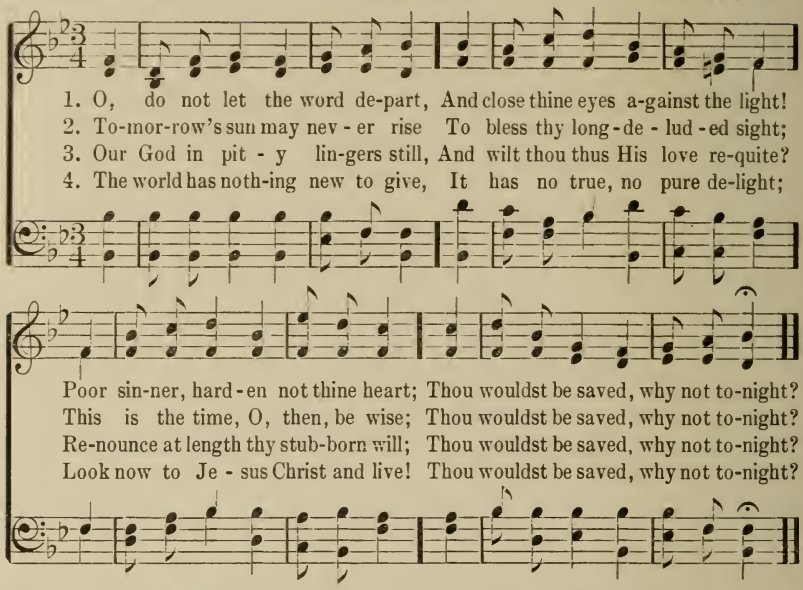
256 When Israel, By Divine Command.

J. Newton. (Dumfermline. C. M.)


1. When Is - rael, by di - vine com-mand, The path-less des - ert trod, They found, thro'-out the bar - ren land, A sure re-source in God.
2. A cloud - y pil - lar marked the road, And screened them from the heat; From the hard rock the wa - ter flowed, And man - na was their meat.
3. Like them, we have a rest in view, Se - cure from hos - tile pow'rs; Like them, we pass a des - ert, too, But Is - rael's God is ours.
4. His word a light be - fore us spreads, By which our path we see; His love, a ban - ner o'er our heads, From harm pre-serves us free.
5. Je - sus, the bread of life, is giv'n To be our dai - ly food; With - in us dwells that well from heav'n, The Spir - it of our God.
6. Lord, 'tis e - nough, we ask no more; Thy grace a - round us pours Its rich and un - ex-haust - ed store, And all its joy is ours.

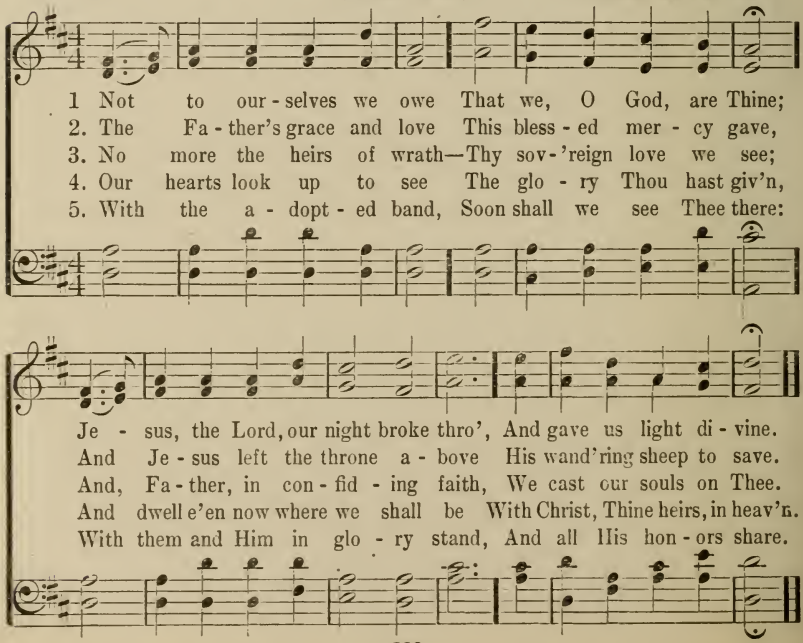
257 O, Do Not Let the Word Depart.

ELIZABETH REED. (Hebron. L. M.) Dr. L. MASON.


1. O, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light!
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long-de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. The world has noth-ing new to give, It has no true, no pure de-light;
Poor sin-ner, hard-en not thine heart; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
This is the time, O, then, be wise; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
Re-nounce at length thy stub-born will; Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
Look now to Je-sus Christ and live! Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

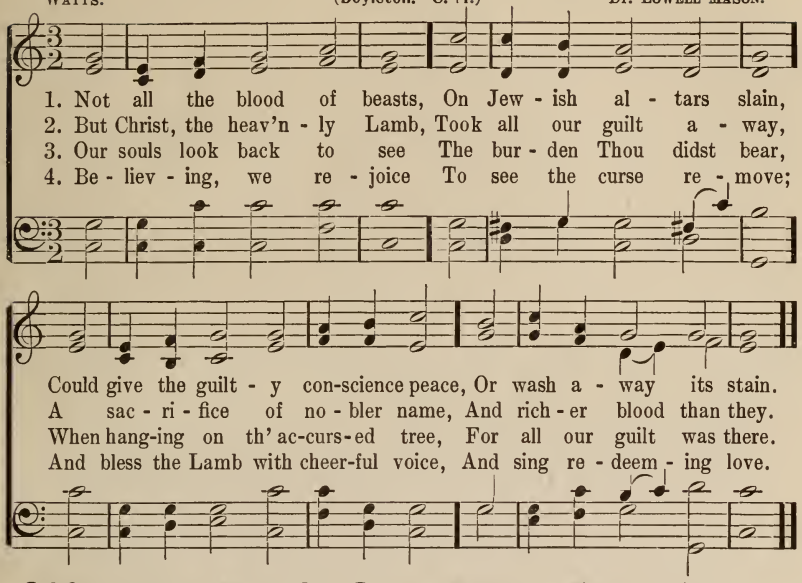
258 Not to Ourselves We Owe.

TOPLADY (Laban. S. M.) Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.


1 Not to our-selves we owe That we, O God, are Thine;
2. The Fa-ther's grace and love This bless-ed mer-cy gave,
3. No more the heirs of wrath—Thy sov-'reign love we see;
4. Our hearts look up to see The glo-ry Thou hast giv'n,
5. With the a-dopt-ed band, Soon shall we see Thee there:
Je-sus, the Lord, our night broke thro', And gave us light di-vine.
And Je-sus left the throne a-bove His wand'ring sheep to save.
And, Fa-ther, in con-fid-ing faith, We cast our souls on Thee.
And dwell e'en now where we shall be With Christ, Thine heirs, in heav'n.
With them and Him in glo-ry stand, And all His hon-ors share.

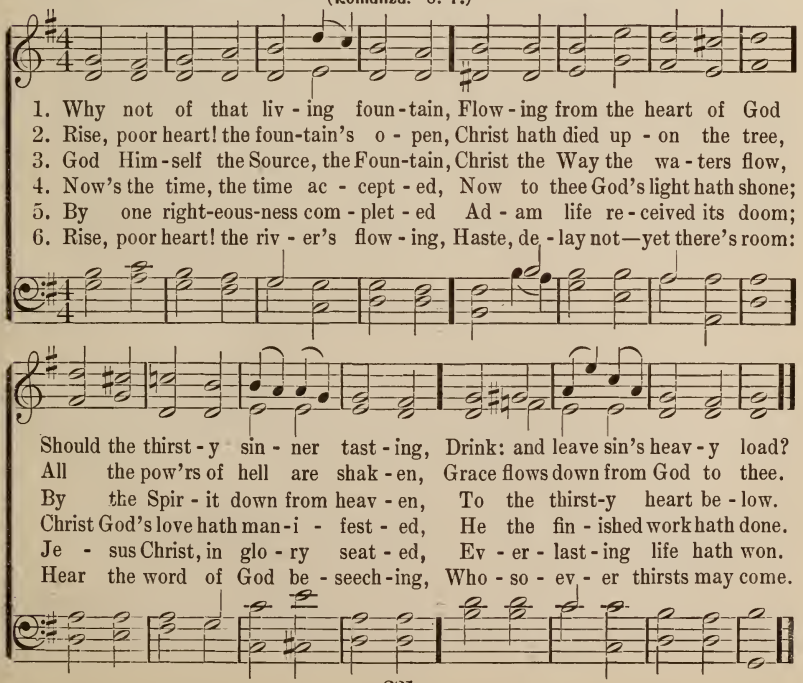
259 Not All the Blood of Beasts.

WATTS. (Boylston. S. M.) Dr. LOWELL MASON.


1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Took all our guilt a - way,
3. Our souls look back to see The bur - den Thou didst bear,
4. Be - liev - ing, we re - joice To see the curse re - move;
Could give the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way its stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich - er blood than they.
When hang-ing on th' ac-curs-ed tree, For all our guilt was there.
And bless the Lamb with cheer-ful voice, And sing re - deem - ing love.

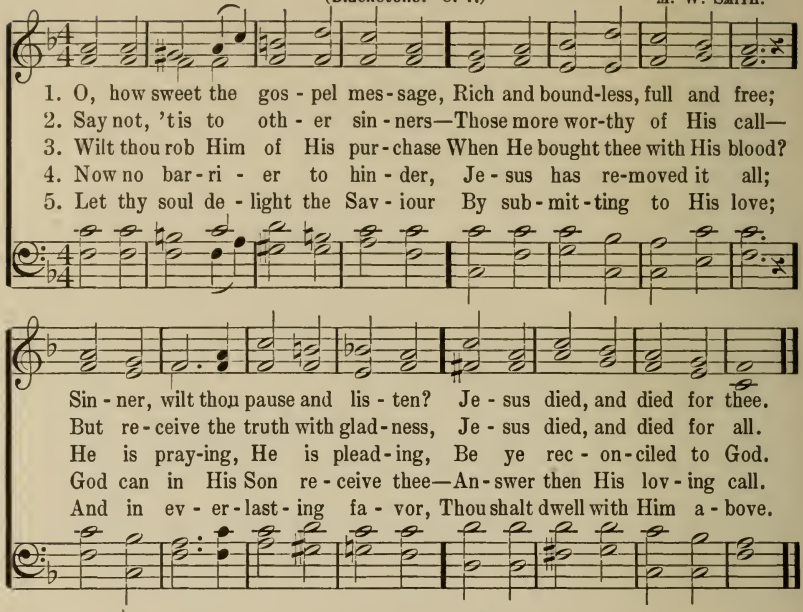
260 Why Not Of That Living Fountain?

(Romanza. 8. 7.)


1. Why not of that liv - ing foun - tain, Flow - ing from the heart of God
2. Rise, poor heart! the foun-tain's o - pen, Christ hath died up - on the tree,
3. God Him - self the Source, the Foun-tain, Christ the Way the wa - ters flow,
4. Now's the time, the time ac - cept - ed, Now to thee God's light hath shone;
5. By one right-eous-ness com - plet - ed Ad - am life re - ceived its doom;
6. Rise, poor heart! the riv - er's flow - ing, Haste, de - lay not—yet there's room:
Should the thirst - y sin - ner tast - ing, Drink: and leave sin's heav - y load?
All the pow'rs of hell are shak - en, Grace flows down from God to thee.
By the Spir - it down from heav - en, To the thirst-y heart be - low.
Christ God's love hath man - i - fest - ed, He the fin - ished work hath done.
Je - sus Christ, in glo - ry seat - ed, Ev - er - last - ing life hath won.
Hear the word of God be - seech - ing, Who - so - ev - er thirsts may come.

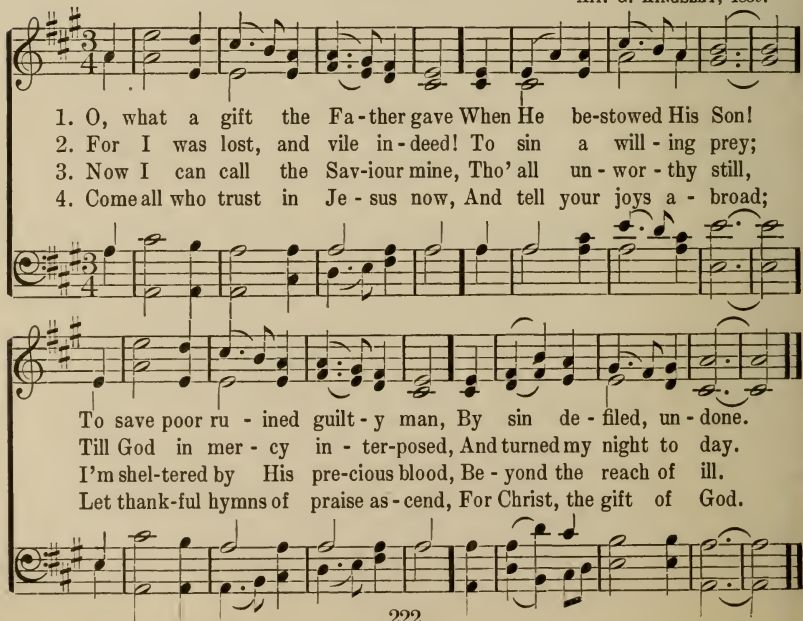
261 O, how Sweet the Gospel Message.

(Blackstone. 8. 7.) M. W. Smith.


1. O, how sweet the gos - pel mes - sage, Rich and bound-less, full and free;
2. Say not, 'tis to oth - er sin - ners—Those more wor-thy of His call—
3. Wilt thou rob Him of His pur - chase When He bought thee with His blood?
4. Now no bar - ri - er to hin - der, Je - sus has re-moved it all;
5. Let thy soul de - light the Sav - iour By sub - mit - ting to His love;
Sin - ner, wilt thou pause and lis - ten? Je - sus died, and died for thee.
But re - ceive the truth with glad - ness, Je - sus died, and died for all.
He is pray-ing, He is plead - ing, Be ye rec - on - ciled to God.
God can in His Son re - ceive thee—An - swer then His lov - ing call.
And in ev - er - last - ing fa - vor, Thou shalt dwell with Him a - bove.

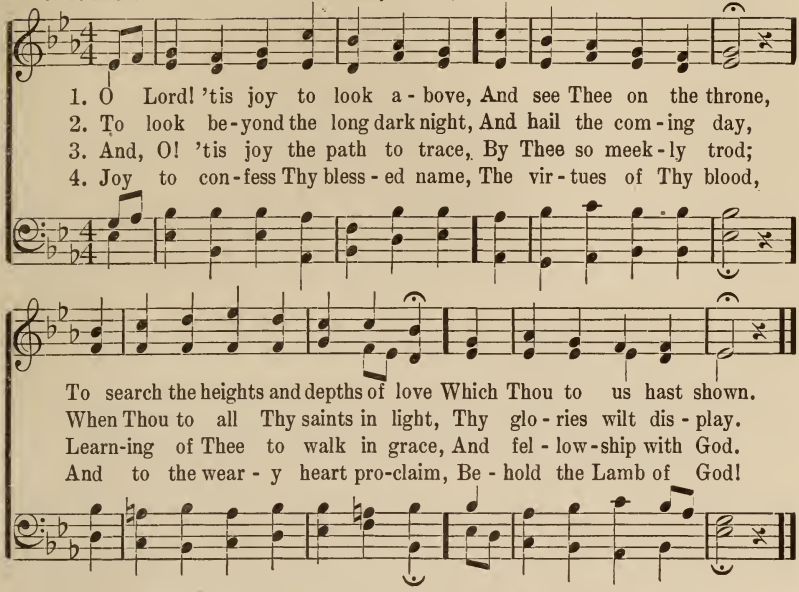
262 O, What a Gift the Father Gave.

(Boardman. C. M.) L. Devereux.
Arr. G. Kingsley, 1839.


1. O, what a gift the Fa - ther gave When He be-stowed His Son!
2. For I was lost, and vile in - deed! To sin a will - ing prey;
3. Now I can call the Sav-iour mine, Tho' all un - wor - thy still,
4. Come all who trust in Je - sus now, And tell your joys a - broad;
To save poor ru - ined guilt - y man, By sin de - filed, un - done.
Till God in mer - cy in - ter-posed, And turned my night to day.
I'm shel-tered by His pre-cious blood, Be - yond the reach of ill.
Let thank-ful hymns of praise as - cend, For Christ, the gift of God.

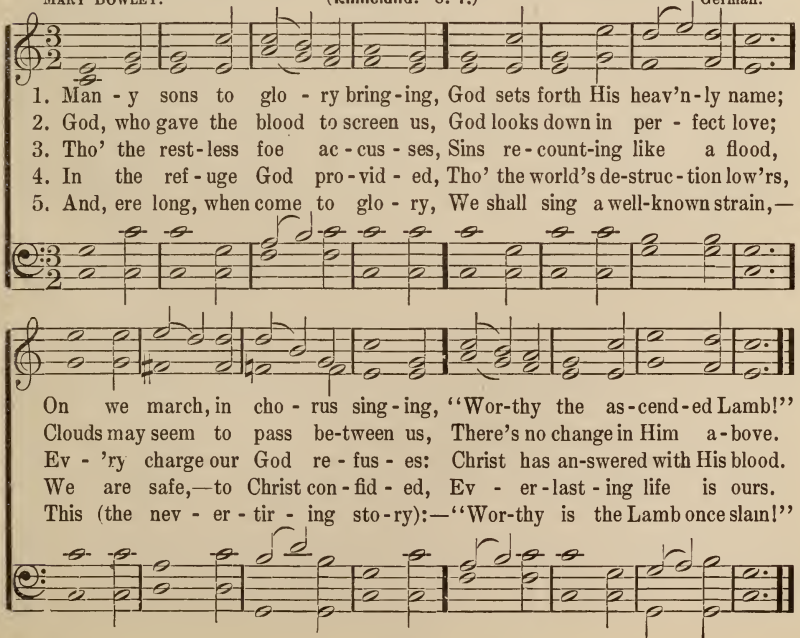
263 O Lord! 'Tis Joy To Look Above.

J. G. Deck. (Joy. G. M.) German.


1. O Lord! 'tis joy to look a - bove, And see Thee on the throne,
2. To look be - yond the long dark night, And hail the com - ing day,
3. And, O! 'tis joy the path to trace, By Thee so meek - ly trod;
4. Joy to con - fess Thy bless - ed name, The vir - tues of Thy blood,
To search the heights and depths of love Which Thou to us hast shown.
When Thou to all Thy saints in light, Thy glo - ries wilt dis - play.
Learn-ing of Thee to walk in grace, And fel - low-ship with God.
And to the wear - y heart pro-claim, Be - hold the Lamb of God!

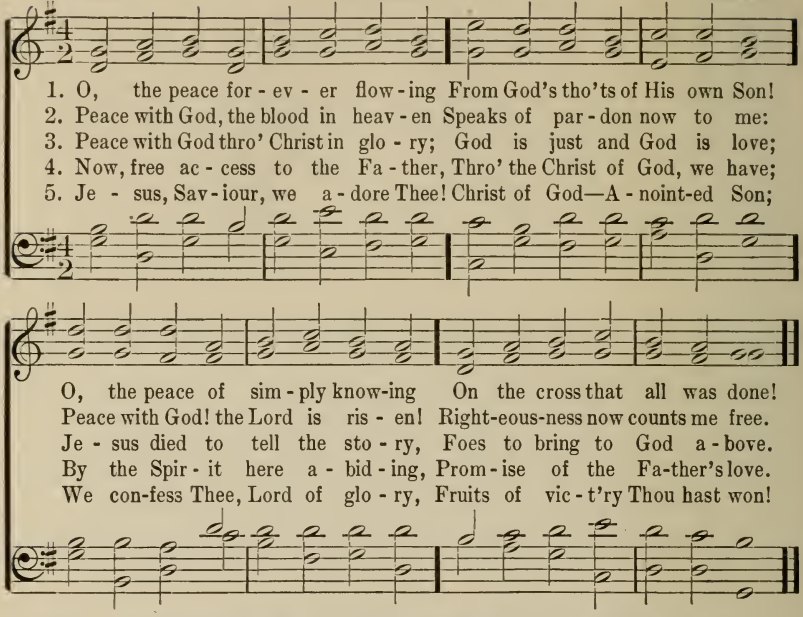
264 Many Sons To Glory Bringing.

Mary Bowley. (Rhineland. 8. 7.) German.


1. Man - y sons to glo - ry bring-ing, God sets forth His heav'n-ly name;
2. God, who gave the blood to screen us, God looks down in per - fect love;
3. Tho' the rest-less foe ac - cus - ses, Sins re - count-ing like a flood,
4. In the ref - uge God pro - vid - ed, Tho' the world's de-struc - tion low'rs,
5. And, ere long, when come to glo - ry, We shall sing a well-known strain,—
On we march, in cho - rus sing - ing, "Wor-thy the as-cend-ed Lamb!"
Clouds may seem to pass be-tween us, There's no change in Him a-bove.
Ev - 'ry charge our God re - fus - es: Christ has an-swered with His blood.
We are safe,—to Christ con - fid - ed, Ev - er-last - ing life is ours.
This (the nev - er - tir - ing sto-ry):—"Wor-thy is the Lamb once slain!"

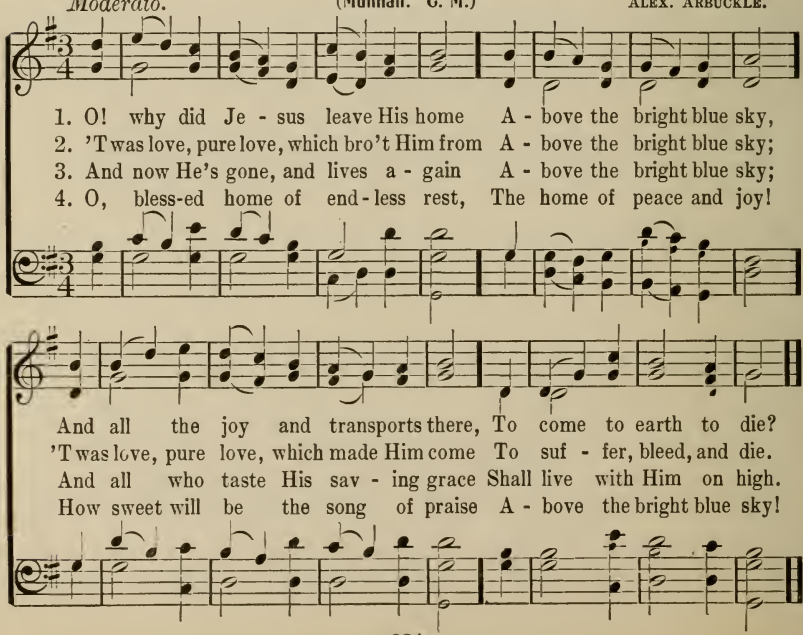
265 O, The Peace Forever Flowing.

A. P Cecil. (Batavia. 8. 7.) German.


1. O, the peace for - ev - er flow - ing From God's tho'ts of His own Son!
2. Peace with God, the blood in heav - en Speaks of par - don now to me:
3. Peace with God thro' Christ in glo - ry; God is just and God is love;
4. Now, free ac - cess to the Fa - ther, Thro' the Christ of God, we have;
5. Je - sus, Sav - iour, we a - dore Thee! Christ of God—A - noint-ed Son;
O, the peace of sim - ply know-ing On the cross that all was done!
Peace with God! the Lord is ris - en! Right-eous-ness now counts me free.
Je - sus died to tell the sto - ry, Foes to bring to God a - bove.
By the Spir - it here a - bid - ing, Prom - ise of the Fa-ther's love.
We con-fess Thee, Lord of glo - ry, Fruits of vic - t'ry Thou hast won!

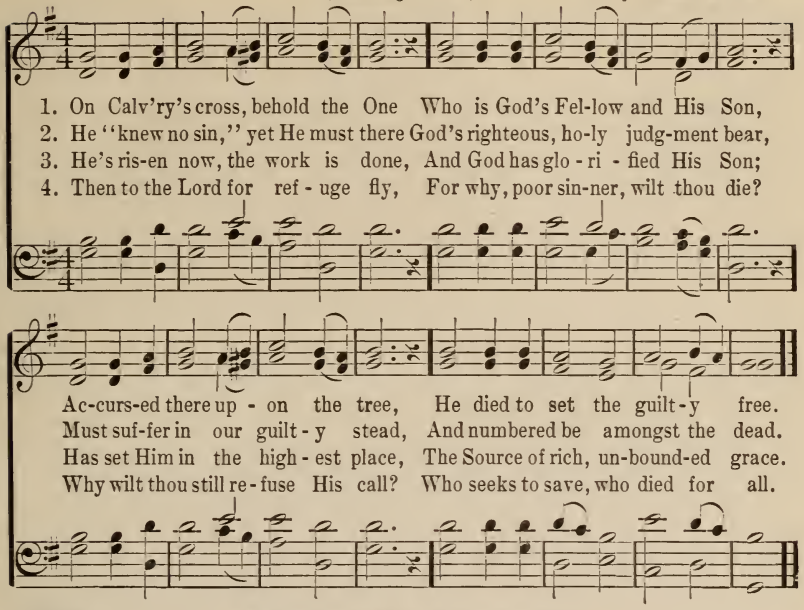
266 O! Why Did Jesus Leave His Home?

Moderato. (Munhall. C. M.) Alex. Arbuckle.


1. O! why did Je - sus leave His home A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. 'T was love, pure love, which bro't Him from A - bove the bright blue sky;
3. And now He's gone, and lives a - gain A - bove the bright blue sky;
4. O, bless-ed home of end - less rest, The home of peace and joy!
And all the joy and transports there, To come to earth to die?
'T was love, pure love, which made Him come To suf - fer, bleed, and die.
And all who taste His sav - ing grace Shall live with Him on high.
How sweet will be the song of praise A - bove the bright blue sky!

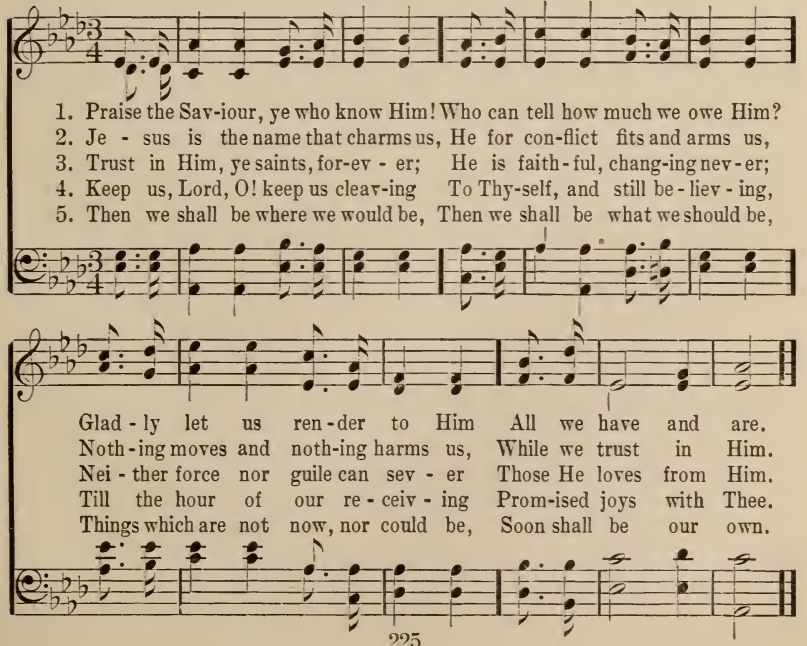
267 On Calvary's Cross, Behold the One.

(Hamburg. L. M.) Ad. by LOWELL MASON.


1. On Calv'ry's cross, behold the One Who is God's Fel-low and His Son,
2. He "knew no sin," yet He must there God's righteous, ho-ly judg-ment bear,
3. He's ris-en now, the work is done, And God has glo-ri-fied His Son;
4. Then to the Lord for ref-uge fly, For why, poor sin-ner, wilt thou die?
Ac-curs-ed there up-on the tree, He died to set the guilt-y free.
Must suf-fer in our guilt-y stead, And numbered be amongst the dead.
Has set Him in the high-est place, The Source of rich, un-bound-ed grace.
Why wilt thou still re-fuse His call? Who seeks to save, who died for all.

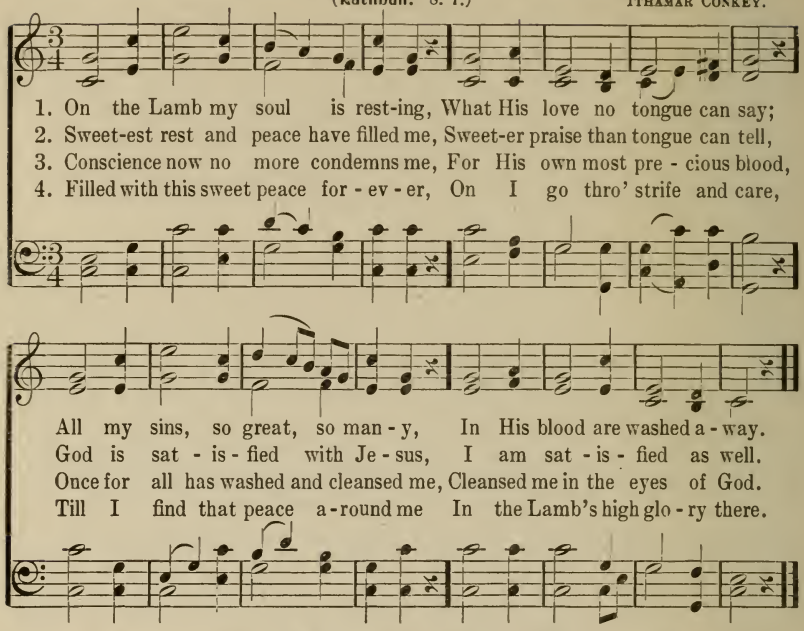
268 Praise the Saviour.

T. KELLY. (Acclaim. 8. 8. 8. 5.)


1. Praise the Sav-iour, ye who know Him! Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Je-sus is the name that charms us, He for con-flict fits and arms us,
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for-ev-er; He is faith-ful, chang-ing nev-er;
4. Keep us, Lord, O! keep us cleav-ing To Thy-self, and still be-liev-ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be,
Glad-ly let us ren-der to Him All we have and are.
Noth-ing moves and noth-ing harms us, While we trust in Him.
Nei-ther force nor guile can sev-er Those He loves from Him.
Till the hour of our re-ceiv-ing Prom-ised joys with Thee.
Things which are not now, nor could be, Soon shall be our own.

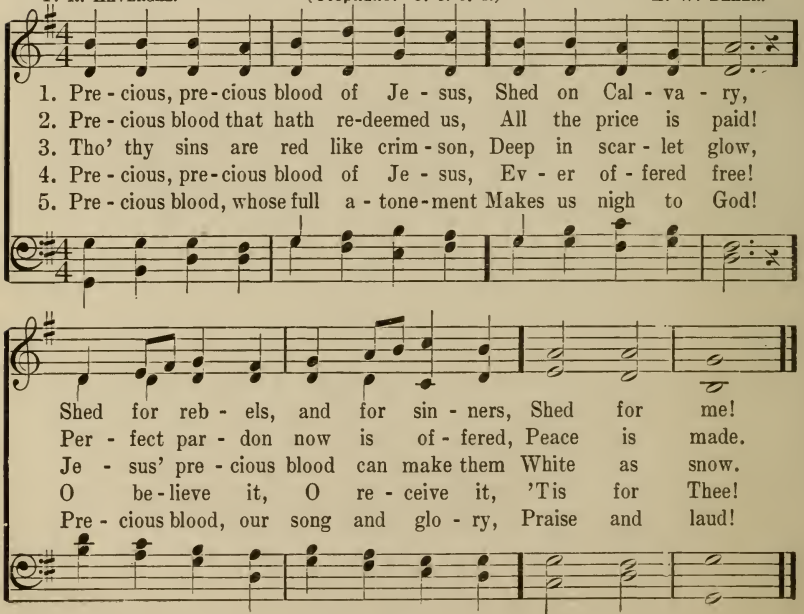
269 On the Lamb My Soul Is Resting.

(Rathbun. 8. 7.) ITHAMAR CONKEY.

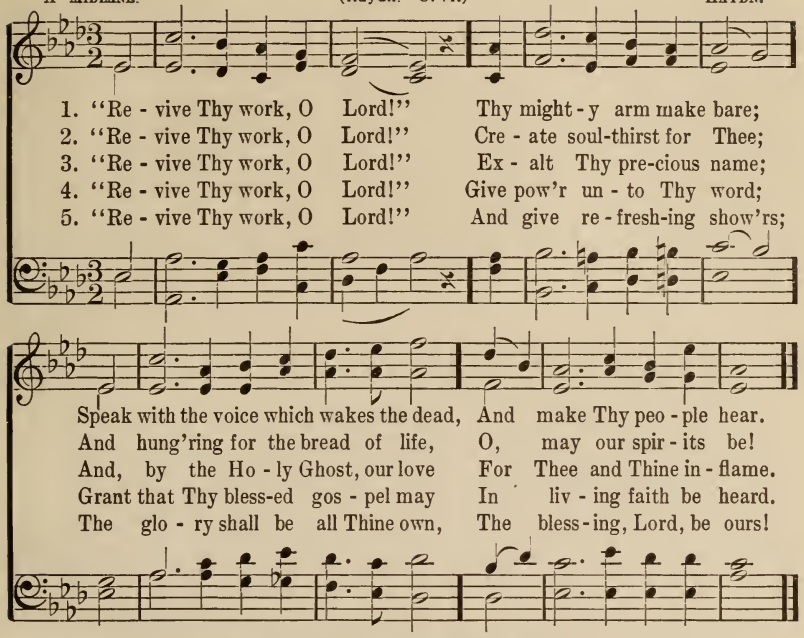

1. On the Lamb my soul is rest-ing, What His love no tongue can say;
2. Sweet-est rest and peace have filled me, Sweet-er praise than tongue can tell,
3. Conscience now no more condemns me, For His own most pre - cious blood,
4. Filled with this sweet peace for - ev - er, On I go thro' strife and care,
All my sins, so great, so man - y, In His blood are washed a - way.
God is sat - is - fied with Je - sus, I am sat - is - fied as well.
Once for all has washed and cleansed me, Cleansed me in the eyes of God.
Till I find that peace a - round me In the Lamb's high glo - ry there.

270 Precious, Precious Blood of Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL. (Stephano. 8. 5. 8. 3.) H. W. BAKER.

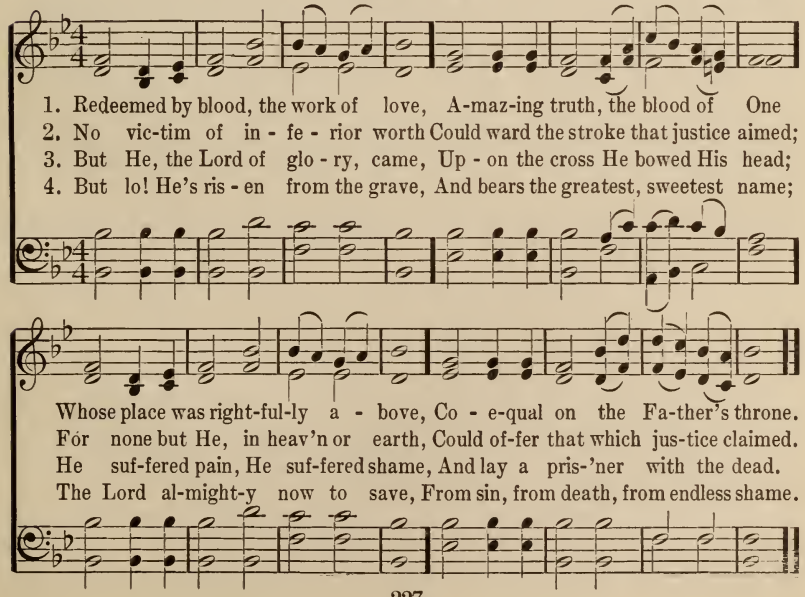

1. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
2. Pre - cious blood that hath re-deemed us, All the price is paid!
3. Tho' thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow,
4. Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er of - fered free!
5. Pre - cious blood, whose full a - tone - ment Makes us nigh to God!
Shed for reb - els, and for sin - ners, Shed for me!
Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
Je - sus' pre - cious blood can make them White as snow.
O be - lieve it, O re - ceive it, 'Tis for Thee!
Pre - cious blood, our song and glo - ry, Praise and laud!

271 "Revive Thy Work, O Lord!"

A MIDLANE. (Haydn. S. M.) HAYDN.

1. "Re - vive Thy work, O Lord!" Thy might - y arm make bare;
2. "Re - vive Thy work, O Lord!" Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee;
3. "Re - vive Thy work, O Lord!" Ex - alt Thy pre-cious name;
4. "Re - vive Thy work, O Lord!" Give pow'r un - to Thy word;
5. "Re - vive Thy work, O Lord!" And give re - fresh-ing show'rs;
Speak with the voice which wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear.
And hung'ring for the bread of life, O, may our spir - its be!
And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.
Grant that Thy bless-ed gos - pel may In liv - ing faith be heard.
The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The bless - ing, Lord, be ours!

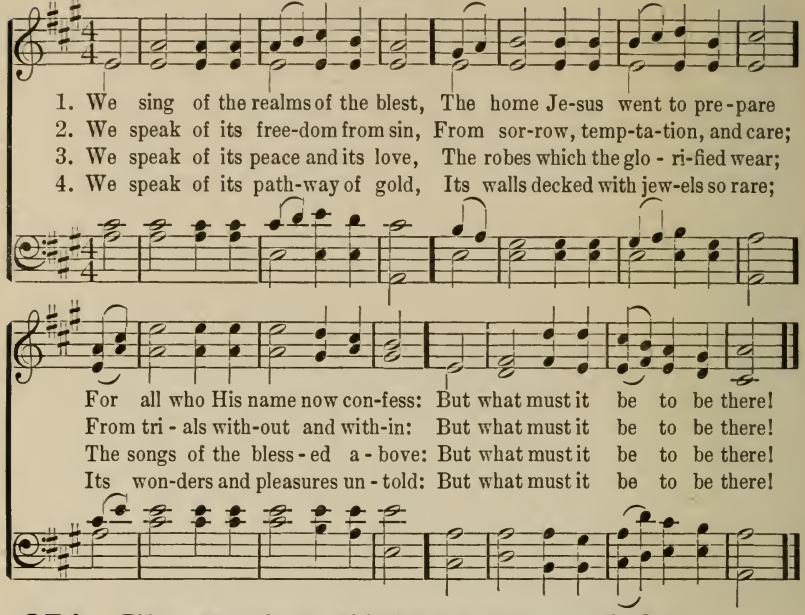
272 Redeemed By Blood.

(Ernan. L. M.) Dr. L. MASON.


1. Redeemed by blood, the work of love, A-maz-ing truth, the blood of One
2. No vic-tim of in - fe - rior worth Could ward the stroke that justice aimed;
3. But He, the Lord of glo - ry, came, Up - on the cross He bowed His head;
4. But lo! He's ris - en from the grave, And bears the greatest, sweetest name;
Whose place was right-ful-ly a - bove, Co - e-qual on the Fa-ther's throne.
For none but He, in heav'n or earth, Could of-fer that which jus-tice claimed.
He suf-fered pain, He suf-fered shame, And lay a pris-'ner with the dead.
The Lord al-might-y now to save, From sin, from death, from endless shame.

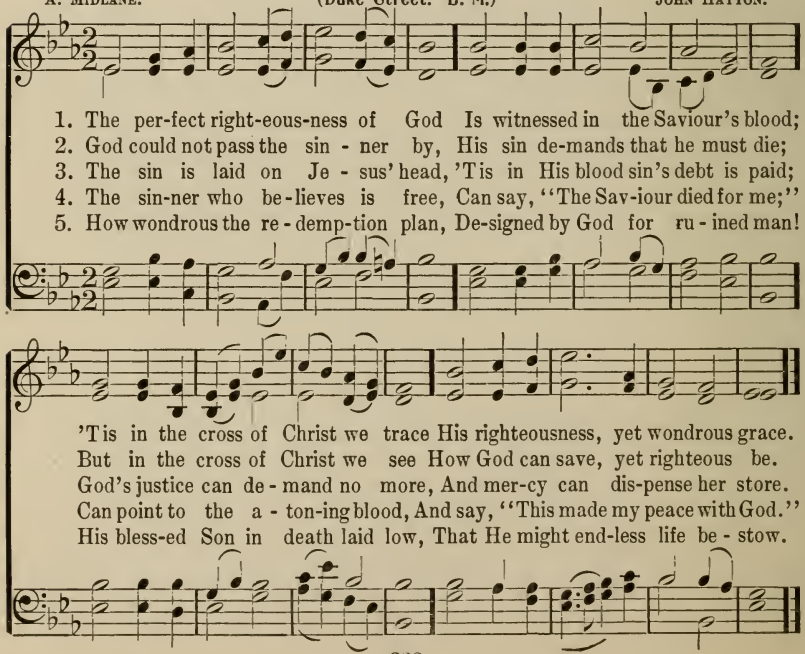
273 We Sing of the Realms of the Blest.

Mrs. E Mills (Celeste. 8s.)


1. We sing of the realms of the blest, The home Je-sus went to pre-pare
2. We speak of its free-dom from sin, From sor-row, temp-ta-tion, and care;
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glo - ri-fied wear;
4. We speak of its path-way of gold, Its walls decked with jew-els so rare;
For all who His name now con-fess: But what must it be to be there!
From tri - als with-out and with-in: But what must it be to be there!
The songs of the bless - ed a - bove: But what must it be to be there!
Its won-ders and pleasures un - told: But what must it be to be there!

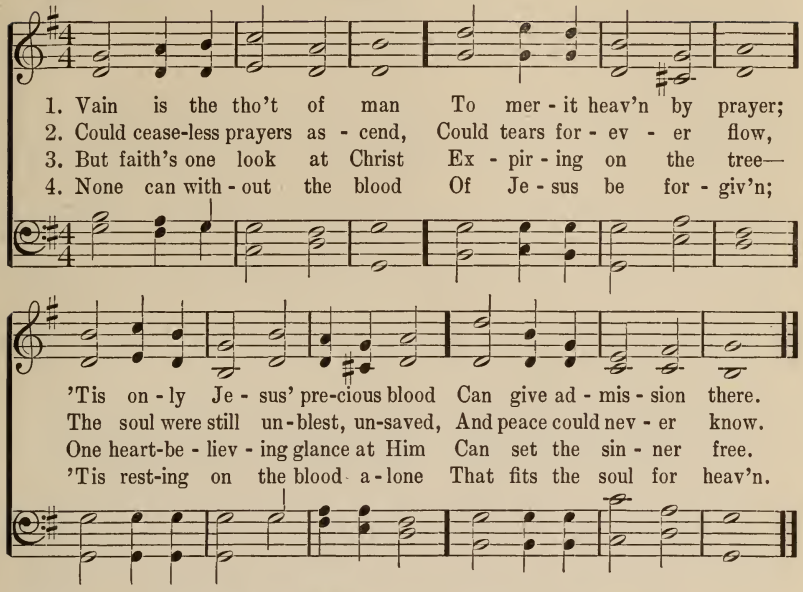
274 The Perfect Righteousness of God.

A. Midlane. (Duke Street. L. M.) John Hatton.


1. The per-fect right-eous-ness of God Is witnessed in the Saviour's blood;
2. God could not pass the sin - ner by, His sin de-mands that he must die;
3. The sin is laid on Je - sus' head, 'Tis in His blood sin's debt is paid;
4. The sin-ner who be-lieves is free, Can say, "The Sav-iour died for me;"
5. How wondrous the re - demp-tion plan, De-signed by God for ru - ined man!
'Tis in the cross of Christ we trace His righteousness, yet wondrous grace.
But in the cross of Christ we see How God can save, yet righteous be.
God's justice can de - mand no more, And mer-cy can dis-pense her store.
Can point to the a - ton-ing blood, And say, "This made my peace with God."
His bless-ed Son in death laid low, That He might end-less life be - stow.

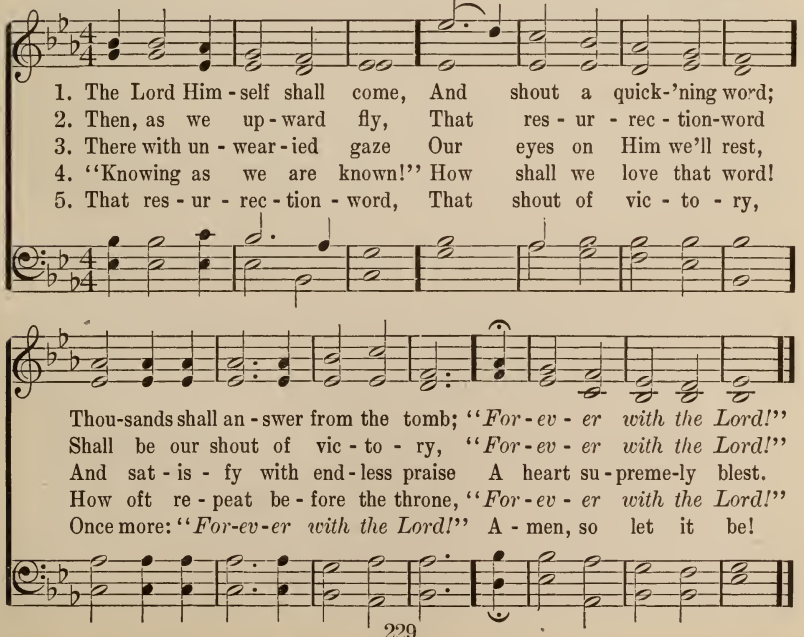
275 Vain Is the Thought of Man.

MARY BOWLEY. (Moreland. S. M.)


1. Vain is the tho't of man To mer - it heav'n by prayer;
2. Could cease-less prayers as - cend, Could tears for - ev - er flow,
3. But faith's one look at Christ Ex - pir - ing on the tree—
4. None can with - out the blood Of Je - sus be for - giv'n;
'Tis on - ly Je - sus' pre-cious blood Can give ad - mis - sion there.
The soul were still un - blest, un-saved, And peace could nev - er know.
One heart-be - liev - ing glance at Him Can set the sin - ner free.
'Tis rest-ing on the blood a - lone That fits the soul for heav'n.

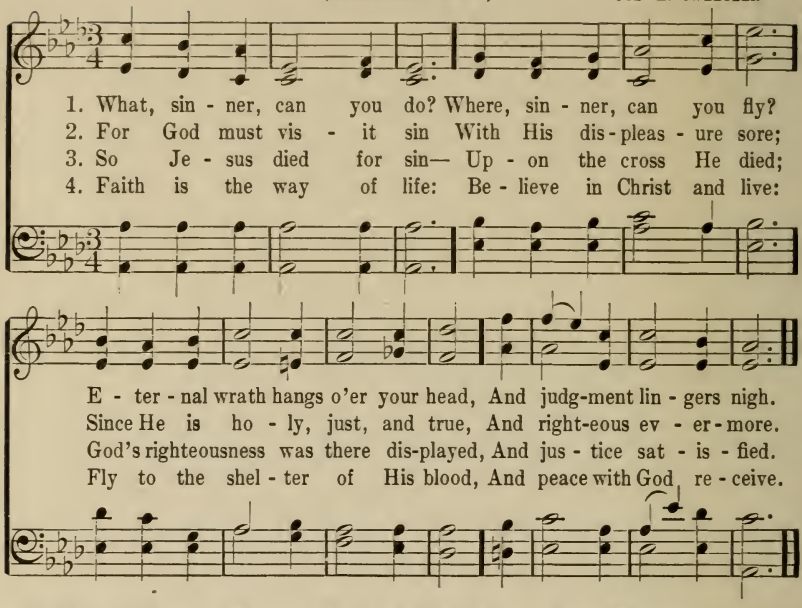
276 The Lord Himself Shall Come.

MONTGOMERY. (S. M.) Arr. from LORD MONTGOMERY.


1. The Lord Him - self shall come, And shout a quick-'ning word;
2. Then, as we up - ward fly, That res - ur - rec - tion-word
3. There with un - wear - ied gaze Our eyes on Him we'll rest,
4. "Knowing as we are known!" How shall we love that word!
5. That res - ur - rec - tion - word, That shout of vic - to - ry,
Thou-sands shall an - swer from the tomb; "*For - ev - er with the Lord!*"
Shall be our shout of vic - to - ry, "*For - ev - er with the Lord!*"
And sat - is - fy with end - less praise A heart su - preme-ly blest.
How oft re - peat be - fore the throne, "*For - ev - er with the Lord!*"
Once more: "*For-ev-er with the Lord!*" A - men, so let it be!

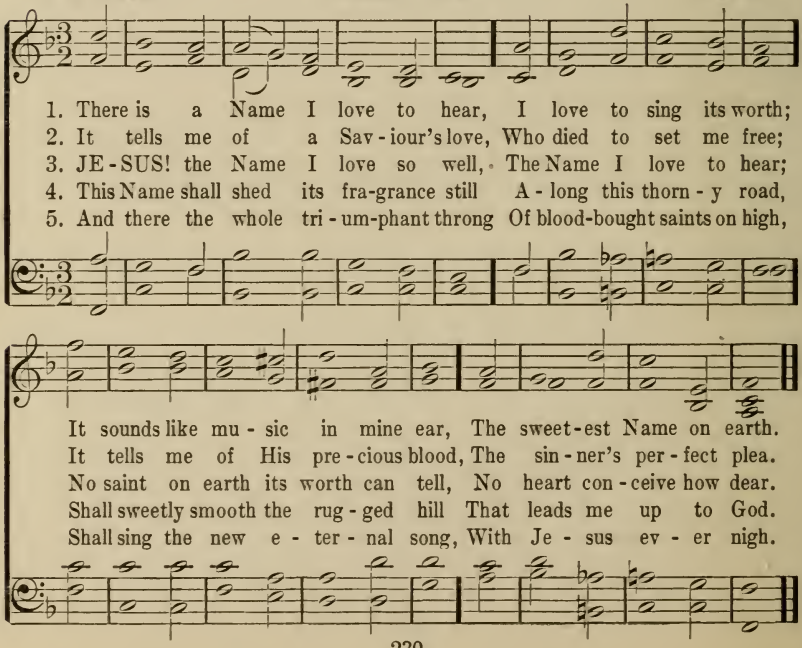
277 What, Sinner, Can You Do?

(Greenwood. S. M.) JOS. E. SWEETSER


1. What, sin - ner, can you do? Where, sin - ner, can you fly?
2. For God must vis - it sin With His dis - pleas - ure sore;
3. So Je - sus died for sin— Up - on the cross He died;
4. Faith is the way of life: Be - lieve in Christ and live:
E - ter - nal wrath hangs o'er your head, And judg-ment lin - gers nigh.
Since He is ho - ly, just, and true, And right-eous ev - er - more.
God's righteousness was there dis-played, And jus - tice sat - is - fied.
Fly to the shel - ter of His blood, And peace with God re - ceive.

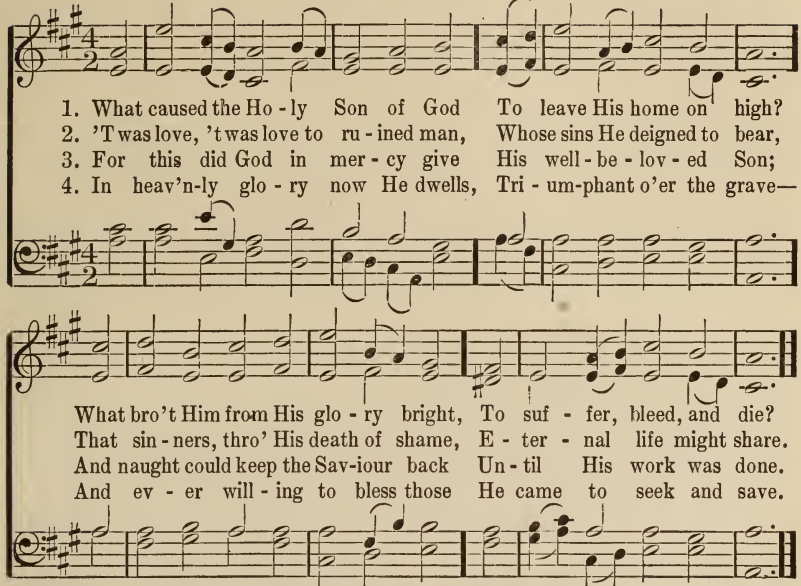
278 There Is a Name I Love to Hear.

F. WHITFIELD. (Woods. G. M.) S. M. W.


1. There is a Name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - iour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. JE - SUS! the Name I love so well, The Name I love to hear;
4. This Name shall shed its fra-grance still A - long this thorn - y road,
5. And there the whole tri - um-phant throng Of blood-bought saints on high,
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est Name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con - ceive how dear.
Shall sweetly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God.
Shall sing the new e - ter - nal song, With Je - sus ev - er nigh.

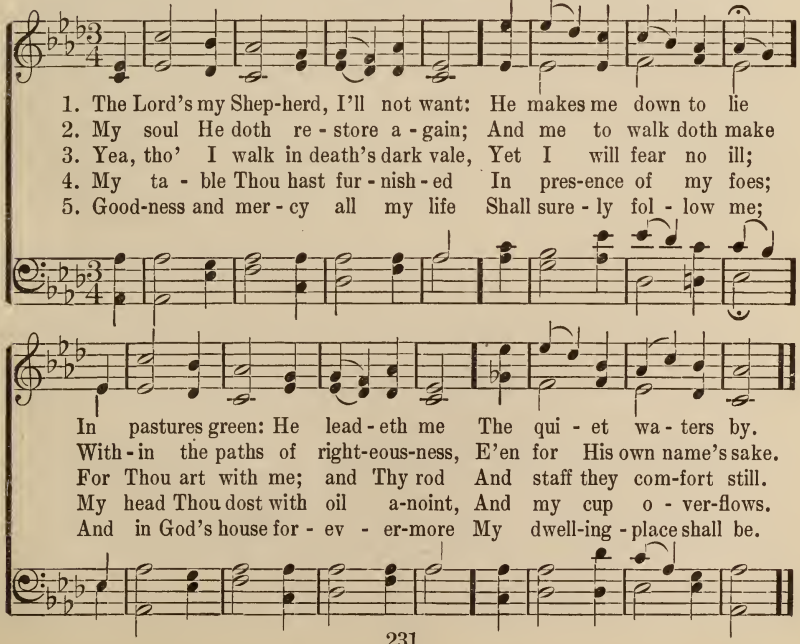
279 What Caused the Holy Son of God?

(Stephens. C. M.) A. Jones.


1. What caused the Ho - ly Son of God To leave His home on high?
2. 'T was love, 't was love to ru - ined man, Whose sins He deigned to bear,
3. For this did God in mer - cy give His well - be - lov - ed Son;
4. In heav'n-ly glo - ry now He dwells, Tri - um-phant o'er the grave—
What bro't Him from His glo - ry bright, To suf - fer, bleed, and die?
That sin - ners, thro' His death of shame, E - ter - nal life might share.
And naught could keep the Sav-iour back Un - til His work was done.
And ev - er will - ing to bless those He came to seek and save.

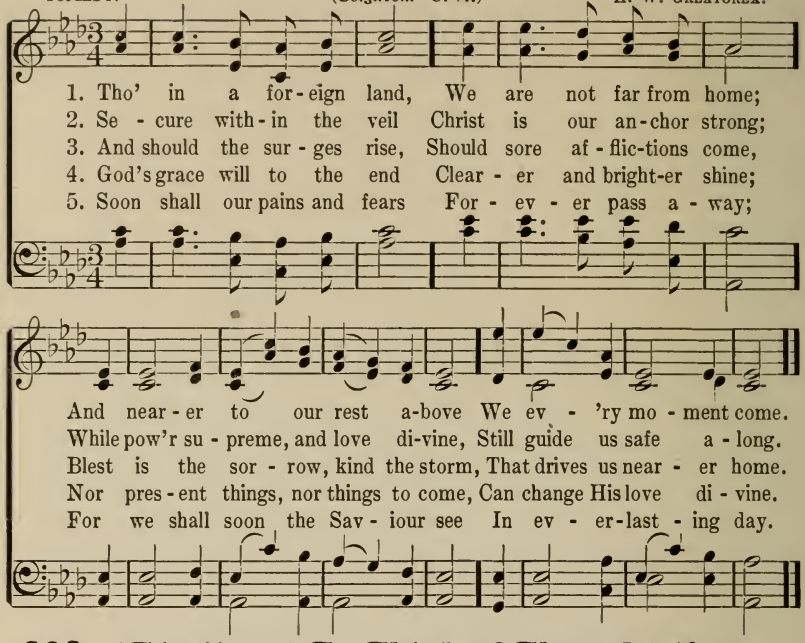
280 The Lord's My Shepherd.

Ps. xxiii. (Belmont. C. M.) Wm. Gardiner, 1812.


1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear no ill;
4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres-ence of my foes;
5. Good-ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;
In pastures green: He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right-eous-ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff they com-fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a-noint, And my cup o - ver-flows.
And in God's house for - ev - er-more My dwell-ing - place shall be.

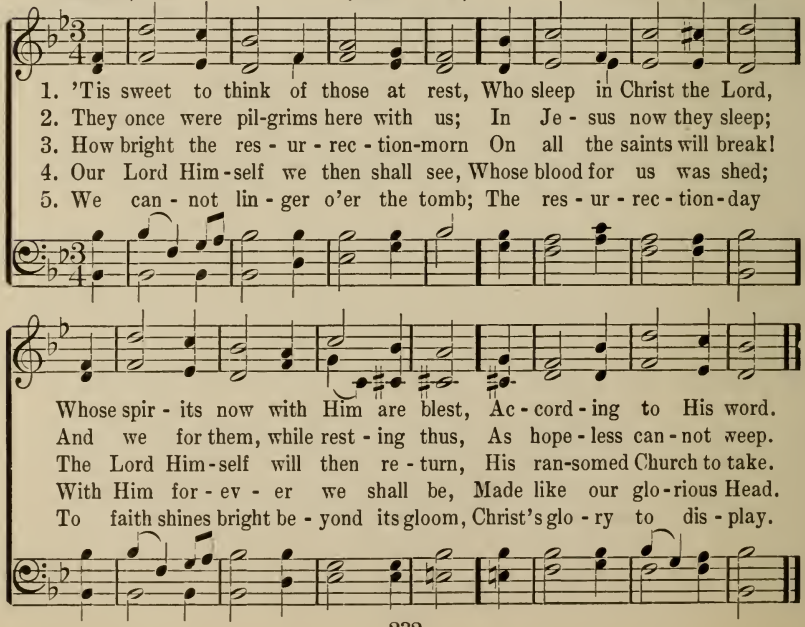
281 Though In a Foreign Land.

TOPLADY. (Leighton. S. M.) H. W. GREATOREX.


1. Tho' in a for-eign land, We are not far from home;
2. Se-cure with-in the veil Christ is our an-chor strong;
3. And should the sur-ges rise, Should sore af-flic-tions come,
4. God's grace will to the end Clear-er and bright-er shine;
5. Soon shall our pains and fears For-ev-er pass a-way;
And near-er to our rest a-bove We ev-'ry mo-ment come.
While pow'r su-preme, and love di-vine, Still guide us safe a-long.
Blest is the sor-row, kind the storm, That drives us near-er home.
Nor pres-ent things, nor things to come, Can change His love di-vine.
For we shall soon the Sav-iour see In ev-er-last-ing day.

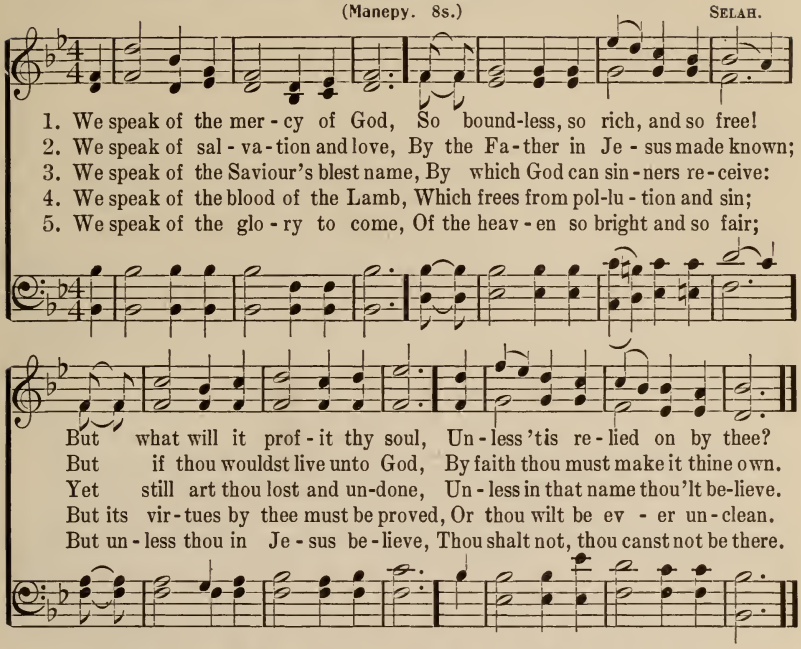
282 'Tis Sweet To Think of Those At Rest.

TREGELLES, 1846. (Gross. C. M.) ARTHUR H. BROWN.


1. 'Tis sweet to think of those at rest, Who sleep in Christ the Lord,
2. They once were pil-grims here with us; In Je-sus now they sleep;
3. How bright the res-ur-rec-tion-morn On all the saints will break!
4. Our Lord Him-self we then shall see, Whose blood for us was shed;
5. We can-not lin-ger o'er the tomb; The res-ur-rec-tion-day
Whose spir-its now with Him are blest, Ac-cord-ing to His word.
And we for them, while rest-ing thus, As hope-less can-not weep.
The Lord Him-self will then re-turn, His ran-somed Church to take.
With Him for-ev-er we shall be, Made like our glo-rious Head.
To faith shines bright be-yond its gloom, Christ's glo-ry to dis-play.

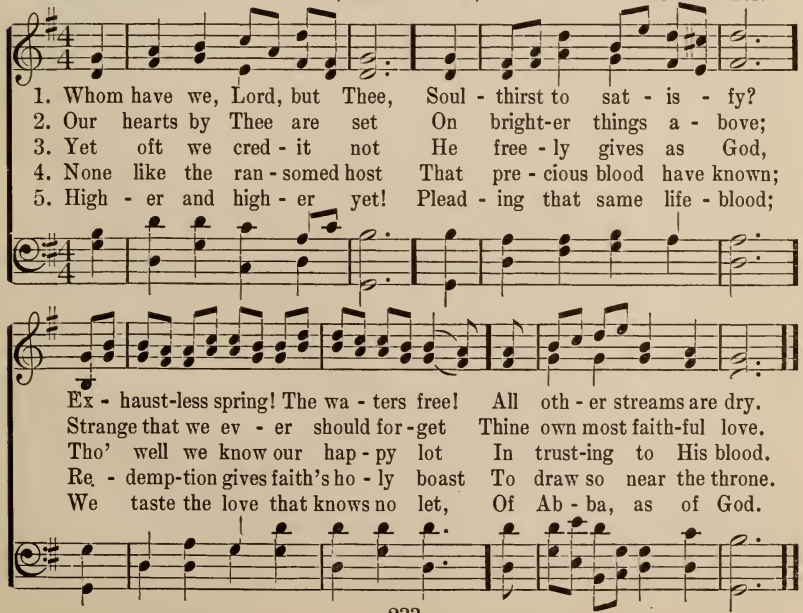
283 We Speak of the Mercy of God.

(Manepy. 8s.) SELAH.


1. We speak of the mer - cy of God, So bound-less, so rich, and so free!
2. We speak of sal - va - tion and love, By the Fa - ther in Je - sus made known;
3. We speak of the Saviour's blest name, By which God can sin - ners re - ceive:
4. We speak of the blood of the Lamb, Which frees from pol-lu - tion and sin;
5. We speak of the glo - ry to come, Of the heav - en so bright and so fair;
But what will it prof - it thy soul, Un - less 'tis re - lied on by thee?
But if thou wouldst live unto God, By faith thou must make it thine own.
Yet still art thou lost and un-done, Un - less in that name thou'lt be-lieve.
But its vir - tues by thee must be proved, Or thou wilt be ev - er un - clean.
But un - less thou in Je - sus be - lieve, Thou shalt not, thou canst not be there.

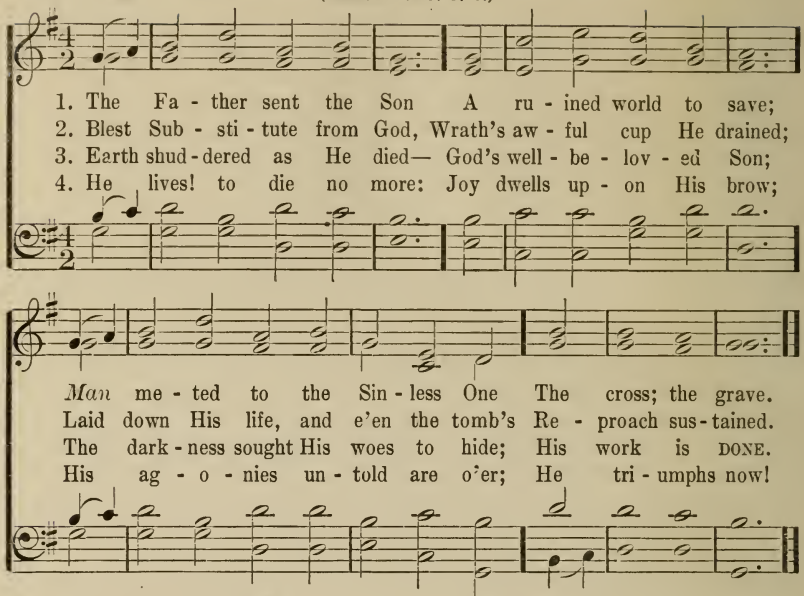
284 Whom have We, Lord, But Thee.

MARY BOWLEY. (Shirland. S. M.) SAMUEL STANLEY.


1. Whom have we, Lord, but Thee, Soul - thirst to sat - is - fy?
2. Our hearts by Thee are set On bright-er things a - bove;
3. Yet oft we cred - it not He free - ly gives as God,
4. None like the ran - somed host That pre - cious blood have known;
5. High - er and high - er yet! Plead - ing that same life - blood;
Ex - haust-less spring! The wa - ters free! All oth - er streams are dry.
Strange that we ev - er should for - get Thine own most faith-ful love.
Tho' well we know our hap - py lot In trust-ing to His blood.
Re - demp-tion gives faith's ho - ly boast To draw so near the throne.
We taste the love that knows no let, Of Ab - ba, as of God.

285 The Father Sent the Son.

J G Deck (Easton. 6. 6. 8. 4.)


1. The Fa - ther sent the Son A ru - ined world to save;
2. Blest Sub - sti - tute from God, Wrath's aw - ful cup He drained;
3. Earth shud - dered as He died— God's well - be - lov - ed Son;
4. He lives! to die no more: Joy dwells up - on His brow;
Man me - ted to the Sin - less One The cross; the grave.
Laid down His life, and e'en the tomb's Re - proach sus - tained.
The dark - ness sought His woes to hide; His work is DONE.
His ag - o - nies un - told are o'er; He tri - umphs now!

5 The new and living Way
Stands open now to heaven;
Thence, where the blood is seen alway,
God's Gift is given.

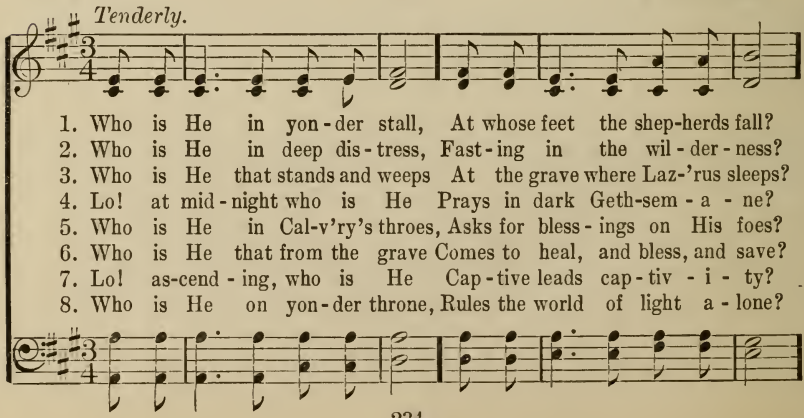
6 The river of His grace,
Through righteousness supplied,
Is flowing o'er the barren place
Where Jesus died!

7 The Lord shall come again!
The Conqueror must reign!
No tongue but shall confess Him then,
The Lamb once slain.

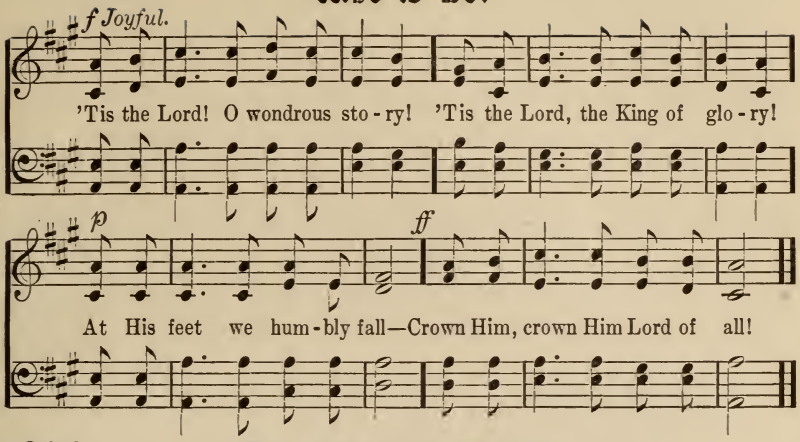
8 Jesus is worthy *now*
All homage to receive;
O! sinner, to the Saviour bow,
The Truth believe.

286 Who is He?

B. R. H. (P. M.) B. R. Hanby, 1866.


Tenderly.
1. Who is He in yon - der stall, At whose feet the shep-herds fall?
2. Who is He in deep dis - tress, Fast - ing in the wil - der - ness?
3. Who is He that stands and weeps At the grave where Laz-'rus sleeps?
4. Lo! at mid - night who is He Prays in dark Geth-sem - a - ne?
5. Who is He in Cal-v'ry's throes, Asks for bless - ings on His foes?
6. Who is He that from the grave Comes to heal, and bless, and save?
7. Lo! as-cend - ing, who is He Cap - tive leads cap - tiv - i - ty?
8. Who is He on yon - der throne, Rules the world of light a - lone?

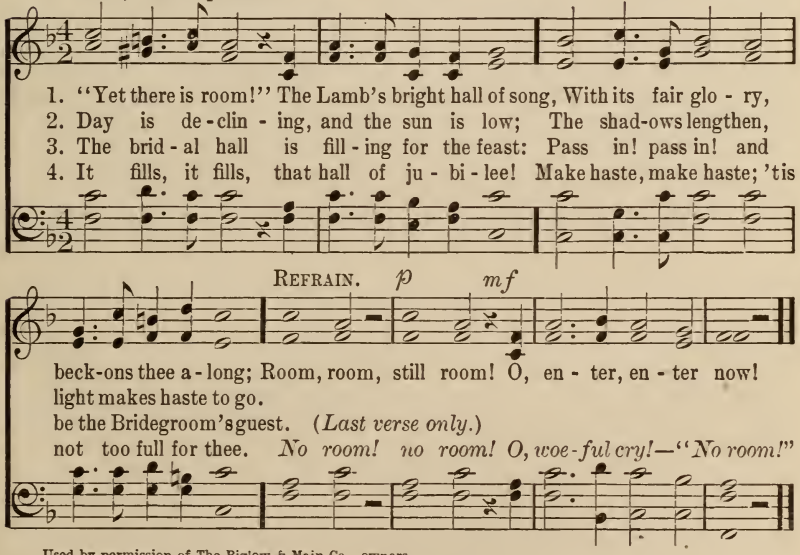
Who is he?


f Joyful.
'Tis the Lord! O wondrous sto - ry! 'Tis the Lord, the King of glo - ry!
p
ff
At His feet we hum - bly fall—Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all!

287 Yet There is Room.

Dr. Horatius Bonar. (10. 10. 10.) Ira D. Sankey.

Slow, with expression.


1. "Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
2. Day is de - clin - ing, and the sun is low; The shad-ows lengthen,
3. The brid - al hall is fill - ing for the feast: Pass in! pass in! and
4. It fills, it fills, that hall of ju - bi - lee! Make haste, make haste; 'tis
Refrain. p mf
beck-ons thee a - long; Room, room, still room! O, en - ter, en - ter now!
light makes haste to go.
be the Bridegroom's guest. (*Last verse only.*)
not too full for thee. *No room! no room! O, woe-ful cry!—"No room!"*

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5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate is love; it is not yet too late.

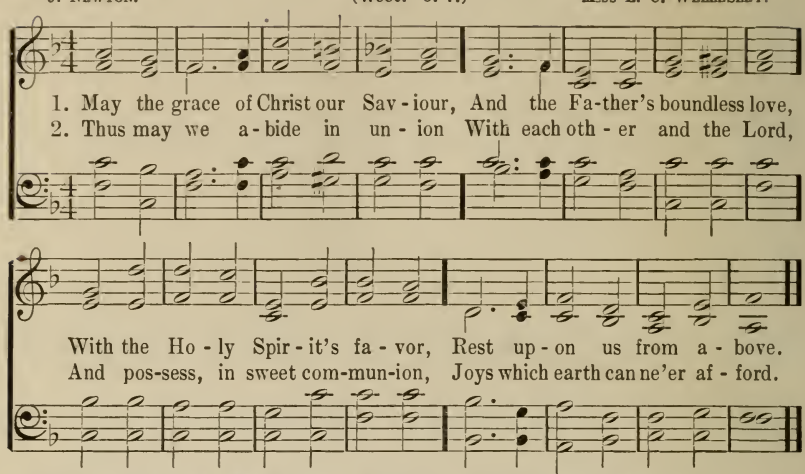
6 Pass in! pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free.

7 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:
Come, lingerer, come; enter that festal hall.

8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:
Then the last low, long cry, "No room! no room!

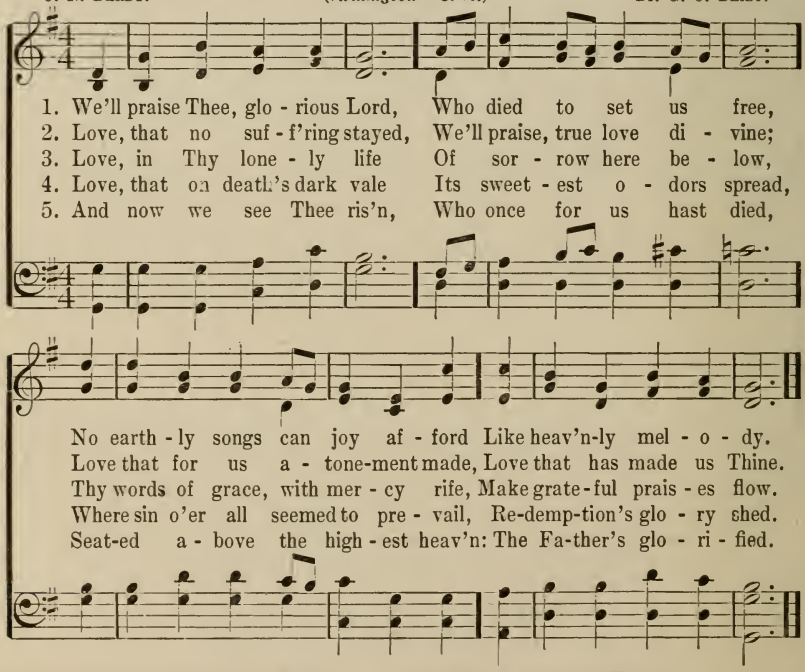
288 May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour.

J. NEWTON. (West. 8. 7.) Miss L. C. WELLESLEY.


1. May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,
2. Thus may we a - bide in un - ion With each oth - er and the Lord,
With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.
And pos-sess, in sweet com-mun-ion, Joys which earth can ne'er af - ford.

289 We'll Praise Thee, Glorious Lord.

J. N. DARBY. (Armington S. M.) Dr. G. O. BAILY.

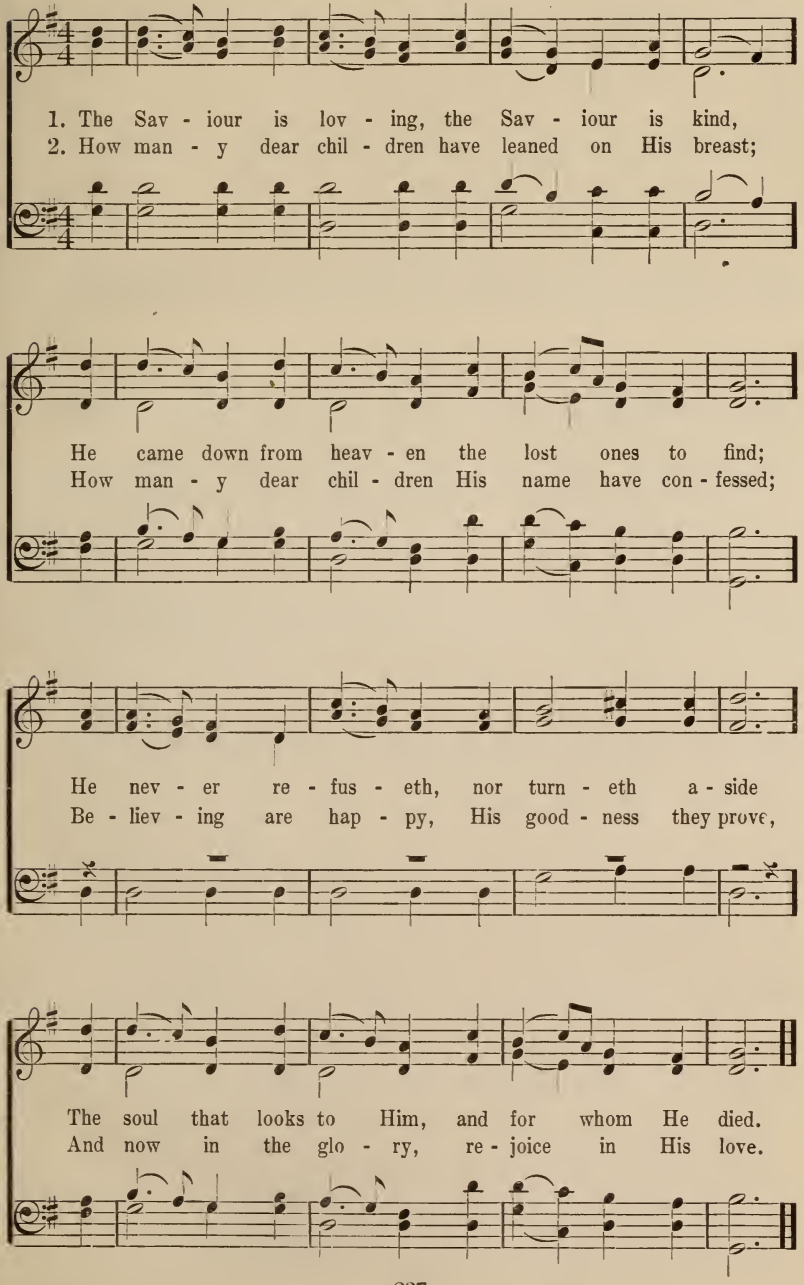

1. We'll praise Thee, glo - rious Lord, Who died to set us free,
2. Love, that no suf - f'ring stayed, We'll praise, true love di - vine;
3. Love, in Thy lone - ly life Of sor - row here be - low,
4. Love, that on death's dark vale Its sweet - est o - dors spread,
5. And now we see Thee ris'n, Who once for us hast died,
No earth - ly songs can joy af - ford Like heav'n-ly mel - o - dy.
Love that for us a - tone-ment made, Love that has made us Thine.
Thy words of grace, with mer - cy rife, Make grate - ful prais - es flow.
Where sin o'er all seemed to pre - vail, Re-demp-tion's glo - ry shed.
Seat-ed a - bove the high - est heav'n: The Fa-ther's glo - ri - fied.

6 Soon wilt Thou take Thy throne,
Thy foes Thy footstool made,
And take us with Thee for Thine own,
In glory love displayed.

7 Jesus, we wait for Thee,
With Thee to have our part;
What can full joy and blessing be,
But being where Thou art?

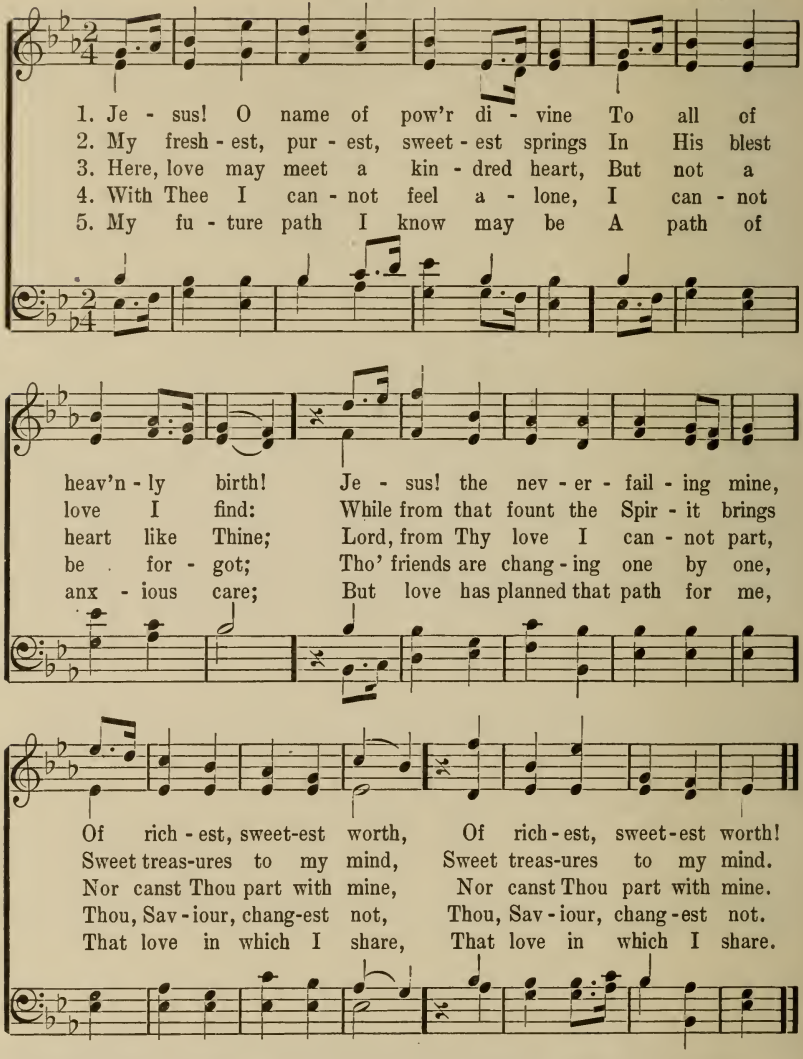
290 **The Saviour is Loving.**

(Goshen. 11s.) German.


1. The Sav - iour is lov - ing, the Sav - iour is kind,
2. How man - y dear chil - dren have leaned on His breast;
He came down from heav - en the lost ones to find;
How man - y dear chil - dren His name have con - fessed;
He nev - er re - fus - eth, nor turn - eth a - side
Be - liev - ing are hap - py, His good - ness they prove,
The soul that looks to Him, and for whom He died.
And now in the glo - ry, re - joice in His love.

291 Jesus! O Name of Power Divine.

(Christmas. C. M.) G. F. Handel.


1. Je - sus! O name of pow'r di - vine To all of
2. My fresh - est, pur - est, sweet - est springs In His blest
3. Here, love may meet a kin - dred heart, But not a
4. With Thee I can - not feel a - lone, I can - not
5. My fu - ture path I know may be A path of
heav'n - ly birth! Je - sus! the nev - er - fail - ing mine,
love I find: While from that fount the Spir - it brings
heart like Thine; Lord, from Thy love I can - not part,
be for - got; Tho' friends are chang - ing one by one,
anx - ious care; But love has planned that path for me,
Of rich - est, sweet-est worth, Of rich - est, sweet-est worth!
Sweet treas-ures to my mind, Sweet treas-ures to my mind.
Nor canst Thou part with mine, Nor canst Thou part with mine.
Thou, Sav - iour, chang-est not, Thou, Sav - iour, chang - est not.
That love in which I share, That love in which I share.

6 The Shepherd's bosom bears each lamb
O'er rock, and waste, and wild;
The object of that love I am,
And carried like a child.

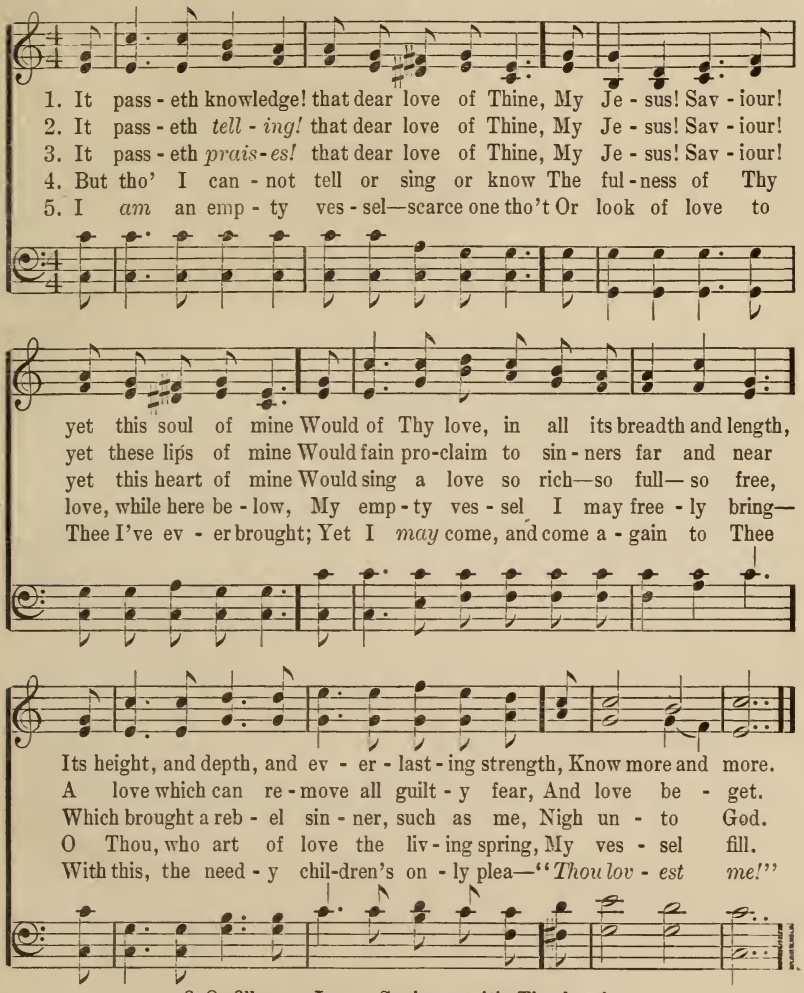
7 And is not this, O Lord, enough,
Thy perfect love to share,
Till Thou shalt call Thy bride above,
To meet Thee in the air?

8 It *is* enough: Thy tender smile
(Till I behold Thee there),
Shall cheer me through the "little while"
I'm waiting for Thee here.

9 Then speak the word—that gladdening [word,
That bids us rise to Thee—
To bid creation own her Lord,
And all His glory see.

It Passeth Knowledge.

MARY SHEKLETON. (P. M.) IRA D. SANKEY.


1. It pass - eth knowledge! that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
2. It pass - eth *tell - ing!* that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
3. It pass - eth *prais - es!* that dear love of Thine, My Je - sus! Sav - iour!
4. But tho' I can - not tell or sing or know The ful - ness of Thy
5. I *am* an emp - ty ves - sel—scarce one tho't Or look of love to
yet this soul of mine Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
yet these lips of mine Would fain pro-claim to sin - ners far and near
yet this heart of mine Would sing a love so rich—so full—so free,
love, while here be - low, My emp - ty ves - sel I may free - ly bring—
Thee I've ev - er brought; Yet I *may* come, and come a - gain to Thee
Its height, and depth, and ev - er - last - ing strength, Know more and more.
A love which can re - move all guilt - y fear, And love be - get.
Which brought a reb - el sin - ner, such as me, Nigh un - to God.
O Thou, who art of love the liv - ing spring, My ves - sel fill.
With this, the need - y chil-dren's on - ly plea—"*Thou lov - est me!*"

6 O fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living fount above!
Thither may I in simple faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

7 And Jesus, when Thee face to face I see,
When on Thy lofty throne I sit with Thee;
Then of Thy love in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing.

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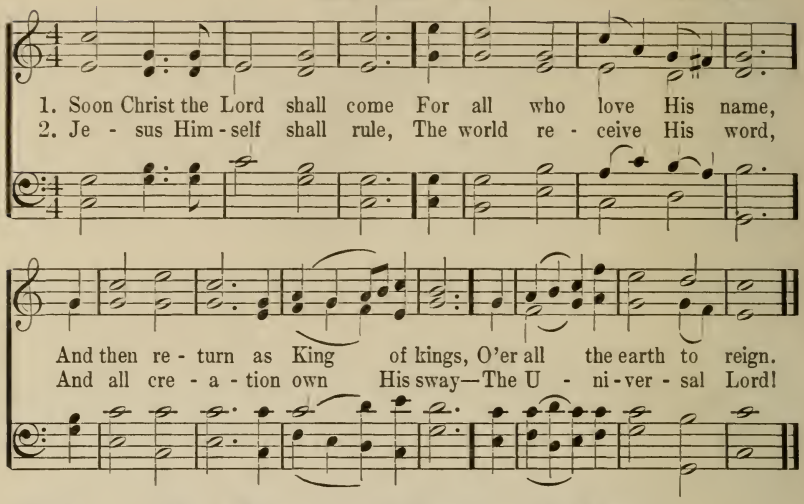
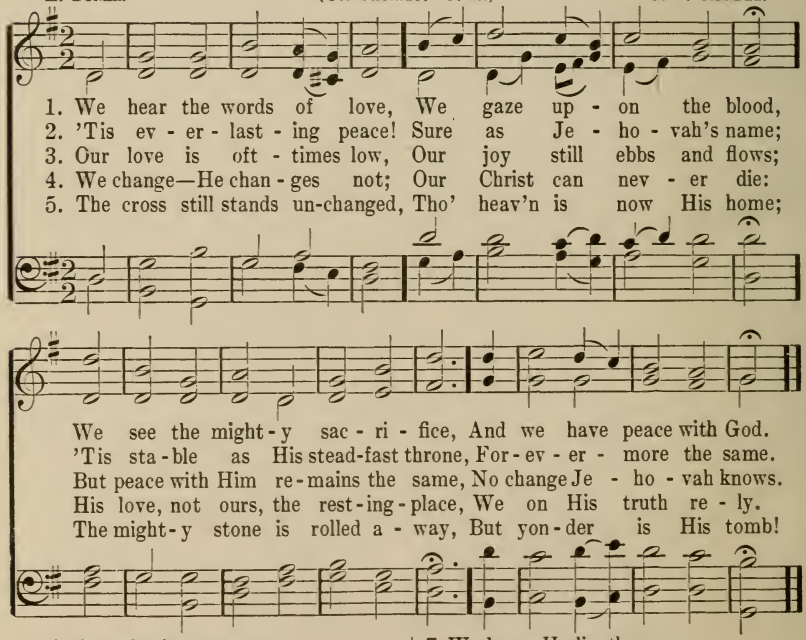
293 Soon Christ the Lord Shall Come.

(Silver Street. S. M.) ISAAC SMITH.


1. Soon Christ the Lord shall come For all who love His name,
2. Je - sus Him - self shall rule, The world re - ceive His word,
And then re - turn as King of kings, O'er all the earth to reign.
And all cre - a - tion own His sway—The U - ni - ver - sal Lord!

294 We hear the Words of Love.

H. BONAR. (St. Thomas. S. M.) G. F. HANDEL.


1. We hear the words of love, We gaze up - on the blood,
2. 'Tis ev - er - last - ing peace! Sure as Je - ho - vah's name;
3. Our love is oft - times low, Our joy still ebbs and flows;
4. We change—He chan - ges not; Our Christ can nev - er die:
5. The cross still stands un-changed, Tho' heav'n is now His home;
We see the might - y sac - ri - fice, And we have peace with God.
'Tis sta - ble as His stead-fast throne, For - ev - er - more the same.
But peace with Him re - mains the same, No change Je - ho - vah knows.
His love, not ours, the rest - ing - place, We on His truth re - ly.
The might - y stone is rolled a - way, But yon - der is His tomb!

6 And yonder is our peace,
The grave of all our woes;
We know the Son of God has come,
We know He died and rose.

7 We know He liveth now
At God's right hand above;
We know the throne on which He sits,
We know His truth and love!

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Our sins were borne by Jesus	49
Suffer little children	208
Tell it again	132
The Bible tells us Jesus came	233
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The Lord attends when children	251
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O bright and blessed scenes	236
O Christ, what burdens bowed	199
O for the robe of whiteness	42
O gracious Saviour	43
O happy day!	108
O how He loves!	47
O Jesus! Friend unfailing	145
O Lamb of God, still keep us	44
O Lord! how does Thy mercy	117
O Lord! 'tis joy to look above	263
O Lord! we would delight in	244
O my Saviour crucified	241
O the peace forever flowing	265
O what a debt I owe	246
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On Calvary's brow	92
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On the Lamb my soul is resting	269
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Praise the Saviour, ye who know	268
Revive Thy work, O Lord	271
Rise, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus	252
Satisfied with Thee, Lord Jesus	96
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray	105
Saviour, lead us by Thy power	52
Saviour, through the desert lead	206
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The Father, from eternity	98
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The love of Jesus	36
The love that Jesus had for me	103
The sands of time are sinking	84
The Saviour lives no more to die	101
The wondrous gift	125
There is a better world above	60
There is a name I love to hear	278
There is a stream of precious	83
This world is a wilderness wide	114
Though in a foreign land	281
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Thou my everlasting portion	61
'Tis sweet to think of those at	282
Two little words	212
Up yonder, in a heavenly mansion	110
Verily, verily	93
We are by Christ redeemed	63
We hear the words of love	294
We joy in our God	214
We sing of the realms of the	273
We speak of the mercy of God	283
Well may we sing, with triumph	203
We'll praise Thee, glorious Lord	289
We'll sing of the Shepherd that	119
We're not of the world	215
What a Friend we have in Jesus	66
What cheering words are these!	254
What will it be to dwell above!	67
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Nothing, either great or small..	40
No vain excuses make.....	193
O blessed gospel sound.....	194
O come to Jesus now.....	197
O come to Jesus, sinner, come..	41
O do not let the word depart...	257
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O precious blood	94
O turn ye! O turn ye!.....	202
O what a glorious truth is this..	46
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There is a Saviour on high in the	116
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Too late! too late! how sad the.	250
Troubled heart, thy God is.....	71
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